

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Editor Apple



December  
1911

15 Cents

SWEET

# Swift's Premium Calendar for 1912

consists of four large pictures in color, faithful reproductions of Oil Paintings by Jos. Warren.

Mr. Warren is famous for his pictures of Child Life, and we have secured four of his very best groups for this Calendar.

The subjects are:—

**"The Family Doctor"  
"Gossips"**

**"The Concert"  
"Christmas Eve"**

Every picture is full of life and interest. The attitudes and expressions are natural, just such as you have seen in children at play. Everyone will find keen enjoyment in possessing these pictures. There is no printed matter on them. They may be framed, making a beautiful set for nursery decoration.

#### Sent to any address for

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10 Wool Soap Wrappers

Trade-Mark end of one Swift's Premium Oleomargarine Carton

Parchment Circle in top of a jar of Swift's Premium Sliced Bacon

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Swift's Pride Soap  
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Swift's Borax Soap  
Swift's Naphtha Soap  
Swift's White Laundry Soap

and many reliable products of other manufacturers.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

are always to be depended upon for excellence and are most economical from the standpoint of quality and satisfaction. *When you write for a Calendar address—*

Swift & Company, 4112 Packers' Avenue, Chicago.



"GOSSIPS"—One of the four beautiful pictures.

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*December*

NATIONAL

MAGAZINE

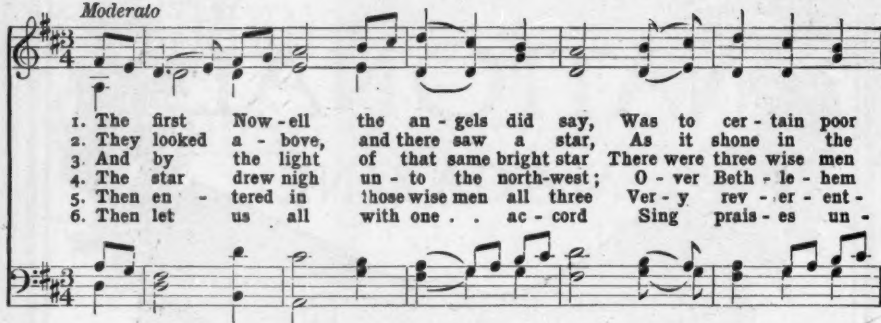
CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER

1911

# The First Nowell

ANCIENT AIR

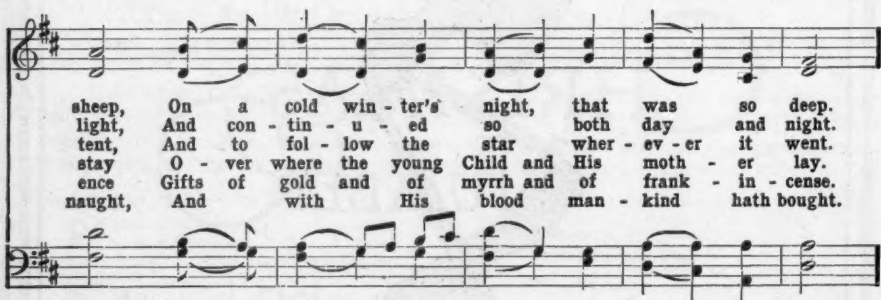
*Moderato*



1. The first Now-ell the an - gels did say, Was to cer - tain poor  
 2. They looked a - bove, and there saw a star, As it shone in the  
 3. And by the light of that same bright star There were three wise men  
 4. The star drew nigh un - to the north-west; O - ver Beth - le - hem  
 5. Then en - tered in those wise men all three Ver - y rev - er - ent -  
 6. Then let us all with one . . ac - cord Sing prais - es un -

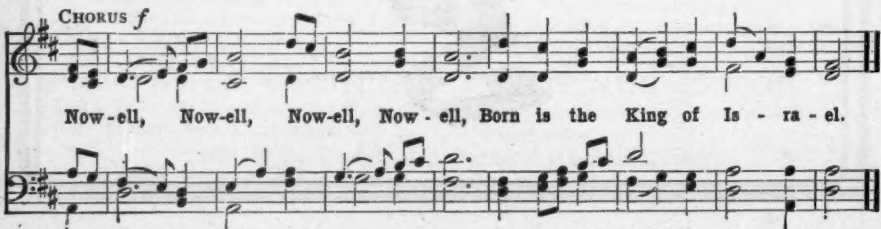


shep-herds in fields as they lay— In fields where they lay keep - ing their  
 east but be - yond them a - far; And to the earth it gave forth great  
 came from the east coun - try far; To seek the King it was their in -  
 paus - ed, and there it did rest; And there did shine most bright, and did  
 ly up - on bend - ed knee, And of - fered there in His pres -  
 to . . our heav - en - ly Lord, That made the heav - ens and earth of



sheep, On a cold win - ter's night, that was so deep.  
 light, And con - tin - u - ed so both day and night.  
 tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.  
 stay O - ver where the young Child and His moth - er lay.  
 ence Gifts of gold and of myrrh and of frank - in - cense.  
 naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.

**CHORUS** *f*



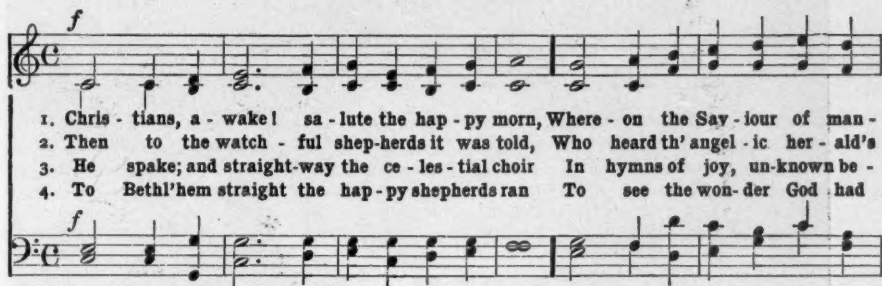
Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

From the Book, HEART SONGS

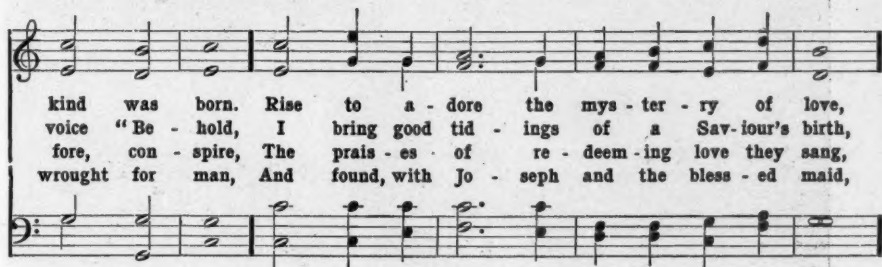
# Christmas Carol

OLD ENGLISH SONG

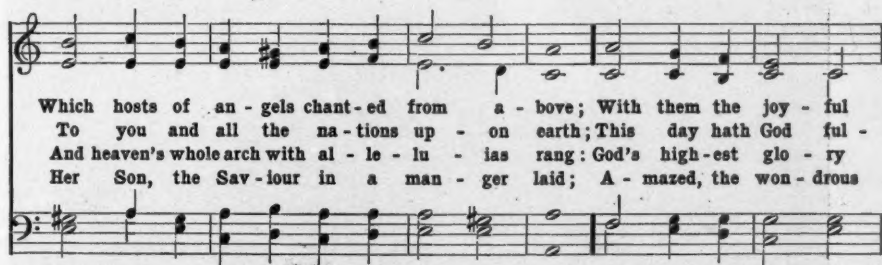
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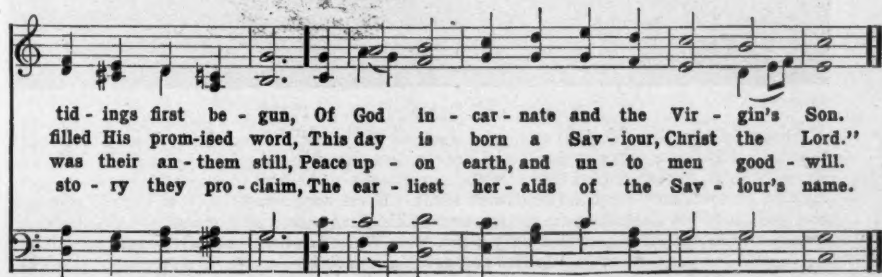
1. Chris - tians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Say - iour of man -  
 2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told, Who heard th' angel - ic her - ald's  
 3. He spake; and straight - way the ce - les - tial choir In hymns of joy, un - known be -  
 4. To Beth'hem straight the hap - py shepherds ran To see the won - der God had



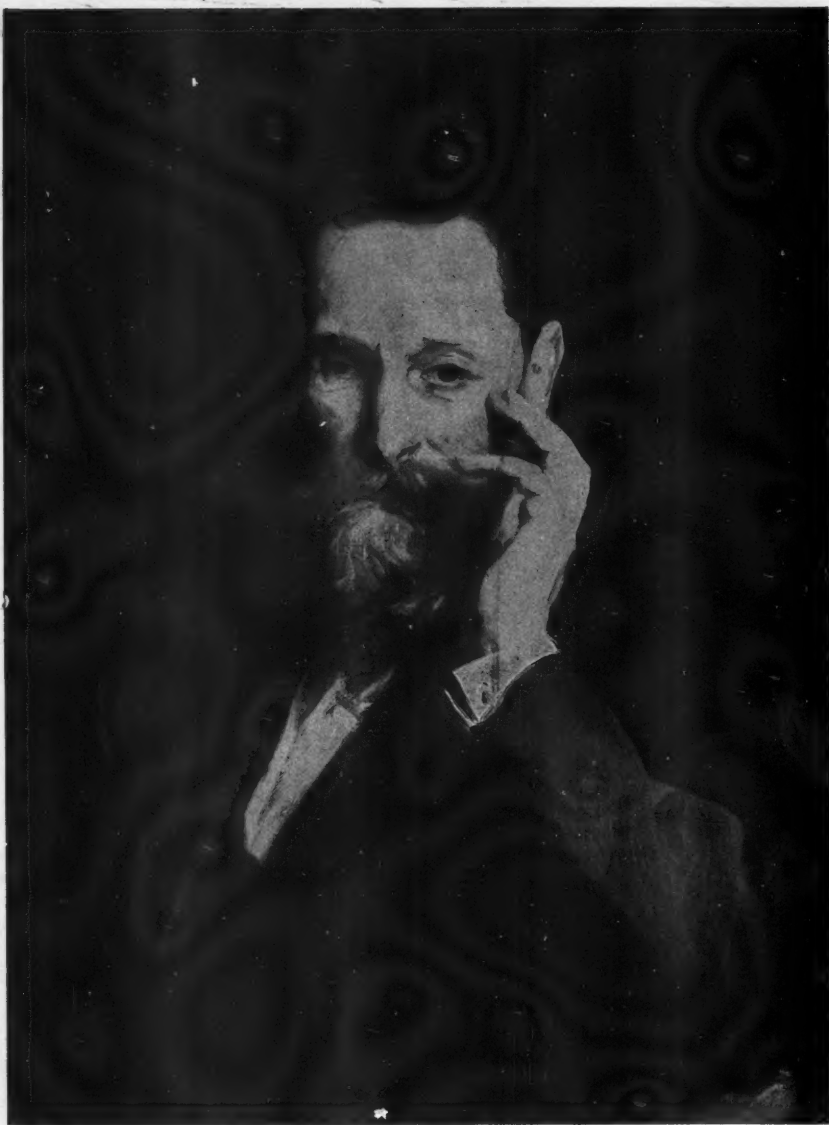
kind was born. Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - ry of love,  
 voice "Be - hold, I bring good tid - ings of a Sav - iour's birth,  
 fore, con - spire, The prais - es of re - deem - ing love they sang,  
 wrought for man, And found, with Jo - seph and the bless - ed maid,



Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful  
 To you and all the na - tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful -  
 And heaven's whole arch with al - le - lu - ias rang: God's high - est glo - ry  
 Her Son, the Sav - iour in a man - ger laid; A - mazed, the won - drous



tid - ings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.  
 filled His prom - ised word, This day is born a Sav - iour, Christ the Lord."  
 was their an - them still, Peace up - on earth, and un - to men good - will.  
 sto - ry they pro - claim, The ear - liest her - alds of the Sav - iour's name.



#### THE LATE JOSEPH PULITZER

Publisher of the *New York World*, who died on his yacht, "The Liberty," at Charleston, South Carolina, was without doubt the pre-eminent figure in American journalism. His life story shows in a most remarkable way the advantages in the land of opportunity where ability and perseverance are combined with thrift. His newspapers—the *New York World* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—are monuments to his great power and strength. The Pulitzer School of Journalism (Columbia University, New York) has been endowed with two million dollars through his generosity.



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1911

## Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple



SINCE the early days of the republic the first Monday in December has been the date of the convocation of a new Congress. The session extraordinary of the Sixty-third Congress pushed forward the time of the opening session, and now the "new" members will take their seats on the first Monday in December as seasoned veterans because of that issue—now a nebulous bit of "passed" legislation—called Reciprocity.

Reciprocity is now past history, and the extra session will remain a modern version of "Love's Labor Lost." Other issues are crystallizing for the presidential campaign. The congressional action of the coming session will undoubtedly influence the selection of candidates and furnish national issues to be drawn in the presidential election. United with the government suits against trusts, the continued congressional investigation of corporations is looked upon as a preparatory skirmish to a lively political battle on tariff issues.

\* \* \*

PERSONAL feeling at the opening of Congress in December generally partakes of the coming amenities of Christmas-

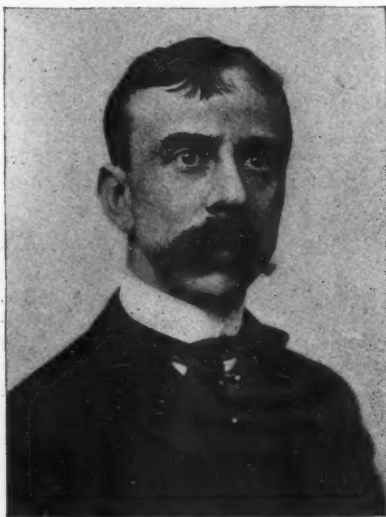
tide, and bitter and rancorous debates seldom begin until after the holidays. There is an opening parley and a hand-shaking all around, an exchange of vacation stories and a general welcoming. Holiday atmosphere is over all in Washington during December days.

Old-time enmities such as existed between Blaine and Conkling have been unknown in late years at the Capital. A public man passing another without a word of greeting is a rare spectacle in the Washington of today. Public opinion has little patience with the man who holds a grudge, and the old-time "cutting" at social functions will not be tolerated. The most pronounced political enemies maintain a social poise and courtesy, and this marks a change in the intercourse of political life. Even leadership lacks much of the personal characteristics of former years. Issues today are predominant, and the political leader must keep his little personal grievance hatchet well concealed. Since the abolition of railroad passes, Washington has been much more lively at Christmastide, for now many of the members from the far West and South remain at the Capital for the holidays. The Christmas season promises to be gayer than ever, bringing to mind the

Yuletide splendor which figured in old-time novels,—holly and mistletoe, and stately minuets danced by candle light in old colonial mansions.

\* \* \*

It has been suggested that Christmastide will be an appropriate time for the President to urge the Senators to participate in the Christmas spirit of peace and good will by hastening the ratification of the arbitration treaties. The ladies of



HON. JOHN G. A. LEISHMAN  
American Ambassador to Germany. Social Germany  
has given Mr. and Mrs. Leishman a cordial welcome

the country have been busy between exhaustive Christmas shopping expeditions in writing to their Congressmen urging favorable action on the peace movement. Never have the nation's solons been so bombarded with feminine correspondence from all parts of the country. Whether or not their state denied them suffrage, the ladies enlisted in the cause, and although this may have been the result of a special campaign, it nevertheless presents a new and interesting phase in national legislation and foreshadows what to expect when universal suffrage prevails.

Whether the average statesman receives the missives with irritation or with a wel-

come, this avalanche of feminine suggestions on peace treaties is certain to create an impression, and it evidences the importance of woman as an influential element of the body politic. With emotions that varied from deep-dyed apprehension to an understanding and quickened interest, the Congressmen faced their generous baskets of letters. One of the messengers remarked that the ladies' campaign added tone to the Congressional correspondence, for their letters came on dainty stationery, with just a suggestion of perfume.

The letters, rest assured, will all be answered, although it would seem physically impossible for the Congressmen to reply in person to each one of the thousand missives that await them at the opening of the session. But feminine constituents must have prompt answers in "correct" form on the government's best paper, with the name of the Congressman embossed in the regular marine blue. In this line the gallantry of the Southern cavalier stands out in bold relief, as congressional responses are sent out, despite the rush of Christmas mail.

\* \* \*

**A** PROPOS of the movement toward breaking up monopoly, a story attributed to the late Senator Carter refers to two barbers who had a fierce battle in competition.

The first began by reducing the price of a shave to ten cents. The other came down to five cents, and in time both were offering free shaves. The situation was desperate. Finally one of the barbers called for a painter to put out a sign above his door, as follows: "What Do You Think With Every Shave I Give a Drink."

By ten o'clock on the first morning there was hardly standing-room. At last the first customer emerged from the chair and stood waiting. The barber looked indifferent. "Next," he called. Consternation reigned. "Where," demanded the irate customer, "is what goes with every shave?" The argument waxed fierce, and then the barber led him out to read the sign again. It was found that he had overlooked certain inconspicuous but vital punctuation marks that had been inserted. On close inspection the sign said:

"What! Do You Think with Every Shave I Give a Drink?"

One Senator who joined in the laugh said that this little anecdote served also to illustrate the ambiguity of many laws that are passed. Each Congressman thinks he has a bill that everyone must understand, but when someone else reads it there is often a difference. An Eastern member recalled the case of the famous semicolon law of Boston, in which that mark of punctuation changed the whole intent of the law's meaning.

Of the thirty to forty thousand bills introduced in every session of Congress, few could be understood if the little points of punctuation were not there.

"Thus," declared the Senator, impressively, "I have proved my point, and from barbarous competition we learn another lesson. Next!"

\* \* \*

WHEN President Taft hurried over to the White House on the first day of his arrival home from his "sweep around the circle," there were statisticians on hand to verify their estimates on his travel record. They insisted that fifteen thousand miles had been covered by the President on this trip. Since he entered the government service in 1900 as Philippine commissioner, President Taft has traveled nearly three hundred thousand miles. This includes only the mileage of steamship and railroad travel and not the thousands of miles covered in side trips. One cannot travel long with President Taft without being convinced that here, at least, is one man who really enjoys the annihilation of space. He does not look back with horror on the five hundred and fifty-six nights he has spent in sleeping cars and on shipboard.

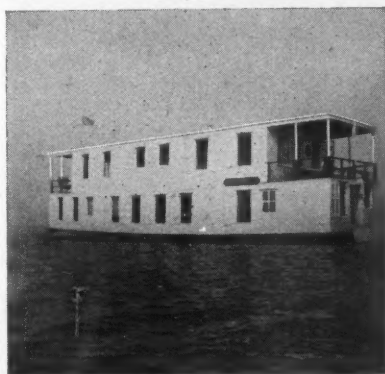
Even in the staid and sedate Congressional Directory may be read between the lines the buoyancy with which the President refers to his dashes to the Philippines, Panama, Rome, Mexico and other little whirls about the globe. Up to the time that President McKinley appointed him as president of the Philippine Commission, Mr. Taft had done very little general traveling, and now laughingly refers to his inoculation with the "travel microbe"

at that time. He comes very near to exhausting the twenty-five thousand dollars allowed by Congress for presidential travel, since the passage of the law prohibiting railroad passes.

The table that has been prepared giving the mileage of the President on his various trips has established his record as the champion traveler of all republican or monarchical executives on earth.

\* \* \*

ONE phase of the inland waterway project not always considered by prosaic politicians is the poetic beauty



"VALLETTA," A JAMES RIVER HOUSEBOAT, OWNED BY COMMODORE A. T. LAVALLETTE, WHO IS KNOWN AS THE TERRAPIN KING

and allurements of the limpid arteries. Life on a houseboat has a charm all its own.

Former Congressman Goulden was found tanned and happy, following a tour on the "Valletta," a handsome twenty by sixty houseboat, with two decks, sumptuously furnished, and owned by Commodore A. T. LaVallette of Maryland, known as the Terrapin King. The Commodore comes of a noted Maryland family, and his grandfather was an admiral in the United States Navy.

During the Deeper Waterways Convention in Virginia, the "Valletta" was at the dock in Richmond, and had on board as her guests Congressman J. Hampton Moore and Congressman Goulden, besides many notable guests from all parts of the country. None of the party will ever

forget the famous trip up the picturesque James River, with the old plantations on either side, bringing back a flood of historic memories.

\* \* \*

**PHILOSOPHER** and friend — those words would be a fitting epitaph for the late Senator Thomas H. Carter. He



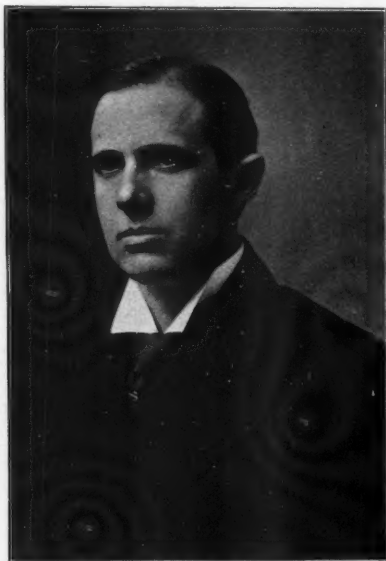
THE LATE SENATOR CARTER OF MONTANA

was just a wholesome, old-fashioned, friendly, well-seasoned man.

Senator Carter was born in Ohio. His parents were Irish, and no truer American heart ever beat than that of "Tom" Carter. At sixteen he had to support his sisters and brother, and later when he couldn't make enough as a school teacher to support his family, he became a book agent and often he made a hundred dollars a month selling books. On one of his trips he met a Kentucky lawyer who became interested in the young book agent and took him into his office. He found Carter an apt student. The young man began the practice of law in Burlington, Iowa, and after he had accumulated about five thousand dollars he went further west and settled at Helena, Montana. He naturally became inter-

ested in the political situation there, and in 1889 was elected territorial delegate to Congress. When Montana became a state, her first representative in Congress was Thomas H. Carter. Afterward he served in the Senate and long since went down to fame for talking to death the fifty million dollar Rivers and Harbors bill. Yet Thomas Henry Carter was never a wordy man.

As Senator Carter used to say, the citizens in a republic must work. He believed that this country was the best governed in the world, and he always stood ready to prove it. It was one of his philosophies



HON. DANIEL READ ANTHONY, JR.

The young Kansas Congressman who has managed and edited the *Leavenworth Times* since the death of his father, Daniel Read Anthony, Sr.

that if a man passed beyond the limits of competency, he entered the realm of slavery. "The rich," he said, "have lived and been envied and reprobated ever since the world was inhabited."

Just to have stood and talked with genial Tom Carter, to have looked into those dancing blue eyes, and to have watched him stroke his beard in good old Uncle Sam fashion, made a picture never to be forgotten in the shifting scenes of official life at Washington.



SOME travelers insist that every time they arrive in Philadelphia the proverbs of "Poor Richard" come to mind. One is apt to think twice before being so improvident as to spend a street-carfare when visions of John Wanamaker and his wheelbarrows are recalled. Strangers have confessed walking from Broad Street down to the ferry just to emulate the example of Benjamin Franklin, and thus deprive the splendid new Subway of its just toll.

This is, after all, a talked-about impression and soon lost when once in the swing of Broad Street, with its automobiles lined up head on against the pavements, as the farmers of old used to hitch their horses to the post at the county seat. There are a myriad of historical associations connected with the Quaker city where the Declaration of Independence was signed and where the peals of the Liberty Bell were first heard.

There is another historical landmark always associated with the name Philadelphia. It is as natural to say the Philadelphia Mint, as for a Kentucky colonel to say "mint julep." This is the mother mint, so to speak, where the real government money has been coined since the first days of the Republic. How fortunate was the wayfaring editor to find "at home" that day Mr. George E. Roberts, the Director of the Mint. His office is located in the Treasury Building at Washington, but he makes frequent trips to find how things are running at the factory where Uncle Sam's money is made.

The mint building has all of the impressively artistic Grecian lines of a government structure. Through a glass partition, from a gallery inside, you find the great machines hammering out eagles, dimes, nickels, pennies and all denominations of money, with the regular precision of a ticking clock.

The sequence of a serial story is enjoyed when the visitor follows the process from the time the bullion is received and melted with the alloy, to the finished product in the great vaults where the billions in Uncle Sam's treasury are stored. This product has for many ages been a magic incentive for man to do good and evil.

The mint in Philadelphia was established in 1792, and its first production was a copper cent bearing the date of 1793. Silver dollars were coined in the following year, and gold eagles followed twelve months later. In the Philadelphia mint is the engraver who supervises the manufacture of dies used in the mints at San Francisco and Denver. The metal is used as it comes from the



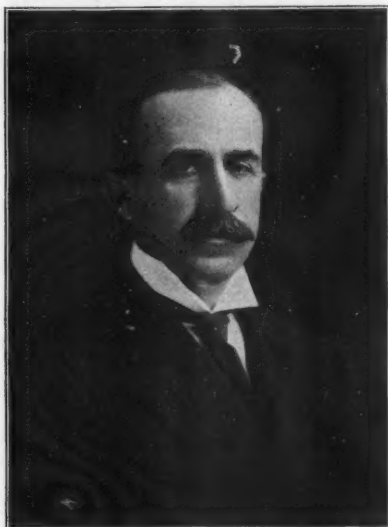
HON. GEORGE E. ROBERTS  
Director of the Mint, Washington, D. C.

stamp mills or smelters and is refined, then assayed, and then reduced to bars. The gold bars, worth ten thousand dollars or more, are handled just the same and with no more care than pig iron in a foundry.

Standard gold coin has ten parts copper and ninety parts gold out of one hundred total. The gold and copper and silver and copper are melted together, stirred up and poured into moulds. After they are stamped out they go through a separate process of milling to produce the raised edge around the

coin and the great retorts are kept at white heat.

How interesting it was to see the metal flowing out into dollars and units of dollars for the coin of the realm. The coins are put on a tray and are counted out very quickly as a hundred coins find their place in the holes where they fit. Finally the last test of adjustment is made as to weight and thickness. If they do not measure exactly they fall out and are remodelled. Many important improvements have been inaugurated by



HON. JOHN GEISER McHENRY  
Congressman from the Sixteenth Pennsylvania  
District

Director Roberts which have saved a great deal of expense in our national coinage system. Coin is stored in bags in great basement vaults, and millions of dollars are in reserve for any call. Many old mint traditions have been eliminated, enhancing the efficiency of the work.

The mint employes handle the coin like so many peas, or beans, or potatoes. They never seem to realize that they are handling real money; it seems to them like merchandise, and they actually grow sick and tired of the physical sight of money. Yet this is the stuff that keeps human energy astir in the world.

OUT in the Sixteenth District of Pennsylvania lives John Geiser McHenry. He was born in Benton township, and his ancestors represent the sturdy type of pioneer which has developed the country's best brain and brawn. Mr. McHenry



A CORNER OF THE McHENRY LIBRARY

was educated in the rural public schools of Pennsylvania, and drove a lumber team in his early youth, dreaming of the time when he could hang out his shingle as a lawyer. He was a practical dreamer, and realized that the first thing to do was to get started in business, and await an



THE CONGRESSMAN IN HIS BUNGALOW  
LIBRARY

opportunity to study law. After a course at the Orangeville Academy, he launched into a business career. As farmer, manufacturer, banker and politician, Congressman McHenry is a type of Pennsylvania thrift.

He was elected to the Sixtieth Congress by a handsome majority, which has been

greatly increased in the two succeeding terms. A member of the Appropriations Committee, Congressman McHenry's judgment is always sought on weighty matters; and whatever McHenry advises goes a long way, because he does think out things. He believes thoroughly in systematic organization and rational construction of all interests as related to the best interests of the public, and as a whirlwind political campaign organizer he has but few equals.

On his farm home at Benton he is at his best, for if there ever was a man who loved a farm, it is John G. McHenry. His farms are under the direct personal supervision of Prof. M. E. Chubbuck, a graduate in agricultural science from the Agricultural Department of State College,



CONGRESSMAN McHENRY'S HOME—AND IT'S A REAL FARMHOUSE

State College, Pennsylvania. On these farms experimental and demonstrating work is being carried on not only for the benefit of his community, but for the entire country. Mr. McHenry's belief is that the first important step toward the solution of the high cost of living must be found in an increased production of our soil. And it is his belief that in this increased production great prosperity to the farmers as well as to the consumers will ensue. His bill now pending in Congress, asking for the appointment of an agricultural scientist to be located in every congressional district where agriculture is a leading industry, is said to be a measure of perhaps greater economic importance to the country than any other measure offered or acted upon in our national legislature in recent years.

To hear Congressman McHenry talk on the subject, even on a railroad train

with the deafening roar of whirling wheels, makes one realize that he has got to the root of things. He insists that if the soil of Germany and England, a thousand years older than our soil, and in a less favorable climate, can produce twenty-eight to thirty-two bushels of wheat per acre, there is no excuse for our producing an average of twelve to fourteen bushels. He has at his fingers' ends—and in his mind's eye, for use on railroad trains—the figures and statistics



CONGRESSMAN AND MRS. McHENRY AND THEIR TWO SONS

to prove the economic necessity of this policy of placing our scientific agricultural bureau at Washington in immediate touch with the farmers of the United States. This with scientific farm management, the Congressman declares—and you just have to share in his earnest enthusiasm—will in time make America first as an agricultural nation, viewed from the standpoint of acreage production.

This would not only mean the addition of countless millions to our national wealth, but also would be a blessing to the people who are the ultimate consumers, and provide for our steadily increasing

population. Farm production has been keeping pace with the increased population by the yearly increased acreage, and within the next few years it is feared that all available public lands suitable for agriculture will be exhausted.

Congressman McHenry is first and above all a farmer, but the economic soundness of his argument has enlisted the hearty support of officials and wage-earner alike.

A man of high ideals and purposes, relentless in his energy and enthusiasm



HON. WILLIAM M. CALDER

The only Republican member of Congress from New York City

to accomplish the things that he sets out to do, Congressman McHenry is deservedly strong in the affections of his constituents. You won't find many people in the Sixteenth Pennsylvania district who don't approve of their Congressman's agricultural bill. It is said that by stepping to the telephone he can in almost the proverbial "twinkling of an eye" organize his district for a campaign. All who know him trust him, and in this unflinching confidence is reflected the painstaking service of one who has in him the sturdy Scotch-Irish blood of the clansmen of ancient days, who made things hum

when they came to town. The gentle-voiced and gracious Pennsylvania Congressman may not look the part—but the real Scotch-Irish of rough and ready ancestors is there.

\* \* \*

WHILE in the West the domination of Wall Street and affairs political is a matter of some apprehension, the fact remains that the great city of New York has only one Republican representative member of Congress. William M. Calder hails from the Sixth District, and while he is not one of the new men, and is a member of the minority, he has a notable constituency. As the one Republican member of greater New York, Mr. Calder is the only Congressman whom the President can consult on federal patronage in that great area designated on the maps as Greater New York. He enjoys the confidence of the President, and every time the New York Congressman is seen coming from the White House, the reporters are on the *qui vive* concerning possible future changes in the federal appointments of New York City.

As a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House, many responsibilities fall to Mr. Calder, and on naval matters he has long been regarded as an expert. He looks after the interests of the Brooklyn Navy Yard with a vigilant eye, and is kept busy with an endless chain of correspondence, although the voters in the cities seldom write their Congressmen at Washington. It is the members representing country districts that have to keep the typewriter busily clicking, sometimes far into the wee, sma' hours, to answer the inquisitive notes and intelligent comment bearing the postmark of a Rural Free Delivery route.

\* \* \*

FOR the first time under the official sanction of the government, United States mail was carried by aeroplane at the aviation tournament on the Nassau field at Long Island. Mr. Earl Ovington had the honor of being the first American to deliver a package of letters sent in the "air route." Setting out from



Nassau he dropped his sack at Mineola, Long Island. The assistant-postmaster at the Long Island office was ready for the mail, and the bag was delivered by the aviator when about six feet above the post office. He dropped the bag, containing about ten pounds, and the letters were dispatched at once from the little country post office. There were a large number of army and navy officers present to witness this aerial scouting contest. The Thirty-third Infantry was on the field and took part in the meet. A number of soldiers were scattered about the field, and the plan was to send the air men to the surrounding country and try to locate the soldiers. Eight of the fliers passed over the soldiers without seeing them, although the soldiers were in the open. The khaki clad young men seemed to escape the little ticket weighted with lead which was to be dropped upon them to indicate that they had been discovered and "caught" in the aerial game of "tag." Mr. Harry Atwood passed over the group twice without seeing them, but the third time he spied them, dropped his ticket and won the race. Postmaster General Hitchcock was upon the field in person to witness the carrying of United States mail by the aero route.

At Cleveland a vigilant aviator discovered how to get a letter to John D. Rockefeller without the process of having it go through the hands of his secretary. A note was dropped by the aviator overhead which Mr. Rockefeller picked up and read, while the caretaker looked aghast at this

intrusion on the exclusive Rockefeller estate.

\* \* \*

**A**MONG the new Senators who was elected in the primaries by the vote of the people is Senator Miles Poindexter



HON. FRANK H. HITCHCOCK

Head of Uncle Sam's Postoffice Department, who recently delivered a bag of United States mail himself by aeroplane

of Washington. For some years he represented the third district of the state, and took his place in the Upper House on the fourth of March last. His plurality in the primary election was more than 41,000. This vote was ratified in the Senate by a vote of 41 to 1, and in the House by a vote of 86 to 10, which represented not only the solid Republican

vote of the Evergreen State, but also a number of complimentary votes from Democratic friends.

Senator Poindexter was born in Memphis, Tennessee, and was a pupil at the famous Fancy Hill Academy of Virginia. He took the academic and law courses at

Congress in 1908. He was elected to the United States Senate for the Sixty-third Congress.

Senator Poindexter's success has been largely an expression of the confidence the people had in him. He is progressive in political tendencies and has been one of the leaders of the progressives in his state.

\* \* \*

THE storm center of the Postoffice Department in the postal investigations has been the office of the third assistant postmaster general, for here the matter of periodical and book postage comes up for consideration. Hon. James J. Britt,



HON. MILES POINDEXTER

United States Senator from Washington, a Southerner by birth and education, who has become one of the leading political factors of the far West

the Washington and Lee University, and was graduated with the degree of B. L. in June, 1891. In the fall of the same year he migrated to the state of Washington and settled at Walla Walla.

The Southern friends who had predicted the young lawyer's speedy return from the far West received in June, 1892, the news of his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Gale Page, a Walla Walla girl, and the letters he wrote home with the announcements proved that Miles Poindexter went West to stay and to "grow up with the country."

He went to Spokane in 1897 and served as prosecuting district attorney and judge of the superior court until elected to



HON. JAMES J. BRITT

Third Assistant Postmaster General, whose office is the "storm center" of the department

who now holds the position, is from Asheville, North Carolina, and formerly taught school. A close student of public affairs, he has gone at the vexed question of periodical postage in a practical way and has made some interesting comparisons as to the exact expense of the service. It costs the government forty-seven cents a pound to distribute letters, thirteen cents for merchandise, eleven cents for books and about eight or nine cents for periodi-

cal. A new system has now been inaugurated whereby the cost of magazine shipments has been reduced by means of "fast freight." Mr. Britt has issued a booklet that clearly defines the law on second-class privileges, and the rulings of the department are definitely set forth.

The report of the Postoffice Department still continues recommendations for one-cent postage on letters. The economic conduct of the Postoffice Department for the past two years, reducing the postal deficit eleven million dollars, and inaugurating many substantial improvements, represents an enviable record of achievement.

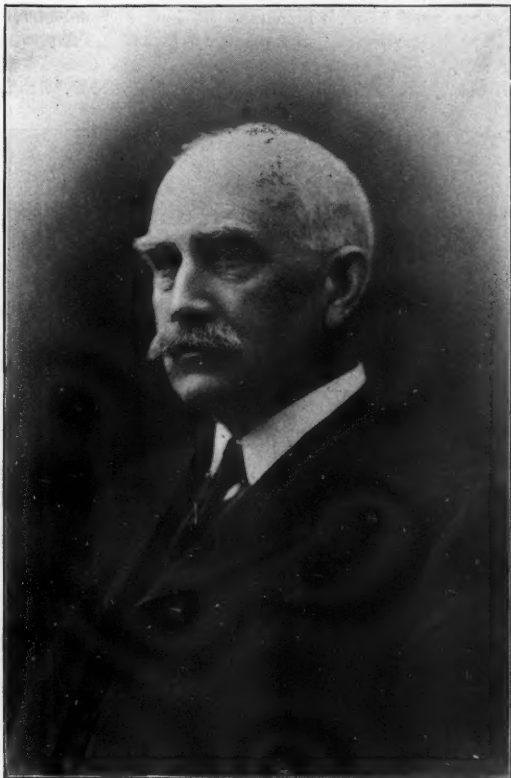
\* \* \*

AS the years pass, we seem to grow more fond of the mature beauties of autumn. Then it is that we begin to appreciate those deep, strong ties of friendship that have endured through many years with uninterrupted strength and power. As we look into the faces of the dear old friends and see in the full bloom of their powers the majestic splendor of well-seasoned lives of usefulness, how hard it is to contemplate that in a few short years under laws as immutable as time, they must pass from us—we must give them up.

The kindly, twinkling eyes, the gentle words of counsel and advice, given in that unselfish spirit of those who are really friends, the sincere sympathy offered in time of bereavement—all this must be lost as they pass into the great Beyond.

Every day my heart overflows with gratitude to those friends of mature age, whose influence and kindness began with childhood's earliest years. They always seem to be present, and their kind words, encouragement and confidence have furnished unfailing inspiration, and

their loyal commendation has been the sincerest praise. Their memory lives in our hearts, and as the years come and find our brows silvered and our faces furrowed, we too begin to look back over the heights as do those who have gone before, and feel the nobility of heart and soul of many who have left us forever.



GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON OF OHIO

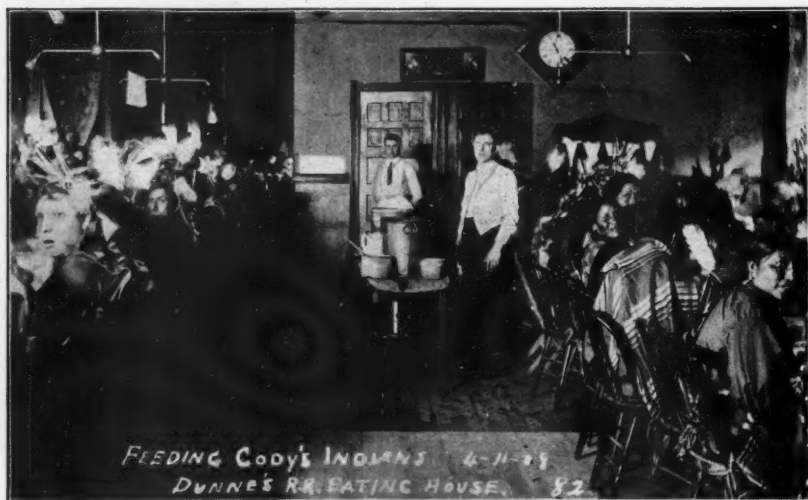
In the splendor of autumnal grandeur, when the leaves fall from the trees and gather rustling and whispering beneath, tossing in the flurries of fall winds, or sweeping like scattering birds in some sudden blast, the sun seems bright and strong as in summer; but beneath can be felt the chill of autumn—all an omen of approaching age. Yet how sweet, after all, is the maturity of life. What a comfort to feel that you are understood,

to possess friends to whom no explanations are necessary—those friends whose sympathy is felt from afar and seems to increase as the years pass in its warmth and radiance. How pathetic it is to sit and talk with these old friends, knowing that the last days have come, and realizing that the curtain is falling slowly but surely. It seems that the last pressure of that aged hand, which may no longer impart the warmth of the bounding blood of youth, is nevertheless surcharged with all the spirit of long and useful life, and

back up that advice. You can depend on him, and he generally wins."

This estimate of Louis D. Brandeis has become more general in recent years. He is already a conspicuous figure at Washington, one of those men who is pointed out to the casual visitor as he wanders among the Capital crowds. When a man is pointed out in Washington, it is certain that he has at least done something of note.

A phrase oftentimes makes fame. When after a long and arduous cross-examination Mr. Brandeis insisted that the railroads



A GLIMPSE OF JAMES DUNNE'S RAILROAD EATING HOUSE WHERE COLONEL CODY'S "SIOUX INDIANS AND COWBOYS" ARE HAVING A FEAST ON THEIR RETURN HOME AFTER A SEASON ON THE ROAD

with a serenity which makes us understand that life without the royal kinship of the old friends ripened and enriched in the mellow and sweet light of maturity loses for us all its final chaplet of earthly affection and ripened and honorable experience.

\* \* \*

MY first meeting with Mr. Louis D. Brandeis came about through the suggestion of a Boston banker, who referred to him as a lawyer of unusual ability and character. "There is a man," he continued, "who will give you a dollar's worth for every dollar paid. He'll give you straight advice, and he's a fighter to

properly managed could "save a million dollars a day," the country became interested. When he returned a large cheque because he would not accept a fee in a case taken up for the public good, another distinction was added to his fame.

His clear, bright eyes and sensitive mouth reflect his foreign parentage, for his mother was Prussian.

Mr. Brandeis made his first great fight in Boston for cheaper gas, and was instrumental in the enactment of the Massachusetts law for savings bank insurance. His interest crossed the continent to Oregon to take up before the Supreme Court of the United States the fight for the law



which prohibited women operators from working more than ten hours a day.

Years ago Mr. Brandeis made a vow that when he had acquired a certain competence, his work should be given largely to the public. He gives out facts and figures in an almost magical way. His competence has been made doing things for the railroads, manufacturers and other business men. Of late years he has been doing this for the people without charge. He says that his million-dollar estimate of possible railroad economics is conservative, and was reached after he had examined various precedents in rate cases. Mr. Brandeis is quiet and unassuming,



LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

The Boston lawyer, who is well known at the Capital

but when his mental dynamic force is at work, you feel the irresistible power of his genius. While he has never held public office, and people marvel at his quixotic personality, he is today one of the prominent figures in public life.

\* \* \*

**F**OREIGNERS frequently comment upon the ease with which new words and phrases are coined in America. One Englishman was much puzzled over the deri-

vation of "Samsam Day." It had to do with a sort of general athletic celebration, and he couldn't understand why it should be called "Samsam Day." The "oldest inhabitant" was asked to give the information, and it was disclosed that "Samsam Day" was so called because two active citizens named "Sam" were greatly interested in the sports. "Then," suggested



A FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH OF GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON OF NEW JERSEY

the narrator with a quizzical wink, "of course there is Uncle Sam."

"But anyhow this town had two Sams. There was Doctor Sam Ferguson and Samu'l McJunkin, the undertaker. The first, as I have said, was a doctor, and the last an undertaker. They were warm and intimate friends—in fact, business compatriots. It was gravely stated that when Dr. Sam began his work, Undertaker Sam generally finished it."

The Englishman saw the joke after awhile, and declared that really, don't you know, it seemed to have been lifted from the pages of *Punch*, although the next day when he tried to relate it, he had the doctor "delivering the goods" to the undertaker.

"Samsam Day" is now a familiar term

in Country Club circles, and its general adoption reflects a true and proper spirit of veneration for the traditional national Uncle.

\* \* \*

SOME are prosaic enough to insist that the high cost of living is in a way a psychological problem. It is said that the cloth, trimmings and total labor on a suit of clothes costs only \$5.88, while the suit must be sold for \$15. The margin represents the expenses involved in exploiting,



"BILL BARLOW"

The late humorist and the creator of "Sagebrush Philosophy"

advertising and selling. The fact that only an occasional suit of clothes is sold and that it often requires alterations and other expenses makes the margin of profit smaller. Think of a store kept open, lighted, heated and ventilated for occasional customers, many of whom are only "looking around." If some economic plan could be devised to eliminate all this, there might be enough and to spare for all, but, inasmuch as thousands have stores, and cities are springing up like mushrooms over night, the soil must produce more to sustain the race, or there will be danger of the old famines which disturbed the history of Egypt in past centuries.

There seem to be too many selling and too few producing. Of New York's five million population, not one perhaps is actually producing anything that will sustain mankind. There are two million people in Philadelphia, a million in Chicago, and half a million in Boston, and all these people are in a sense non-producers. The cost of living problem seems to resolve itself to the question of getting more people to produce something out of the soil.

\* \* \*

IN listening to the constant recital of jokes about the corridors and in the cloakroom, one sometimes wonders whether they echo the vaudeville dialogue or monologue, or are really new. When a new joke comes out, no time is lost in having it properly labeled. It may be "Sam McCall's joke," "Senator Bob Taylor's joke," or "Captain Weeks' joke," and woe to the man who appropriates another man's joke, no matter what the occasion. He had better take his watch—for story-larceny is next to high treason in Washington.

One of the new Congressmen who, despite arduous efforts, still remains "jokeless," rushed into a committee room during recess and declared that he had a new story. He told of how a man laughed so heartily at the theater that his false teeth fell out. "And would you believe it," he hurried on, as he observed the menacing glare of eleven pairs of eyes, "four men were bitten by those teeth before they were caught? And we have no laws against dental hydrophobia." Even the dentist present refused to bite.

\* \* \*

ONCE in a while it so happens that people will get on the same telephone wire, even though it is fondly supposed to be quite "private," and the other day there was a lively scrimmage at one of the telephones in the Capitol on the Senate side. The Senator was hurrying to get off an important call, and as he took off the receiver and called Central, a very positive feminine voice said, "Please get off the wire; it's busy." The Senator graciously acquiesced and waited while the flow of talk continued. Then he attempted again to get the line, to be met with the

decided rebuff, "This line is *busy*; won't you please get off?"

Again he ventured a meek "Hello" and "May I have the use of the wire for a moment?" but the answer came back, "No, sir, this is a private wire; you will please keep off." This was the final declaration of war, and things were progressing with a heat that made the offending wires fairly sizzle. Just as things were reaching a climax, the gentle-voiced operator said "Number." Both combatants proceeded without delay to number their grievances. "Never mind, I'm to blame," comforted Central, "in a minute I'll have it all right." And while they were awaiting the telephonic peace-maker's kind offices, the Senator could not resist a hearty laugh, the lady laughed, and they were introduced over the 'phone by the obliging operator. Thus was begun a pleasant acquaintance, which later may lead to a ceremony that suggests the plot of George Broadhurst's new comedy, "Bought and Paid For."

\* \* \*

**W**IDESPREAD and free discussion of the trust problem is characteristic of the times. Prejudicial features are being eliminated, and the people are beginning to insist that all sides of the question be presented. Judge Charles A. Prouty, who served fifteen years on the Interstate Commerce Commission, comprehensively discussed this phase of the situation in a recent address at Brooklyn. He argued for a commission to take care of trust regulation the same as has been done in the case of railroad regulation, and insisted that if we are to have "Big Business," it must be conducted on big corporation plans. Corporations can be better regulated by such a tribunal, the judge believes, than by having complaints and disputes drag their way through the courts.

The ambiguous interpretation of the Sherman law seems to be trying the tempers of corporation officials and the public alike. Judge Prouty pointed out some

significant facts in the history of railroad rate legislation, and his conclusion simmered down into the one query which is constantly running through the minds of the people: Why not encourage business by making laws that are clear and definite, and present no wavering lines between



"Again he ventured a meek hello"

what is right and what is wrong? Unfair competition and arbitrary peace-making in violation of the terms and intent of the law should be met with the same thorough executive administration of justice as that exercised in all other lines.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN one is privileged to hear Dr. George Wood Anderson speak, whether in the pulpit or on the rostrum, he realizes that he has met a man in the

real and unmeasured sense of the word. Of kindly and natural sympathies, and a clear-headed thinker in all lines of investigation, his every sentence is inspired by that broad spirit which wins affectionate and enduring regard. A thorough scholar, and a clergyman loved by the thousands in his pastorate, it is nevertheless in the rough and tumble of business life that Dr. Anderson's work seems most effective. His addresses before the Associated Advertising Convention in



GOVERNOR CHARLES S. DENEEN  
Who has for nine years been a prominent leader in Illinois politics

Boston and other commercial bodies have attracted widespread attention and have shown how a minister's work and influence is broadened and deepened by taking part in the everyday affairs of life. Simple, modest and lovable, his career has been rich in spiritual and practical achievement. He is in great demand on the lecture platform and in the pulpit and on all occasions where the general welfare of the people is discussed. His work in St. Louis has been remarkable in its scope, and Dr. Anderson has indeed reflected credit upon the city in which he resides and which he loves with all the intensity of an adopted citizen.

ECHOES of the Reciprocity campaign in Canada have almost died away. Premier Borden insists in well-measured words that the election was not an expression of hostility toward Americans, while Speaker Champ Clark continues to reiterate his annexation sentiments.

The reciprocity situation was summed up by a railroad president, who told the story of a beautiful domestic scene before the hearth. There were the good husband and wife who had traveled life's journey together in happiness. They sat before the open fire, and the blaze lighted up their sweet and serene faces. The family dog came in and stretched himself with a yawn on one side of the hearth. A moment later the house cat joined the group, and after a yawn and a stretch peacefully lay down at the other side of the hearth. The scene was now complete. The fire was genially crackling as the wife remarked, "How beautiful it is to see even our dog and our cat dwelling together in such harmony! What a lesson they present lying together thus in peace and amity."

The old man stroked his beard thoughtfully for a moment. "Yes," he assented, "it's beautiful, but you just tie that dog and cat together and see them fight."

"This little story," said the railroad official, "illustrates how relationships that are compulsory are seldom congenial." The Senator who was listening nodded emphatically. "Yes, sir," he cried, "it sums up the situation between the United States and Canada exactly. As long as each can lie at the side of the hearth, they are part of the domestic scene between the nations. But tie them together in any way, even with a commercial arrangement of which both do not approve, and there will be trouble. Humanity is so constructed that it doesn't like the words 'you must' and 'you shall,' a point that is too often lost sight of by public men in framing legislation."

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FOR more than twenty years, in season and out of season, with a persistence characteristic of his successful business career, Mr. Nathan Straus has been an ardent and enthusiastic advocate of neces-



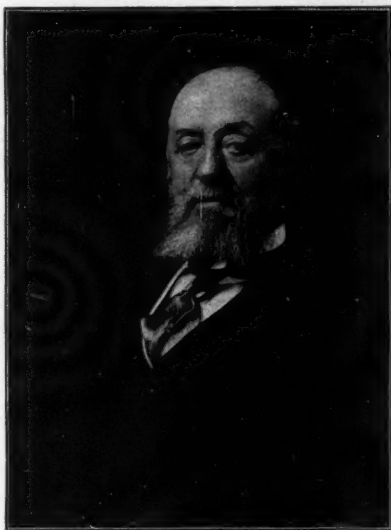
sary reforms in the proper feeding of babies. Tirelessly he has supplied and urged the use of pasteurized milk to protect them from tuberculosis and other diseases. As a mark of the nation's gratitude for this service, Mr. Straus was appointed by Secretary Knox as the United States delegate to the Third International Congress for the Protection of Infants.

He ably represented the United States at this convention and has made a most interesting report of the results of the Congress to the State Department, besides giving the country at large the benefits of the theories and ideas expounded by

and sensible suggestions for the care of their children.

\* \* \*

**V**ITAL statistics compiled at Washington reveal the fact that the average length of human life is increasing, despite the prophecies of Dr. Osler. It must not be forgotten that a generation ago forty-five



DR. NATHAN STRAUS

Who was appointed by Secretary of State Knox as United States delegate to the third International Congress for the Protection of Infants

the delegates assembled at this notable gathering.

Mr. Straus is a brother of Oscar S. Straus, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor. He believes that the real work of promoting public health must begin by providing proper protection for the children. Many thousands of mothers in the great city of New York are grateful for Mr. Straus' unrelenting purpose to fortify humble homes against the inroads of deadly diseases through his practical



ADOLPH S. OCHS

Publisher of the *New York Times* and the originator of the phrase "All the news that's fit to print."  
Mr. Ochs has always been an earnest advocate of clean journalism

was counted rather an extreme age for a man to engage in new and important work. The change that has taken place is said to be largely due to improvements lessening the strain and wear of physical exertion. Violent athletic exercises have fatally weakened the heart muscles of many strong men because of the severity of training. It is now determined that the man reaching the Osler age limit of forty-five has lived his time of physical vigor, and to retain his health must not overdraw on his reserve of physical power. With this relaxation of physical effort comes an increased activity of mind and brain power. It seems strange to look

upon a ball-player as a veteran and retired at forty, when it has been found that the great enterprises of the world are chiefly carried on by men approaching and past three score. A study of the average ages of Congressmen and other public officials in recent years demonstrates that the number of older men in public life today is greater than ever before.

\* \* \*

**T**HE passing of Justice Harlan, ripe with years of rich experience and mature judgment, vigorous and virile to the last, is one of the most regrettable in the history of the United States Supreme Court. Had John J. Harlan lived until next June, his service would have surpassed that of any other justice on the Supreme bench. As one of the department chiefs remarked, it does not seem like the Supreme Court without the familiar form seated at the right of the Chief Justice, vigorously chewing tobacco in good old Kentucky style, his keen eyes flashing as the points in the arguments progressed.

The vacancy occasioned by his death will make another important judicial appointment for President Taft. Already he has made four appointments affecting the Supreme Court, and has had direct influence upon five appointments, a record not equalled since Washington's administration.

The personnel of two newly created high courts, the Court of Commerce and the Court of Customs and Appeal, is entirely made up of President Taft's appointments. Altogether there have been selected by President Taft the judicial honors of nearly sixty men. As one friend grimly remarked, he has been kept busy since election in making judges, and if there ever ought to be a good judge of a judge,

William Howard Taft is the man. Before making any appointment he has employed most comprehensive methods to confirm his judgment, never considering personal preference. Mr. Frank B. Kellogg once declared that the test to which the President puts a man recommended for the bench is the fourth verse of the seventy-second psalm:

"He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the opposition."

The old-time custom, which brought with each judicial vacancy a small army of Senators and Congressmen in full dress to the White

House, is no longer in force. It is realized that already the President is burrowing into the decisions and judicial careers of those whom he believes worthy.

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**T**HE heat waves that of late years have swept over this country and Europe have evoked the interest and comment of prominent scientists. Mr. Eugene Finzi, a prominent business man of Jamaica, advances an unique theory in this matter. He insists that hot vapor cannot possibly

come from the ocean, and that there is only one spot on earth where it can come from—the Desert of Sahara. Into this superheated atmosphere the earth revolving on its axis brings these great vapor mists across the ocean, sweeping down and across the continent until they are checked by the crest of the Rocky Mountains, and are reflected back over the country. Sometimes the pressure becomes so intense that they have even swept back again toward Europe, and this, it is claimed, accounts for the different temperatures to the east and the west of the Rockies.

Mr. Finzi claims that the



THE LATE  
JUSTICE HARLAN



THE MECKLENBURG  
DECLARATION  
MONUMENT

West Indies and Jamaica escape the revolving mists of the Desert of Sahara, which results in the equable West Indian climate. Although born in Jamaica, Mr. Finzi was educated in England and has spent a great deal of time in America. He is intensely loyal to the land of his birth, and is proud of the fact that the West Indies produced Alexander Hamilton, whom he considers one of the greatest Americans.

There has been a most remarkable revival of business advance in the value of property since the island recovered from the earthquake at Kingston, and the development of the Jamaican trade in bananas has made the tropical island productive of greater wealth than the mines the early adventurers sought.

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THE old Yankee was whittling while he talked, to make something for his hands to do while his thoughts were busy. This illustrated a prominent trait of mankind, for we must do things now and then



Still a popular way of paying an election bet

that are apparently useless in order to accomplish things worth while. It may be tearing a bit of paper, or smoking, or chewing gum, but it must be admitted that the incidental things of life are, after all, constituent parts of great movements.

A phrase coined just right has led on to many a political victory—the illustrious slogan “Tippecanoe and Tyler Too” swept a party on to glory. “The High Cost of Living” has been helpful to many a struggling campaigner. Now how good it is to find a phrase outside of the political field that seems to appeal. “The livableness of life” is more than an alliterative

play upon words; it suggests wholesome ideas of strength and beauty. Most of us wonder now and then whether there really is “livableness” in our own lives. A few moments of introspection will bring about the realization that if life is not quite as livable as we would have it, there is, perhaps, a reason for which we cannot blame others. We are ill, and yet we cannot deny that there is wrong eating and

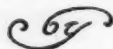


“Tippecanoe and Tyler Too”

wrong living, perhaps too much work, too much worry or too much indulging in things which would better be left alone.

To live a peaceful life, being as kind and gentle as possible with others, repressing barbaric impulses and conforming our lives to the natural laws, will bring about an appreciation of “the livableness of life.” Thoughts along this line bring to mind early days with William McKinley. Amid clouds of political campaigning and storms of financial disaster, when it seemed as if he was bereft of every friend, there still remained in his every word and act a manifestation of the sweet “livableness of life,” the memory of which will always remain with me as an inspiring benediction.

# Now Give Business a Chance



Joe Mitchell Chapple



WE ARE LIVING in exhilarating days. New ideas spring up and inventions flash forth with gatling-gun rapidity. Earth, air, electricity and water have been so repeatedly subjugated to the will and service of man that scarcely a ripple of astonishment pervades an over-satiated people when a new discovery is announced. We are influenced by impressions, caught up while in motion, in these swiftly moving times. Some of these impressions have been made by the little hammer of the knocker. Faintly at first comes the continued rapping, rapping of the dismal Ravenesque "evermore" by some of the leaders who earnestly believe that in order to attract the people's attention they must thump something or somebody. So accustomed is the public to the din and percussion of exposing mankind's frailties as exemplified in a system of corruption which has passed, that it is felt the hammering must continue. Note well the tense "*has passed.*"

The corporations of today are the result of a public demand for standardized products; a guarantee of value, quality or service, the result of remedial laws that have been passed—that *have been passed*. The thousands of articles that have been cheapened, the thousands of new necessities which were the luxuries of yesterday, are overlooked by the "impressionist" knocker whose hammer raps at iniquities that now are history.

\* \* \* \* \*

The trend of the times is indicated and the future foreshadowed in the responses made by five hundred college boys averaging in age from seventeen to twenty-two years. They were asked whether they intended to go into business for themselves and enter the mercantile world, build a factory, own a farm or establish individual careers "on their own hook." A few decades ago the apprentice was ambitious to own a factory; the grocery clerk dreamed of having his name succeed his employer's on the store; the farmer lad hoped some day to have a deed of the land which as hired man he helped to till. Yet in these ranks of half a thousand college boys, only three declared themselves as desirous of launching an individual



business. The others were fitting themselves for positions in large corporations or for professions related to these corporations, and they looked forward to the day when they would be able to command large salaries from the company, at the same time escaping the hazards of individual ownership. These boys saw their future in the collective system of capital and effort incident to corporate associations. They recognized the fact that the old-time battlements of individual competition have crumbled into dust and that the new order of things is founded on corporations built upon the fundamental conception of fair service to the public, just treatment of employes and an equitable distribution of profits. Yet in spite of this, the militant political leader continues his efforts to prejudice the public mind against this natural law of economic evolution, and in so doing he becomes the baneful reactionary who handicaps legitimate business development. Every law fashioned or born of prejudice disintegrates under the test of experience, and degenerates sooner or later into mere restraint of development.

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Verily business has been riding a rough race, with hurdle-jumps and deep ditches continually blocking the way through the legislative and legal action of Washington and the several state capitals, in response to the reactionary spirit of corporation-baiting. To prove their prowess and hold attention, political riding-masters crack the whip along the course to show how far or how high business must jump. Already hobbled to a short step and a slow pace, the business of the country has been handicapped throughout the past year in a way that in former years would have created a panic. How long will political ringmasters wield the whip? Will it be until business shall fall breathless in a last desperate leap over reactionary hurdles, too late to offer hope and work to the man without a job? Is it not time to stop lining the course and applauding the pranks of political horse-play, like Mother Goose's little dog, "laughing to see such sport," while the "dish ran away with the spoon"?

\* \* \* \* \*

The agitation of the past ten years has revealed some skeletons in the closets of supposedly honest concerns, but the present high standards of men in public life and at the head of corporations are the result of the natural laws of development under the new order of things. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the "graft" which thrived in low as well as in high places was not abolished by arousing vindictive and destructive passions, but rather by the advancement of the new movement of broad and generous constructive

ideals of public welfare based on a moral purpose that eliminated the old competitive system. The patriotic and ethical side of the question has not been advanced by mere appeals to sordid instincts or by encouraging the envy of wealth. It has been the crystallization of enlightened ideals, where the spirit of fair play predominates, transcending even the limitations of political party principle or traditions. To evoke hatred among men through sophistry has not accomplished any permanent results.

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The United States is engaged in a titanic struggle for foreign trade. The lusty arm of our business genius, because of the virility of its initiative, has made itself felt in all parts of the globe, impelled onward by the necessity of providing revenue and sustenance for a population growing at an unprecedented ratio.

The value of our manufactures is twenty billion dollars, only one billion of which is sent abroad. It is axiomatic in these days that business must be conducted on a large scale in order to secure any profit. Large capital is required in order to obtain cheap goods. Pessimistic protest against the fundamental law of self-interest, which has been the incentive of development since the world began, is being waged by quasi-altruistic conservation reactionaries. Why not be honest and make an adjustment that safeguards public interest without stifling initiative?

\* \* \* \* \*

The corporation is encouraged and supported by the government and people of Germany, because the Teuton mind has analyzed this institution and thought out the proposition in its every phase. The Germans recognize the universal laws of trade, for they understand that the interests of all the people are directly dependent upon the great engineering of industrial trade which furnish a livelihood for one-third of their people.

Our very national prosperity today hinges upon the welfare of corporations, for corporations are the vital distributive factors. The corporation today is inevitably becoming more and more the distinctive institution of the people. Regulative and restrictive laws are necessary, but the public is tired of politicians who play with a Damocles sword, and of having the very heart of business torn out to appease political and private ambition.

The very foundation of public confidence is expressed in invested capital. Wage envelopes are already shrinking, and the people are beginning to understand, as they can understand only when their own pocketbooks are affected, that the assault on corporations is the real "reactionary" force that is throttling trade and diminishing

wage distribution. Shall we tie the great business arms of the nation in the fight for its share of world trade by applauding the spellbinder who is busy collecting votes while the people cry for work? The spectre of the soup-houses of 1893 has not yet been forgotten.

\* \* \* \* \*

The history of our country records a series of periodic flashes of prosperity—unfortunately the forerunner of panics. Panics have come when everyone seems to lose confidence and after a spell of calling one another names, because some seem to have prospered more than others. Are we to learn nothing from the past? At such critical times, men of big brains, foresight and uncompromising optimism have come forth and helped to check the cry of the Ephesians and to inspire people with faith in one another. History records the return of confidence when the late Marcus A. Hanna, amid the gloom of smokeless factories and the cry for bread, announced McKinley as the "Advance Agent of Prosperity." It may have been a presumptuous campaign cry, an unexampled impertinence of political imagery, but the results that followed were consoling even to political opponents. In every crisis the business interests of the country have led the return to rational and sane sentiment. Why not, when the very genius of the age is business?

Strengthen the arms of industry; give business a chance. Uphold just corporations that are ready to share and that reveal to the public square policies and render honest service. Give corporations something of the old-time spirit of co-operation as when in the pioneer days the farmers looked forward to the arrival of the railroad to enhance the value of their land, hauling their crops to market and turning the mortgaged farm into profit-producing soil.

Give business a chance to push on. We can never return to the cut-throat methods of competition from which grows the canker of graft. Co-operation is expressed in the new order of things, and honest corporations deserve public confidence. We are primarily a corporate nation, and progress must mean harmony and unity of purpose. We will not go back to the old days of unrestricted competitive license and revert also to the methods of brigandage which shouted approval when corporations generally were harassed as common prey, solely because they were known to represent large aggregations of capital.

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True, the antipathy to corporations was not without a cause and did not grow over night. Certain defiant corporations have in a large measure been responsible for the prejudices which took root and overran the country. Arbitrary abuse of power, flaunting

evidences of wealth, marble buildings, luxurious offices, have given a distended picture of corporation revenues. The display of unprecedented wealth, the enjoyment of fabulous salaries for positions that were almost sinecures, have offended American democracy in days gone by. Any corporation official, high or low, who takes advantage of his semi-public position to affront the humblest individual has helped to sow the seed which reactionaries have propagated. Sitting pompously behind closed doors while their fellow-citizens dance attendance in the lobbies, stinging the self-respect and sense of justice of their subordinates—these things have ignited the sparks which flamed into feuds. Many bitter recriminations have had their inception in the waiting room, where uncivil and untactful subordinates, swelled up with assumed importance, misrepresented their chief and alienated those who might have been friends. Human nature is the one factor that cannot be safely overlooked in the satisfactory adjustment of human affairs.

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The limelight of publicity has now been thrown upon every aspect of the situation. Is there any longer reason to linger in the past and to tolerate unceasing and unfair attacks upon business? Let the initiative and aggressive force of American business energy assert itself. Give the American brother a fair chance to win a world trade. If he has the power to create a commerce that will radiate prosperity the world over, why not applaud with as much ardor as we are ready to give to any other phase of national achievement? The building up of business in our own land has replaced the martial fervor of other lands and former times.

Why not glory in the achievement of our real genius as other nations have gloried in their armies and navies, in the sustaining consciousness that the world is fast approaching that day when business genius will accomplish what great armies of the past have been unable to achieve—the secure peace of the world, in which movement the young republic of the West has led all other nations? Our leaders may not parade in brass buttons and epaulets, but those quiet, firm-jawed men sitting at the business desks of the nation are moving, planning and pushing forward campaigns that mean more for the betterment of the world than all the glories of clashing arms. We are a business nation. The American of today is making his ideals, his home, his family and his citizenship the practical business of his life. Stand aside, good fellows—ye reactionaries in political buskin—move on and put aside mocking armor that belongs with the memories of the past—put up your flintlocks, for the clarion call "*to business!*" has sounded.



# Robert Louis Stevenson

## IN CALIFORNIA



George Wharton James



IT WAS part of the romance of Robert Louis Stevenson's life that he should live for a while in California. To this fact the world owes at least three of his books, and how much of some of his others none can tell. The three, however, are "The Amateur Emigrant," which recounted his experiences in crossing the Atlantic to New York; "Across the Plains," which told of the ride from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and finally, "The Silverado Squatters," which is the record of a very interesting portion of his California life.

Two most urgent motives brought him to the Golden State; one was his health, and the other that here he sought the woman to whom he had lost his heart in the forests of Fontainebleau. Undoubtedly California helped to prolong his life, and here he won and wedded the lady of his heart's choice. He first went to San Francisco and then to Monterey.

In the December, 1905, number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was published a very interesting chapter on "Stevenson's Monterey," by Charles Warren Stoddard, who often met him during his California life. So I shall practically omit reference to Monterey in this article. As is well known, the cool sea breezes and fogs were not good for Stevenson's lungs, and he was compelled to move inland to a higher altitude, and it was this move that led to the writing of "The Silverado Squatters."

Of this visit to America and the hopes it aroused in her husband's heart, Mrs. Stevenson has written both entertainingly and illuminatingly in her "Preface to the Biographical edition" of Stevenson's works, recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons. These notes of Mrs. Stevenson are exceedingly precious, especially to those who seek a more intimate knowledge of the personality of their favorite author.

Of the "Amateur Emigrant" and "Silverado Squatters" she thus writes:

"At first the apparent rudeness of the average American repelled him, but when he found that the gentlest, most kindly acts accompanied the off-hand address, his heart warmed toward his 'younger brother.' In San Francisco he made many friendships that were only broken by death—Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Williams, to whom he dedicated the 'Silverado Squatters'; Dr. Chismore, Dr. Willy, Judge Reardon, who recognized a kindred spirit in the unknown, shabbily dressed young Scot, living in the poor little lodging house on Bush Street kept by Mr. and Mrs. Carson. For the last few years on the thirteenth of November a small band of those who love to do honor to my husband's memory have met in San Francisco to celebrate his birthday. Nor would the party be considered complete without Jules Simoneau, now far past eighty years of age, but still as clear in mind and strong in heart as when my husband first knew him in Monterey, the best beloved of all the friends of that time of adversity.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"The journey by emigrant train across the continent was an experience far worse than that on shipboard, but through all the fatigue and active misery of it, my husband managed to keep his diary posted up to date, and two months later, in Monterey, he wrote to Mr. Colvin: "'The Amateur Emigrant' is about half drafted.' It was from Monterey that he also wrote to Mr. Colvin: 'I am a reporter for the *Monterey Californian* at a salary of two dollars a week.' From this feeble joke the most foolish tales have arisen, and grown in the re-telling, of his having been a reporter connected with a San Francisco paper. The *Monterey Californian* was a tiny sheet that was hardly in a position to pay anyone two dollars a week. The editor was also the printer and did all the work on his paper with his own hands. The idea of a reporter in a place where 'the population is about that of a dissenting chapel on a wet Sunday . . . mostly Mexican and Indian, was thought very amusing both by my husband and Mr. Bronson, the editor, but someone seems to have taken it very seriously.

"The Amateur Emigrant" was partly written in Monterey, and almost finished in San Francisco under the most distressing circumstances of ill health, poverty, and letters of adverse criticism from friends in England. In an unfinished letter dated Calistoga, June 4, 1880, he writes: 'Today, at last, I send the last of that Double Damned Emigrant. It was all written, after a fashion, months ago, before I caved in; yet I have not had the pluck and strength to finish copying these few sheets before today. The attempt has cost me many a heavy heart. . . . I have done a quaint action—I have sent three of my poems to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a fourth, heaven of heavens! to Stephen! I am not mad; only a poet.'

It was during his San Francisco life that Charles Warren Stoddard first met him, and was thus led to write of him: "From the lips of a common friend I first heard of Robert Louis Stevenson. This friend placed in my hand copies of 'An Inland Voyage' and 'Travels with a Donkey.' The author was then but little

known. A few delighted critics had indeed piped his praises, but the great world of readers after all pays but little heed to the newspaper oracle. It is fortunate for the writer of books that the reader of them reserves unto himself the privilege of having an opinion of his own."

"It was rumored in those days that Stevenson was coming to California, and we wild Westerners who knew aught of him rejoiced thereat. Presently I heard that he had arrived at Monterey, a complete physical wreck, and was there restoring his soul in the presence of the charming lady who afterward became his wife. It is a question if any one of Stevenson's romances is quite so airily romantic—I had almost written fantastic—as his own love-story, a pastoral that began in the forests of Fontainebleau, and brought the exceptionally interesting hero and heroine to a blessed climax on the coast of Eldorado. But what an interlude of steerage-tossing on the Atlantic and an emigrant train of events lay in between the parting yonder and the meeting by the shore of another sea!

"Soon after Stevenson's arrival in California, we met. The happy hour brought us together in the studio of an artist friend; there, with a confusion of canvasses for a background, and an audience as clever as limited, all things were possible save only the commonplace, and in the prevailing atmosphere—an atmosphere not unpleasantly tinged with Bohemianism—the situation became spectacular.

"There I heard him discourse; there I saw him literally *rise* to the occasion, and striding to and fro with leonine tread, toss back his lank locks and soliloquize with the fine frenzy of an Italian *improvisatore*. We were all on our mettle. I am inclined to think that everyone was at his best—I mean that we were keyed up to concert pitch—while in the presence of that inspiring man. He was so entirely master of himself and of the situation that each listener was on the alert and thus unconsciously assumed his pleasantest expression. It is not unlikely that the exceptional brilliancy of the rhetorical Stevenson dared his guest to unaccustomed

efforts and that in consequence he achieved an intellectual spirit that, though brief, was brave enough and astonished no one so much as himself, when he came to weigh it complacently in comfortable recollection. I wonder how many entirely harmless people have been led to think very pleasantly of themselves after an interview with such a man as Robert Louis Stevenson. I don't believe that he ever belittled anyone who didn't richly deserve it—no, not even in an irritable moment. Let us hope for all our sakes that he was tempted alike as we are.

the last man in the world to awaken or invite passion.

"In his own select circle, necessarily a very limited one, he was revered, and it does not seem in the least surprising that there should have been found those who were glad to gather at his knee in worshipful silence, while he, in an exalted state of spirituality, read and expounded the Scriptures with rabbinical gravity.

"I have visited him in a lonely lodging—it was previous to his happy marriage—and found him submerged in billows of bedclothes; about him floated the



VINEYARD IN THE HILLS NEAR CALISTOGA, CALIFORNIA

"At the time I first knew him, Stevenson's itinerary was extremely limited; he usually travelled from his couch to his lounge, possibly touching at the armchair on the way. Those who are acquainted with 'A Child's Garden of Verse' will see the delightful possibilities of this prescribed journey in such company. For a long time his tours were not greatly varied; with him it was nearly the same routine with an occasional change of horizon. His familiars grew to think of him and to look upon him as being but a disembodied intellect; his was the rare kind of personality that inspires in the susceptible heart a deep, though passionless love. I take him to have been

scattered volumes of a complete set of Thoreau; he was preparing an essay on that worthy, and he looked at the moment like a half-drowned man—yet he was not cast down. His work, an endless task, was better than a straw to him. It was to become his life preserver and to prolong his years. I feel convinced that without it he must have surrendered long before he did.

"I found Stevenson a man of frailest physique, though most unaccountably tenacious of life; a man whose pen was indefatigable, whose brain was never at rest; who, as far as I am able to judge, looked upon everybody and everything from a supremely intellectual point of



view. His was a superior organization that seems never to have been tainted by things common or unclean; one more likely to be revolted than appealed to by carnality in any form. A man unflinchingly to the verge of emaciation, and, in this connection, I am not unmindful of a market in fleshpots not beneath the consideration of sanctimonious speculators; but here was a man whose sympathies were literary and artistic; whose intimacies were born and bred above the ears."

In his "Wreckers" Stevenson gives a short but good picture of Stoddard's den in San Francisco. In one of his letters to Stoddard he thus refers to it: "I am glad I brought the old house up to you. It was a pleasant old spot, and I remember you there; though still more clearly in your own strange den upon a hill in San Francisco."

In another of his letters to Stoddard dated December, 1880, he concludes as follows:

"The mere extent of a man's travels has in it something consolatory. That he should have left friends and enemies in many different and distant quarters gives a sort of earthly dignity to his existence. And I think the better of myself for the belief that I have left some in California interested in me and my successes. Let me assure you, you who have made friends already among such various and distant races, that there is a certain phthisical Scot who will always be pleased to hear good news of you, and would be better pleased by nothing than to learn that you had thrown off your present incubus, largely consisting of letters, I believe, and had sailed into some square work by way of change.

"And by way of change in itself, let me copy on the other pages some broad Scotch I wrote for you when I was ill last spring in Oakland. It is no muckle worth; but ye should na look a gien horse in the moo.

TO C. W. STODDARD

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam;  
An' since that I a Scotsman am,  
The Lallan ait I weel may toot  
As ye can blaw the English flute;  
An' sae, without a wordie mair  
The braidest Scot ma turn sall sair?

"Of a' the lings ever printit  
The braidest Scot's the best inventit,  
Since, Stoddard, by a straik o' God's,  
The mason-billies cuist their hods,  
And a' at ance began to gabble  
About the unfeenished wa's o' Babel.

"Shakespeare himsel'—in Henry Fift—  
To clerk the Lallan made a shift  
An' Homer's oft been heard to mane—  
'Woesucks, could I but live again!  
Had I the Scottish language kennt  
I wad hae clerkt the Iliad in't!'"

"(Follows the Aria)

"Far had I rode an' muckle seen,  
An' witnessed many a ferlie  
Afore that I had clappit e'en  
Upo' my billy, Charlie.

"Far had I rode an' muckle seen,  
In lands accountit foreign,  
An' had foregathrit wi' a wheen  
Ere I fell in wi' Warren.

"Far had I rode an' muckle seen,  
But ne'er was fairly doddered  
Till I was trystit as a friend  
Wi' Charlie Warren Stoddard."

And Stoddard thus comments on the lines and the poet:

"The writing of such lines as these seems to have been Stevenson's favorite diversion during his hours of recreation. A playful spirit made those hours the joy of the friends who were permitted to share them with him.

"One day I found the following little note slipped under the door of my den in San Francisco, where I was so glad to welcome him to what he calls in one of his letters to me, 'The most San Francisco part of San Francisco.'

"My Dear Stoddard:—Will you seriously oblige me and my dear gusset—not a pet name for my wife but a pleasant expression for the Human Pocket—by coming here to lunch and talk with me today?"

"A lunch in such company was enough to quicken the palate of the surfeited; but the talk. The talk was worth a pilgrimage. That I missed much of it must be my lasting regret.

"Sometimes he came to my lodging when I was not there to welcome him, and on one occasion he scribbled the following lines on a postal card and slipped them under my door. He was bubbling over with impromptus such as this:—

"O Stoddard! in our hours of ease,  
Despondent, dull and hard to please,



When coins and business wrack the brow,  
A most infernal nuisance thou!

"O Stoddard! if to man at all,  
To me unveil thy face—  
At least to me—  
Who at thy club and also in this place  
Unwearied have not ceased to call,  
Stoddard, for thee!

"I scatter curses by the row,  
I cease from swearing never;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But Stoddard's out forever."

But, as we have seen, neither San Francisco nor Monterey suited him in

villages. Here there would be two thousand souls under canvas, there one thousand or fifteen hundred ensconced, as if forever, in a town of comfortable houses. But the luck had failed, the mines petered out, and the army of miners had departed and left this quarter of the world to the rattlesnakes and deer and grizzlies, and to the slower but steadier advance of husbandry.

"It was with an eye on one of these deserted places, Pine Flat, on the Geysers road, that we had come first to Calistoga. There is something singularly enticing



LINCOLN AVENUE, WEST SIDE, CALISTOGA, CALIFORNIA

the delicate and precarious state of his health.

He had heard of the deserted mining camps of the interior where whole streets of houses were deserted, and with his imaginative and romantic mind, conjoined with the fact that economy was an important consideration, he conceived it would be a great thing to find one of these deserted camps, take possession and settle there. His attention had doubtless been directed to the neighborhood of Mt. St. Helena. In "The Silverado Squatters" he says:

"The whole neighborhood of Mount Saint Helena, now so quiet and sylvan, was once alive with mining camps and

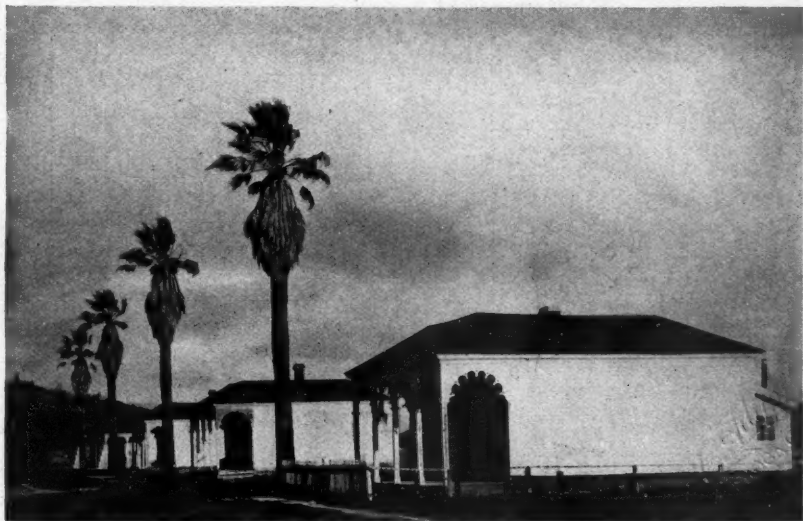
in the idea of going, rent-free, into a ready-made house. And to the British merchant, sitting at home at ease, it may appear that, with such a roof over your head and a spring of clear water hard by, the whole problem of the squatter's existence would be solved. Food, however, has yet to be considered. I will go as far as most people on tinned meats; some of the brightest moments of my life were passed over tinned mulligatawney in the cabin of a sixteen-ton schooner, storm-stayed in Portree Bay; but after suitable experiments, I pronounce authoritatively that man cannot live by tins alone. Fresh meat must be had on an occasion. It is true that the great

Foss, driving by along the Geysers road, wooden-faced, but glorified with legend, might have been induced to bring us meat, but the great Foss could hardly bring us milk. To take a cow would have involved taking a field of grass and a milkmaid; after which it would have been hardly worth while to pause, and we might have added to our colony a flock of sheep and an experienced butcher."

A short time ago, in company with a number of friends and acquaintances, I drove from St. Helena, through Calistoga

there a horse-post, here and there lounging townsfolk."

The other streets which he stated were marked out have grown a little, but the town is still a quaint, sleepy, jogging-along kind of a place, without much activity either of society or commerce, and would never have been heard of were it not the terminus of the Napa Valley branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the starting point for the stages that go up into the parts of Lake County which have no railway. The name of



THE COTTAGES AND PALMS AT CALISTOGA (CALIFORNIA) HOT SPRINGS

and up the grade to the Toll House to the place where Stevenson and his bride dwelt for a few happy months. They were happy months, for it was part of his honeymoon, though they were months clouded by the struggle of an indomitable soul against the weaknesses of a diseased body. We drove through the one main street of Calistoga which is thirty years older than when Stevenson thus described it:

"The railroad and the highway come up the valley about parallel to one another. The street of Calistoga joins them, perpendicular to both—a wide street, with bright, clean, low houses, here and there a veranda over the sidewalk, here and

the town, as Stevenson says, "was invented at a supper party by the man who found the Springs," but he left it to the reader's imagination to discover that "Cali" stood for California, and "Stoga" for Saratoga, and this was to be the Saratoga of California. The man who coined the name even started out to make it such, for to quote Stevenson again:

"Alone, on the other side of the railway, stands the Springs Hotel, with its attendant cottages. The floor of the valley is extremely level to the very roots of the hills; only here and there a hillock, crowned with pines, rises like the barrow of some chieftain famed in war; and

right against one of these hillocks is the Springs Hotel—is or was; for since I was there the place has been destroyed by fire, and has risen again from its ashes. A lawn runs about the house, and the lawn is in its turn surrounded by a system of little five-roomed cottages, each with a veranda and a weedy palm before the door. Some of the cottages are let to residents, and these are wreathed in flowers. The rest are occupied by ordinary visitors to the hotel; and a very pleasant way this is, by which you have

dently been unwatered for years and in this month of July when we visited it, was burned as brown as the grass on the hillsides. The 'weedy palms' have grown up into stately trees of great height.

Dominating the landscape now as then is Mt. St. Helena, still overtopping "the tangled, woody and almost trackless foothills that enclose the valley, shutting it off from Sonoma on the west and from Yolo on the east." These foothills are still "rough in outline, dug out by the winter streams and crowned by cliffy



VIEW OF MOUNT ST. HELENA FROM CALISTOGA, CALIFORNIA

a little country cottage of your own, without domestic burdens, and by the day or week."

Since Stevenson's time the Calistoga Springs Hotel has seen its vicissitudes. The new hotel, like its predecessors, has gone up in smoke, and while everybody concedes the value of the mud baths in cases of rheumatism, sciatica and serious diseases of the blood and skin, the whole place has been allowed to run down and is now as desolate, unkempt and ragged as a mangy dog. The little cottages that used to be so trim and neat are now dilapidated, and the porches cluttered up with the flotsam and jetsam of careless housekeeping, while the lawn has evi-

bluffs and nodding pine trees. The mountain overtopped them by two-thirds of her own stature. She excelled them by the boldness of her profile. Her great bald summit, clear of trees and pasture, a cairn of quartz and cinnabar, rejected kinship with the dark and shaggy wilderness of lesser hilltops." No wonder that Stevenson found there was something satisfactory "in the sight of that great mountain that enclosed us on the north; whether it stood, robed in sunshine, quaking to its topmost pinnacle with the heat and brightness of the day; or whether it set itself to weaving vapors, wisp after wisp, growing, trembling, fleeting and fading in the blue."

One section of "The Silverado Squatters" is entitled "With the Children of Israel," and chapter one of this section is "To introduce Mr. Kelmar." While at Calistoga I did not learn whether Mr. Kelmar was still alive, but the picture drawn of him will live so long as literature lasts. He contemplated locating at a deserted mining camp called "Pine Flat" on the road from Calistoga to the Geysers, but there were several difficulties in the way, and it was because in his straits he needed advice that Mr. Kelmar comes into the story as follows:

"Now, my principal adviser in this matter was one whom I will call Kelmar. That was not what he called himself, but as soon as I set eyes on him, I knew it was or ought to be his name; I am sure it will be his name among the angels. Kelmar was the storekeeper, a Russian Jew, good-natured, in a very thriving way of business, and on equal terms, one of the most serviceable of men. He also had something of the expression of a Scotch country elder, who, by some peculiarity, should chance to be a Hebrew. He had a projecting under lip, with which he continually smiled, or rather smirked. Mrs. Kelmar was a singularly kind woman; and the oldest son had quite a dark and romantic bearing, and might be heard on summer evenings playing sentimental airs on the violin.

"I had no idea, at the time I made his acquaintance, what an important person Kelmar was. But the Jew storekeepers of California, profiting at once by the needs and habits of the people, have made themselves in too many cases the tyrants of the rural population. Credit is offered, is pressed on the new customer, and when once he is beyond his depth, the tune changes, and he is from thenceforth a white slave. I believe, even from the little I saw, that Kelmar, if he chooses to put on the screw, could send half the settlers packing in a radius of seven or eight miles round Calistoga. These are continually paying him, but are never suffered to get out of debt. He palms dull goods upon them, for they dare not refuse to buy; he goes and dines with them when he is on an outing, and no man is loudlier welcomed; he is their

family friend, their business director, and, to a degree elsewhere unknown in modern days, their king.

"For some reason Kelmar always shook his head at the mention of Pine Flat, and for some days I thought he disapproved of the whole scheme and was proportionately sad. One fine morning, however, he met me, wreathed in smiles. He had found the very place for me—Silverado, another old mining town, right up the mountain. Rufe Hanson, the hunter, could take care of us—fine people the Hansons;—we should be close to the Toll House where the Lakeport stage called daily; it was the best place for my health besides. Rufe had been consumptive and was now quite a strong man, ain't it? In short, the place and all its accompaniments seemed made for us on purpose."

Stevenson felt in his bones "that there was something underneath; that no unmixed desire to have us comfortably settled had inspired the Kelmars with this flow of words. But I was impatient to be gone, to be about my kingly project; and when we were offered seats in Kelmar's wagon, I accepted on the spot."

He might have known what was in the wind when they started next day, a party of six, four of the Kelmars and Stevenson and his wife; when he saw in the wagon, "stowed away behind us," a cluster of ship's coffee kettles. These had been bought at "a bargain" by Kelmar, and this was a trip of business as well as of pleasure, and to Stevenson it was part of the humor of the trip to see the how and why of the disappearance of the kettles. Tradition has it that one of these kettles was an immense copper affair, made of copper, not tin like the rest of the kettles. It was capable of containing one hundred gallons and it was shown to me the day after our trip to Silverado with a great deal of eclat. I succeeded in purchasing it; what for I don't know, except that when I use it for holding water on the Colorado Desert, where I intend to take it, I shall get far more out of it than its cost in the vivid recollection it will suggest to me of the ride of Stevenson and his bride, accompanied by the happy Kelmar and his three Jewish women, on the trip from Calistoga to the Toll House.



We drove up the same grade that Stevenson describes with such fervor, and we felt exactly as he did when he wrote:

"A rough smack of resin was in the air, and a crystal mountain purity. It came pouring over these green slopes by the oceanful. The woods sang aloud, and gave largely of their healthful breath. Gladness seemed to inhabit these upper zones, and we had left indifference behind us in the valley. "I to the hills will lift mine eyes!" There are days in a life when thus to climb out of the lowlands seems like scaling heaven."

caught upon the summit by the whole weight of the wind as it poured over into Napa Valley, and a minute after had drawn up in shelter, but all buffeted and breathless, at the Toll House door.

"A water-tank and stables, and a gray house of two stories, with gable ends and a veranda, are jammed hard against the hillside, just where a stream has cut for itself a narrow canyon filled with pines. The pines go right up overhead; a little more and the stream might have played, like a firehose, on the Toll House roof. In front the ground drops as sharply as



THE TOLL HOUSE WRITTEN ABOUT BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The foothills to the right remind one forcibly of the Palisades of the Hudson above New York, except that they are much higher and far more rugged and uneven. Higher and higher we climb, the road winding and twisting so that it is hard to tell where the pass is. But, as Stevenson writes:

"The road crosses the ridge, just in the nick that Kelmar showed me from below, and then, without pause, plunges down a deep, thickly wooded glen on the farther side. At the highest point a trail strikes up the main hill to the leftward; and that leads to Silverado. A hundred yards beyond, and in a kind of elbow of the glen stands the Toll House Hotel. We came up the one side, were

it rises behind. There is just room for the road and a sort of promontory of croquet ground, and then you can lean over the edge and look deep below you through the wood. I said croquet *ground*, not *green*, for the surface was of brown, beaten earth."

The Toll House that Stevenson describes is truthfully pictured in the accompanying sketch, but some years ago it was destroyed by fire and now the Mount Saint Helena Inn occupies its place and a small and separate establishment has been erected as the home of the toll-gate keeper. The veranda of this new toll-house as well as the toll-bar itself are shown in the accompanying picture of the inn. While everything else is changed



the toll-bar remains the same as in Stevenson's description: "The toll-bar itself was the only other note of originality; a long beam, turning on a post, and kept slightly horizontal by a counterweight of stones. Regularly about sundown this rude barrier was swung, like a derrick, across the road and made fast, I think, to a tree upon the farther side."

The personnel has also changed, and were Stevenson to write about it now we should have a vivid portrayal of the deadly feud that now exists between the toll-gate keeper and the mistress of the inn. Would that I had the graphic pen of the "Dearly Beloved" or that I were swift enough to report with stenographic fidelity the voluble maledictions of the irate innkeeper. When the original owner of the toll house died, he left two sons, I think it was, and a daughter. The brothers and sister were unable to agree as to the division of the property, and for a long time the case has been in the courts with its accompaniment of bitter feelings, harsh words and vindictive heart-burnings. I am told the case has just been settled, the courts awarding the emoluments of the toll house to the brothers, and the inn with its appurtenances and the profit ensuing therefrom to the sister, but unfortunately the decisions of the courts by no means close up the breaches that the appeal to their judicial dictum causes, and the feud is still "on" though the cause has been taken "off" the judicial calendar.

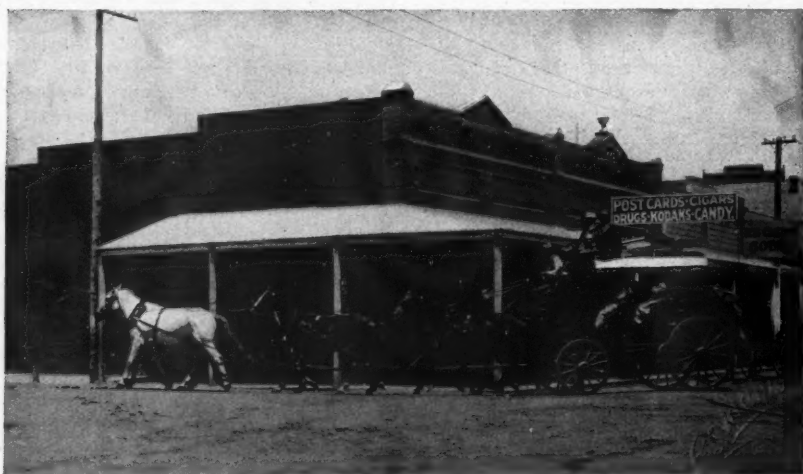
The stages to and from Lake County still run exactly as Stevenson described them. We set out our lunch under two of the big trees in the open space near where the road "plunges down the deep, thickly wooded glen." While we were eating, "the first of the two stages swooped upon the toll house with a roar and in a cloud of dust; and the shock had not yet time to subside, before the second was abreast of it. Huge concerns they were, well horsed and loaded, the men in their shirt-sleeves, the women swathed in veils, the long whip cracking like a pistol; and as they charged upon that slumbering hostelry, each shepherding a dust storm, the dead place blossomed into life and talk and clatter. This the toll house?—

with its city throng, its jostling shoulders, its infinity of instant business in the bar? The mind would not receive it. The heartfelt bustle of that hour is hardly credible; the thrill of the great shower of letters from the post-bag, the childish hope and interest with which one gazed in all these strangers' eyes. They paused there but to pass; the blue-clad Chinaboy, the San Francisco magnate, the mystery in the dust-coat, the secret memoirs in tweed, the ogling, well-shod lady with her troop of girls; they did but flash and go; they were hull-down for us behind life's ocean, and we but hailed their top-sails on the line. Yet, out of our great solitude of four and twenty mountain hours, we thrilled to their momentary presence; gauged and divined them, loved and hated; and stood light-headed in that storm of human electricity. Yes, like Piccadilly Circus, this also is one of life's crossing-places. Here I beheld one man, already famous or infamous, a centre of pistol-shots; and another who, if not yet known to rumor, will fill a column of the Sunday paper when he comes to hang—a burly, thick-set, powerful Chinese desperado, six long bristles upon either lip; redolent of whisky, playing-cards and pistols; swaggering in the bar with the lowest assumption of the lowest European manners; rapping out blackguard English oaths in his canorous Oriental voice; and combining in one person the depravities of two races and two civilizations. For all his lust and vigor, he seemed to look cold upon me from the valley of the shadow of the gallows. He imagined a vain thing; and while he drained his cocktail, Holbein's Death was at his elbow. Once, too, I fell in talk with another of these flitting strangers—like the rest, in his shirt-sleeves and all begrimed with dust—and the next minute we were discussing Paris and London, theatres and wines. To him, journeying from one human place to another, this was a trifle; but to me! No, Mr. Lillie, I have not forgotten it.

"And presently the city-tide was at its flood and began to ebb. Life runs in Piccadilly Circus, say, from nine to one, and then, there also, ebbs into the small hours of the echoing policeman and the

lamps and stars. But the Toll House is far up stream, and near its rural springs; the bubble of the tide but touches it. Before you had yet grasped your pleasure, the horses were put to, the loud whips volleyed, and the tide was gone. North and south had the two stages vanished, the towering dust subsided in the woods; but there was still an interval before the flush had fallen on your cheeks, before the ear became once more contented with the silence, or the seven sleepers of the Toll House dozed back to their accustomed corners. Yet a little, and the ostler would

find even the remnant of the Silverado mining town where Rufe Hanson's house still remained, but we finally reached and followed the "good road along the hillside through the forest, until suddenly that road widened out and came abruptly to an end," and where we found everything just as described except that the house was gone. "A canyon, woody below, red, rocky and naked overhead, was here walled across by a dump of rolling stones, dangerously steep, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. A rusty iron chute on wooden legs came flying, like a mon-



LAKE COUNTY STAGE LEAVING CALISTOGA, CALIFORNIA

swing around the great barrier across the road; and in the golden evening, that dreamy inn began to trim its lamps and spread the board for supper."

We did not go up to Silverado by way of the trail described by Stevenson. A new trail has been constructed which passes directly between the Toll House and the inn, and it was up this that we walked. How shady it was. Indeed it was so shady that we could well understand how Stevenson and the Jews, guided by "the little vile boy from the hotel, who was patently fallacious; and for that matter a most unsympathetic urchin, raised apparently on gingerbread," were led about for two hours looking for houses and unable to find them. We did not

strous gargoyle, across the parapet. It was down this that they poured the precious ore; and below here the carts stood to wait their lading, and carry it millward down the mountain.

"The whole canyon was so entirely blocked, as if by some rude guerilla fortification, that we could only mount by lengths of wooden ladder, fixed in the hillside. These led us round the farther corner of the dump; and when they were at an end, we still persevered over loose rubble and wading deep in poison oak, till we struck a triangular platform, filling up the whole glen, and shut in on either hand by bold projections of the mountain. Only in front the place was open like the proscenium of a theatre, and we

looked forth into a great realm of air, and down upon the treetops and hilltops, and far and near on wild and varied country. The place still stood as on the day it was deserted: a line of iron rails with a bifurcation; a truck in working order; a world of lumber, old wood, old iron; a blacksmith's forge on one side, half buried in the leaves of dwarf madronas; and on the other hand an old brown house."

There is a good deal of unconscious pathos in the account of the way in which Stevenson and his bride took possession of the deserted house, but one rich touch of humor thus bubbles up:

"As we were tumbling the mingled rubbish on the floor, kicking it with our feet, and groping for these written evidences of the past, Sam, with a somewhat whitened face, produced a paper bag. 'What's this?' said he. It contained a granulated powder, something the color of Gregory's Mixture, but rosier; and as there were several of the bags, and each more or less broken, the powder was spread widely on the floor. Had any of us ever seen giant powder? No, nobody had; and instantly there grew up in my mind a shadowy belief, verging with every moment nearer to certitude, that I had somewhere heard somebody describe it as just such a powder as the one around us. I have learnt since that it is a substance not unlike tallow, and is made up in rolls for all the world like candles.

"Fanny, to add to our happiness, told us a story of a gentleman who had camped one night, like ourselves, by a deserted mine. He was a handy, thrifty fellow, and looked right and left for plunder, but all he could lay his hands on was a can of oil. After dark he had to see to the horses with a lantern; and not to miss an opportunity, filled up his lamp from the oil can. Thus equipped, he set forth into the forest. A little while after, his friends heard a loud explosion; the mountain echoes bellowed, and then all was still. On examination, the can proved to contain oil, with the trifling addition of nitroglycerine; but no research disclosed a trace of either man or lantern.

"It was a pretty sight, after this anecdote, to see us sweeping out the giant

powder. It seemed never to be far enough away, and after all, it was only some rock pounded for assay."

On the site of the house which Stevenson describes and which for those few months gave him and his wife such happy and beneficial shelter now stands a memorial tablet. This tablet recently came into being as the result of an editorial written by Mr. F. B. Mackinder of the *St. Helena Star* of October 8, 1909, in which among other things he said the following:

"Away up on the side of Mount St. Helena is Silverado, the mining camp, where, in a lonely cabin many years ago, the great author, Robert Louis Stevenson, struggled for health. Up above the fog, where the air was pure and the sun shone warm throughout the summer and fall days of 1880, Stevenson hoped to fight a winning battle against consumption, but in vain, and while death was the victor the noted writer left to the world his writings which are as imperishable as time, the admirers of which have become as a mighty army and are continually increasing. The old cabin in which Stevenson lived is not only neglected and falling to pieces, but all thought of the author and the interesting story, 'Silverado Squatters,' written by him while there, seems to have disappeared from the minds of those who reside in the immediate vicinity. A few weeks ago we received a letter from an admirer of Stevenson's writings, who resides at Burlingame, near San Francisco. He and his wife wanted to visit Silverado, see where the author lived and see with their own eyes Napa Valley and the scenes which are described with so much fascination in the 'Silverado Squatters.' They desired information and directions, and following our answer, made the trip as a week-end outing. Arriving at Calistoga the visitors first determined that their trip would be far more profitable with a copy of the book in hand so that they might more clearly understand the surroundings and scenes Stevenson described. At a Calistoga book store the young lady behind the counter had never heard of any such book. Going to a livery stable to secure a conveyance and inquire the way to Silverado, they were told there

was no such place in that section. Amused and disgusted, but not discouraged, the gentleman and his wife started up Mount St. Helena, visited the Toll House, finally found their way to Silverado, saw the cabin in which Stevenson lived and wrote his book and returned to Calistoga, only seven miles distant."

As the result of this editorial the New Century Club of Napa, led by its President,



THE OLD ORE-CAR NEAR THE STEVENSON  
TABLET ON MOUNT ST. HELENA, CAL.

Mrs. Percy S. King, and assisted by the Napa Study Club, Brown's Valley Woman's Improvement Club, St. Helena Woman's Improvement Club and the Calistoga Civic Club, gained a perpetual right from the Silverado Mining Company, which now owns the land, to the spot upon which the tablet is erected. The tablet is pictured in the accompanying engraving and it was unveiled on Sunday, May 7, 1911, in the presence of several hundred spectators. "The ceremony took

place at the noon hour and, on the rugged mountain side, lovers of Stevenson's writings did honor to the memory of one, who, though dead, still lives in the best of the world's literature. Brief selections from the choicest Stevenson gems were read, addresses were made, and the life of the Scotch writer was eulogized, after which all mingled their voices in that grand and appropriate hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds."

The upper part of the memorial tablet is a pink Scotch granite book, on which is inscribed:

This tablet, placed by the Club women of Napa County, marks the site of the cabin occupied in 1880 by Robert Louis Stevenson and bride, while he wrote the *Silverado Squatters*.

On the opposite page is the following quotation from Stevenson's poem "In Memoriam," and because of his early death and his wonderful nature it seemed especially fitting to him:

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring,  
a being  
Trode the flowery April blithely for awhile,  
Took his full of music, joy of thought and  
seeing,  
Came and stayed and went, nor ever  
ceased to smile.

The rocks of which the base of the monument is composed are themselves not the least interesting part of the monument, for they were selected from a mass brought up from the mines and over which the feet of Stevenson and his wife doubtless had often walked. Whoever selected them showed great care and discrimination, for they are beautifully marked and colored by the red of the cinnabar, and the yellow and blue of other minerals so as to produce a most charming and beautiful effect.

The principal address at the dedication was made by Mr. Alexander McAdie, Vice-president of the Sierra Club and Superintendent of the United States Weather Bureau for the Pacific Coast. He said:

"*Ladies and gentlemen:* I am sorry that the President of the Club, Mr. John Muir, is not here to honor the occasion and pay a lasting tribute to the genius of his fellow-countryman. He is on his way to



South America; but I feel sure he would want me to express his regret at not being present; and to say that we feel his spirit is present on this occasion.

"If you offer a Scotsman a sprig of heather, he at once unbends. It matters not how repressed and self-contained he may have been before, he now becomes gracious, genial and, if the thing were possible for a Scot, loquacious. He recognizes in the token, evidence of a kinship of feeling; he knows that the things he has been taught to hold precious will be likewise dear to you. Something of the same kind happens when a stranger speaks well of the fog in the presence of a San Franciscan. For these dwellers in the Bay-valleys love their fog and he who speaks kindly of it, when so many disparage, wins at once a way to their affection. And as no one ever wrote more charmingly of the sea-fogs than Robert Louis Stevenson, it goes without saying that he is dear to the people who live near the Great Gate where rolls the fog in stately strength and beauty.

"You will recall one never-to-be-forgotten morning here at Silverado when the fog rolled in. In two jumps he was out of bed and on the platform: 'Far away,' he says, 'were hill-tops like little islands. Nearer, a smoky surf beat about the foot of precipices and poured into all the coves of these rough mountains. The color of that fog ocean was a thing never to be forgotten. For an instant among the Hebrides and just about sun-down, I have seen something like it on the sea itself. But the white was not so opaline, nor was there, what surprisingly increased the effect, that breathless, crystal stillness over all. Even in its gentlest moods, the salt sea travails, moaning among the weeds or lisping on the sands; but that vast ocean of fog lay in a trance of silence, nor did the sweet air of the morning tremble with a sound.'

"Stevenson came naturally by his love of the mists, clouds and fogs and all out-of-doors life. He was born in that

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood. . . .

and his fellow-townsmen, Sir Walter, might have added

"Land of engineers and much east wind.'

"Our fogs were kinder to Stevenson than the fogs of his native land; and perhaps if he could have remained here under somewhat more favorable conditions, his health would have been re-established. But be that as it may; from here he saw the fog from *above*; elsewhere he saw it from *below*. Who shall say that he did not gain inspiration therefrom, enabling him to see humanity, likewise from a high vantage ground. Certainly he knew the dull and sombre side of life: and just as certainly did he try to show the bright, romantic and hopeful side of existence.

"As the sun brightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.'

"There speaks a man who saw the good side of his fellow men and sought to make them gentler by the contagion of his own unselfishness.

"Stevenson lived, back in the eighties, at 608 Bush Street, within a stone's throw almost of the building where the Sierra Club has its rooms. It is not of record that he ever went on one of our outings; but literature would have been the richer by one rare volume had he gone. His pen would have done justice to the grandeur of crag and pass and meadow. The stern-faced cliffs that color so warmly in the morning light, as if behind the granite features yearned kindly, human souls; the blackness of night under the pines, the stillness of noonday in the forests, the nearness of the eternal stars: these would have appealed to him.

"He would have delighted in the camp and its drolleries. You recall that in the 'Amateur Emigrant' he defines the difference between the Intermediate and the Steerage passengers. The former paid a little more, and had the privilege of saying whether they preferred tea to coffee, though as far as Stevenson could decide after trial there was no difference in the two. Well, we Sierrans have seen our tea made in coffee pots and our coffee in the wash-boiler. And many a time we have not even had the privilege of saying which we preferred. Then again Intermediate emigrants had tables to eat from while the steerage had none. In this respect the Sierra Club is distinctly in the steerage.

"Stevenson's life in San Francisco was at once both sad and hopeful. He was out of his proper setting and out-at-the-elbows in health. He came so near dying that he composed his epitaph, which later in a somewhat modified form appeared as the well-known requiem—

" 'Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.' "

"In that first rough draft of his own estimate of himself, his final, as it seemed to him at the time, review of the book of

clouds the unharnessed forces of nature, and likened himself to the inconsequential mist driven and drifting before the wrathful winds. Some suggestion of his own human restlessness must have come from these high wanderers. Ships of that greater sea, sailing an unsounded, uncharted, boundless ocean of overhead blue, like one of these he felt himself to be. At times scraping along under a jury mast, again carrying topgallant sails. Driven by favoring or adverse winds, he came at last to pleasant ports.



THE TABLET ERECTED ON MOUNT ST. HELENA IN MEMORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON BY HIS ADMIRERS. IT WAS UNVEILED ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF MAY, THIS YEAR, WITH APPROPRIATE CEREMONIES

life, Stevenson included these words, 'of a family of engineers.' Yes, there were engineers in his family and in his race. Watt and Rankine and Thomson and a host of level-headed, far-seeing master minds who harnessed the expansive power of water-vapor so that the winds and the sea bar not man's progress nor stay his passage round the world. The same processes that work in the steam engine operate in the clouds, and looking up into the sky, this 'winged creature that would vanish to the uttermost isle' and yet sprung from a family of engineers, hard, practical, but who shall say unromantic men, must have seen in the

"Ever these words written in the loneliness of his stay in that crowded, gay and thoughtless city that we barely see from here, far on the southern horizon, ring in our ears, and perhaps best tell the purpose and ambition of his life: 'Can I make someone happier this day before I lie down to sleep?'

"We are grateful to the ladies of the united Ladies' Clubs of Napa County that they have placed this stone to commemorate the happy hours of the honeymoon spent here. I must also mention the full measure of service given by Mr. Daniel Patten, who gave the site and whose hands placed many of the stones here

set and to his able helpmate, busy at this moment that others may enjoy, and to Mr. Newman for the design, and Mr. Miller for the work done in setting the stone.

"Far in the West where lie the isles of the Pacific there Stevenson made a home. And the islanders who looked up to him as clansmen do to a chief, said, when the pen dropped from his hand and the day's work was done, 'Tofa Tusitala' (Sleep, Tusitala).

"We can say no more. Gladly he lived, he laid him down with a will, he earned rest; and the memory of the man and his work is as bright as the sunshine and as beautiful as the clouds."

To Californians Stevenson's book "The Silverado Squatters," should be particularly interesting, as it helps to show a beautiful part of their Golden State as seen through his keenly discerning eyes. The more one knows of the Napa Valley and Mount St. Helena, the more beautiful and interesting do they become, and in a small book I am now preparing, to be entitled "Under the Shadow of Mount St. Helena," I hope to set forth more fully some of the charms and allurements that helped to console brave, hopeful, struggling Stevenson, while he battled with disease and yet poured forth work of the highest order of literary craftsmanship.

## SOMETIMES

By CLEMENT HOPKINS

SOMETIMES, when all the world is very still,  
My soul speaks with a voice so loud and clear,  
I hear the promptings of a higher will,—  
I feel the presence of a Spirit near!

Sometimes, when clouds are hanging o'er my head,  
And worms of doubt and fear creep in my mind,  
I see a light—and by it I am led—  
As ghosts of darkness scamper far behind.

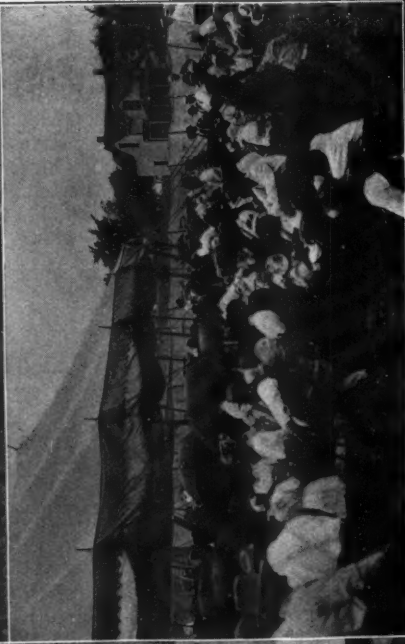
Sometimes, when on the crowded streets I walk,  
And into wearied visages I peer,  
Above the din of life and crazed men's talk,  
The whispers of another world I hear.

And sometimes, when my mission seems in vain,  
And Truth, a poor, mock-destiny of birth,  
I see my vision shining through the rain;  
I soar above the fog-encumbered earth!

I serve the Master—not the servant's whim—  
Nor bow nor kneel to man-created thing;  
Where others sink, I raise my arms to swim,  
Where others hush, I lift my voice to sing.



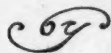
A GLIMPSE OF THE CROWD AT TRAER, IOWA  
A SHADY NOOK AT LEMARS, IOWA



A LADIES' COMPANY "GETTING READY FOR AFTERNOON OPENING  
THE OVERFLOW CROWD ONT "BRYAN DAY" AT WOODBINE, IOWA



# On the Chautauqua System



JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

**T**HE summer Chautauquas have become an influence in national affairs that must be reckoned with in political history. They are attended with the spirit of the old camp meeting assembly.

The idea inaugurated by Bishop Vincent at Chautauqua, New York, has developed a system which has as direct an influence upon public sentiment in the districts covered as the press ever held. In the beginning the Chautauqua system sought to satisfy the popular craving and thirst for inspiration and information. In the hot days of summer it was found to be a physiological fact that people were more receptive to an emotional appreciation of solid things than at other seasons, which is contrary to the general belief that people seek only the lighter and more frivolous entertainments in the "good old summer time." From the New York Chautauqua camp grounds with the dainty salute of waving handkerchiefs, and the stimulation of substantial reading and serious thought concerning profound subjects has developed the Chautauqua spirit that strongly influences opinion in the small cities and rural communities of the Middle West.

Many a prominent public man today owes his fame more to these Chautauquas than to any other one channel of publicity, for once the newspapers begin writing about a man then the people express an interest to see him on the Chautauqua platform, and the long lectures throughout which the people sit on hard benches, without backs, and listen to a message are certainly indicative of an

earnest search for information and truth among the patronizing Chautauquans. The speaker, for his part, must keep the message red-hot, and to the point, all of which results in more publicity.

It remained for an energetic young man, Mr. Keith Vawter of Cedar Rapids, who had enjoyed a wide and extensive experience with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, to conceive the idea of arranging a Chautauqua system for the various small cities that would give them as good an opportunity of meeting and hearing celebrities as their urban neighbors. The talent which he engaged during the winter season for the lecture course found themselves, like Othello, without occupation in the summer months. Mr. Vawter harked back to the philosophy of P. T. Barnum—especially in his belief that the allurements of tent life appealed to the nomadic spirit of mankind, and he organized a Chautauqua plant.

There are eight plants in all, each consisting of a large tent holding two thousand people, with chairs, stage, dressing rooms, flags, decorations, lighting plant, smaller outside tents—in other words, an equipment that makes a Chautauqua week as complete in a village as in a city. Under this plan programs are arranged for morning, afternoon and evening, something on the plan of a continuous performance. Tickets for the entire course are sold to the people, who go and come as they like. Every hour in the day is given up to a wide variety of entertainment that is both attractive and instructive.

Much has been written about Chau-

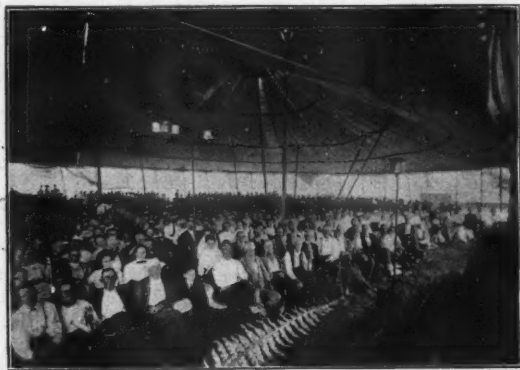


BAND DAY AT LUVERNE, MINNESOTA



A SNAP SHOT OF TWENTY-ONE AUTOMOBILES

A reception committee meeting Mr. Bryan at Lohrville, eleven miles from Lake City, Iowa, where he was to speak in the afternoon



INTERIOR OF TENT AT ODESSA, MISSOURI

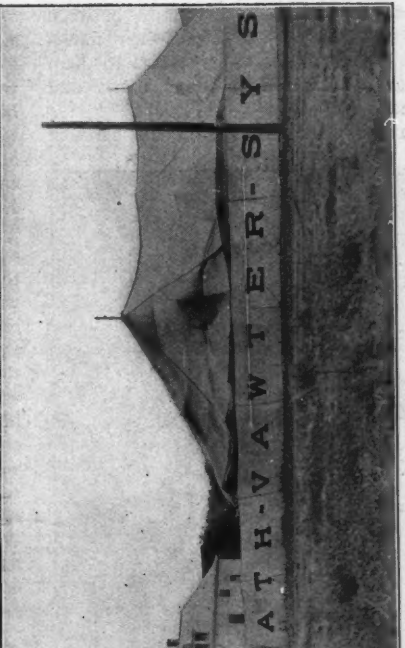
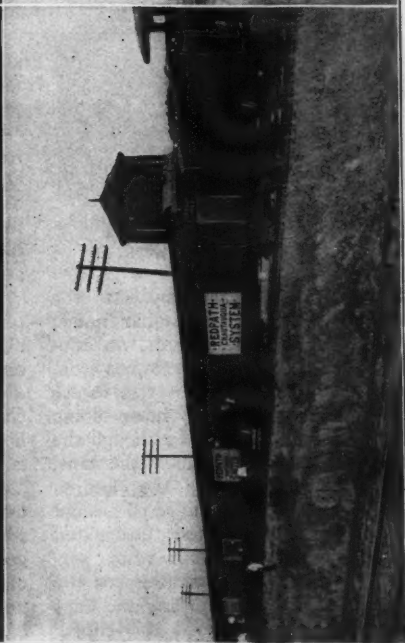
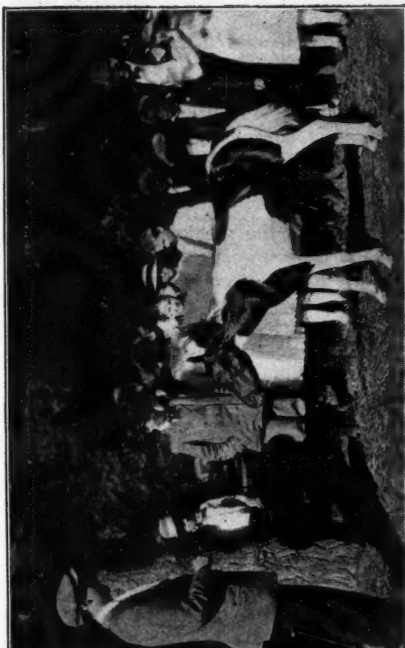
tauqua, but in response to Mr. Vawter's invitation, a tour was arranged for a magazine editor to see and hear and actually feel the Chautauqua spirit as it ebbs and flows in summer days. The initial

meeting was at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where a tent was erected upon the Coe College grounds. There was a general admission charged to those not holding season tickets, but everyone about seemed to have a ticket, for the ensign "Meet me at Chautauqua" was posted on every fence and on every corner, both in the city and on the country roads. The Chautauqua spirit was manifest in the streets, in the stores, in the homes—everywhere you went. The thermometer registered one hundred degrees, which is considered good Chautauqua weather.

The tent men all attired in neat uniforms arrange the seating with the punctilious deference of a grand opera performance (although it may be necessary to climb over a few benches occasionally to get your seat).

At an early morning hour the meeting was started full blast. First a reading was given on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." This story, representing the universal experience of human life, was just as keenly enjoyed by Iowa farmers as by the ultra-literary of Boston. The attention given by the audience to the reading of this Ibsen masterpiece vividly called to mind the last play in which the late Richard Mansfield appeared. The thermometer in the tent crept stealthily up as the recitation proceeded. The fans were scarcely moving as the intense heat of the sun blistered down upon the tent and the audience listened to the masterful lines of the great Norwegian poet. The various scenes were illustrated by selections from Grieg music on the piano near at hand, which made it altogether impressive and dramatic.

In the seats were many sturdy farmers



DR. McCLARY AWAITING HIS TURN IN THE CREW TENT

A SPECIAL TRAIN ON THE BURLINGTON IN 1908

These baggage cars contained the equipment consisting of tents, seating, etc.

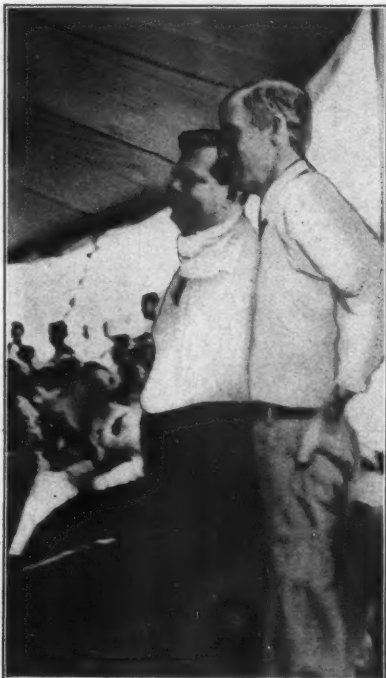
PRINCE THE TRAINED PONY

A FAMILIAR SCENE THROUGHOUT IOWA AND MISSOURI DURING

CHAUTAUQUA SEASON

taking advantage of this time "between hay and harvest" to store their minds with a harvest just as important to them as that contained in their barns and granaries.

In the afternoon session the children



THE WAYFARING EDITOR AND THE SUPER-INTENDENT AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA. WATCHING THE PONY DO HIS STUNT

were there en masse. They saw the Philadelphia man with an Italian name, who had trained canary birds, an educated horse and cultured cockatoos from Australia. How delightful it was to see these little birds and the horse doing their work so faithfully, and although the hot sun streamed down upon the tent, the laughter and cheers of the children were inspiring. The boys lingered around outside at the dressing tent, fascinated with the birds and animals who "performed." What a cheer went up as the little canary birds, in unfurling the flags of various nations, reached the climax and unfolded the stars and stripes. The

open-mouthed wonderment and expression of the faces in the audience was a study. The children clapped their hands with glee, and the applause of parents bespoke an interest quite as intent. Recitations and singing followed, furnishing altogether just as high-class vaudeville entertainment as one ever witnessed at Keith's.

Long before the arc lamps shimmered over the city's streets the crowd began to gather for the evening session. There was a "curtain raiser" in the form of readings, monologue and songs in which the audience and the performers seemed to unite in sympathetic interest. As the witching hour of eight approached an infectious whisper ran among the audience, "He is coming, he is coming." This was an indication that the oratorical star of the evening was about to appear. A moment later the familiar form of William Jennings Bryan was seen. He had the same smile and gleaming eyes that enthralled millions during three strenuous presidential contests.

Some people who have heard Colonel Bryan speak through a phonograph have been somewhat prejudiced against hearing him speak in person, but when one sees him in Chautauqua action, with perhaps a little more flash, yet not perhaps with the fire and spirit of the day when he delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech in Chicago years ago, one realizes that the years have brought a tolerance and frankness that is even more refreshing than his memorable political addresses.

Cheers filled the tent as he mounted the platform, and even the humidity of the night and the stifling atmosphere seemed only further to kindle the enthusiasm. For a brief moment there was silence as the Colonel mounted the platform and dipped his hand into a pail filled with ice, took a piece in his hand and cooled his head. You could almost hear the corn crackle outside, so fast was it growing in the hot weather. The orator started in by suggesting that the audience make the choice of lecture to be given—whether it should be the "Prince of Peace" or "The Passing of Plutocracy." A vote was taken, "The Passing of Plutocracy" chosen, and with-



out further preliminary, the silver-tongued orator of the Platte launched at once into his discourse and held the enraptured attention of the auditors until he said good-night. His voice rang out as clear as a bell and was pitched rather high, so that it could be heard at least a quarter of a mile from the tent in the quiet of the night. It has been truly said that no speaker of the present generation possesses a voice of such clarion qualities as Colonel Bryan's.

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Paradoxical as it may seem the Fourth of July is a poor Chautauqua day, and the meeting at Independence, Iowa (appropriate name) did not find the usual crowd for Colonel Bryan. No table d'hôte after this, only a hasty bite at a lunch counter and then a rush to catch the train, for another change of cars was coming and a short rest at a hotel before Traer, Iowa, was reached. Traer is a typical Chautauqua town. It boasts about fourteen hundred people, and the daily Chautauqua attendance averaged as high as two thousand—in the hottest weather ever known. Traer is the home of Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, known hereabouts as "Tama Jim." The town possesses one of the most pretentious little opera houses in the state, and the farmers thereabouts all seem to ride around in automobiles. Farm land in the vicinity sells at an average price of two hundred dollars an acre, and such corn has never been looked upon in the history of man as that which nodded in the hot breezes that afternoon and glistened in the moonlight that night. The band had given a concert on the previous day, and the carefully selected program indicated the appreciation of good music among the farmers. No Boston symphony was ever enjoyed more thoroughly, nor a program more earnestly or artistically rendered. To see the sturdy farmers with their great brown hands and tanned faces and the women folk in ribbons and white dresses keenly enjoying it all, one no longer marvels that Chautauqua week is looked upon in these little towns of the Middle West as the great annual event.

Traer is indeed a home town. The reception committee was ready to prove it. An automobile ride about the city came first, and then there was the inevitable church supper, which Colonel Bryan enjoyed with the rest. The tent was



MR. BRYAN AND MR. CHAMP CLARK

erected in the city park, and the interest of the city was manifested when permission was given to cut down certain trees so that the tent might be erected in a desirable place. Many people who had come twenty or thirty miles to renew old acquaintances they had not met since the last Chautauqua gave the occasion a general aspect that counts for much to people on the farm. It was just one grand picnic time. There were boiled eggs and Dill pickles, and hams with the flavor and smoke of the farm, not the red and lurid kind which the market affords, but just ham—and all ham.

Of course at Chautauqua there is red lemonade, hot roasted peanuts, and all those things that go with the tent performance. It all brings to mind that

benign philosopher, the late P. T. Barnum. When addressing Sunday Schools he aroused an interest in the nature stories of the Bible which he told to the children as only P. T. Barnum could, and then there was no peace in the homes until fathers took their boys to P. T. Barnum's menagerie, and, incidentally, his circus, despite the stern parental mandate against performances where barebacked riders appeared. Children and babies are taken to Chautauquas, and even if there are four or five babies crying at the same time, it does not disturb the well-seasoned Chautauqua orator. He goes right on, and many a mother who comes to the Chautauquas with her little flock clinging to her skirts is for the first time brought in contact with world affairs and prominent men of the nation. And in years to come, no doubt, she will tell little Johnnie and little Bertie that she heard this or that great man at Chautauqua when he was a boy.

Now picture this scene lasting a whole week and duplicated in hundreds of cities throughout the Middle West, where the insurgent and progressive has been pouring forth his story, and it is not surprising that popular sentiment has been created. Many people, however, told me they were becoming weary of mere political harangues. They felt that they had quite enough of that, without charge, during political campaigns and that once a celebrity expounds his message he seems to "draw" according to the law of diminished returns on a second engagement. One prominent insurgent beneficiary of the Chautauqua system, thoroughly believing that the only hope of the country lay in the things he advocated, was indignant when Mr. Vawter suggested that he might want to have the other side of certain issues presented. But Mr. Vawter feels that the people ought to be given all sides and all phases of popular issues instead of allowing one coterie of men to feel that they control the voice of Chautauqua.

The great thing in a Chautauqua tour is the visits at the homes of the people, dropping in for a meal in the old-fashioned way, here and there, and meeting the people. Colonel Bryan insists that his Chautauqua work, arduous as it is, is a season of rare

enjoyment, and that he prefers to work during the summer and rest in winter on his ranch in Texas. However one may view Colonel Bryan and his political ideas, as a Chautauqua orator he possesses a charm that is irresistible. People just like him.

On the railroad motor car, which resembles a torpedo boat, made of steel, with round portholes, Mr. Bryan was given a hearty ovation and hand-shake by the people along the route. Men, women and children all vied with one another to meet the distinguished editor of the *Commoner*. The auto trip from Grundy Center in a rainstorm that had broken the drought and swept over the great cornfields surrounding will be remembered as an incident. Every leaf seemed to bow in grateful appreciation of the heavens' bounteous blessing. The last night of the Chautauqua at Grundy Center was a success, no matter if there were pools of water here and there. The people expected no red plush Covent Garden lounge seats, but were content just to see and hear those who came to meet them face to face, and many were loth to leave as the stakes of the tent were pulled up to move on to another town, like a scene in "Polly of the Circus."

The train was late that night, and Colonel Bryan could not make connections except by a swift automobile trip of eleven miles across country. A heavy rainstorm threatened and the night was as dark as that pictured over the river Styx. Into the automobile, we plunged with the Colonel's portmanteau, which hastens with him around the world. We agreed that the description of that wild ride should go down to history as a companion piece to "Sheridan Twenty Miles Away." The collective imagination of the party was called upon to embellish the scene, but as the rear wheels were chained and the engine began chugging, out over the roads dashed the automobile to catch the 11.30 train—"eleven miles away." Now the story of the ride of Paul Revere may be poetic, but here was a ride where every mile and every minute counted on "catching a train," and "catching trains" is the issue among a large number of Americans today. As we hurdled around a corner

the mile-post indicated only "ten miles away" and the cornfields swished like lonely pines. The heavens were lurid with forked lightning and the rain had "fell," and we talked of how this night's experience might live in a story—if we caught the train. There was another automobile that we tried to engage—but its owner was indifferent, even to the fame and distinction of William J. Bryan, for he too had a train to catch, and insisted that he had too much "luggage" already aboard. With Christian fortitude we later looked upon this dyspeptic motorist who had left us in the distance, trying to adjust a tire. Then with Samaritan grace, we stopped and offered him a lift. It was not necessary, for the other train due at 11.30 was also late. While one cannot picture the craggy peaks of Alpine scenery in a trip across central Iowa, the odor of that rich, black loam, the fragrance of the fields of hay and the rustling on the seas of cornfields has a picturesque beauty all its own, in the witchery of a dark night, as well as gorgeous canyons. On the road the peculiar light of a buggy or a wagon glimmered under the headlights, and a hearty "hello," given to farmers returning that night to their homes, ten, fifteen or twenty miles away, widened the spell and charm of Chautauqua days.

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In Mr. Vawter's extensive Chautauqua program there is just enough of band music and a sufficient variety to satisfy the people that they have a real value invested in the "course." There are no two programs alike. Every variety of legitimate platform production is given, and the range extends from light and popular entertainments to the heavy artillery of profound orators. It is really a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." The week's Chautauqua closes with a feeling among the people that they have had a big money's worth.

Sixty-eight cities and towns were included in Mr. Vawter's Chautauqua system the past season. There are ten plants all going at one time. The meetings begin on June 25 and continue until September first. A careful estimate upon the number of people immediately reached by his programs places the figure at a

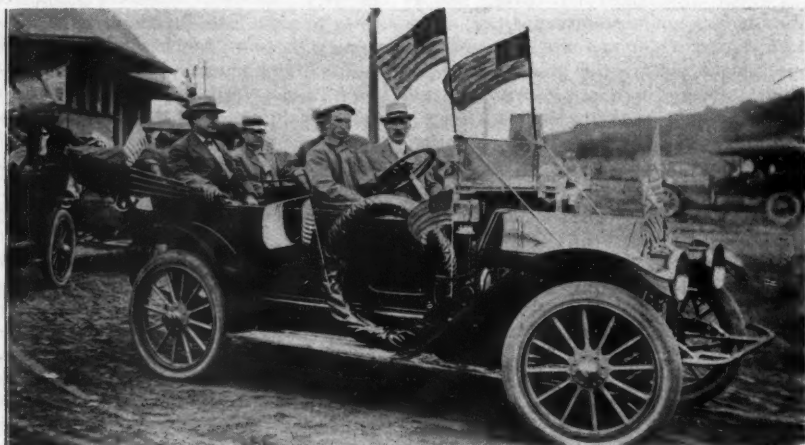
quarter of a million. No estimate can be made of the more remote effects of the work. The route selected and the details connected with the operation of a Chautauqua system is a marvel of systematic business development. Every detail of the organization is so nearly perfect that each man knows exactly what he has to do, and knows his route and the time allotted in the schedule so well that very seldom is there a hitch. The speakers and different entertainers are dispatched hither and thither with seldom a break in the program planned months previous. It may be that Governor Folk will have to change cars two or three times during the night at lonely junction points, or motor to some town for the early morning or night session, so that audiences will not be disappointed. But never mind—it is all a part of the Chautauqua system, and certainly no word was ever more appropriately used than the word "system" as applied to the Chautauqua work inaugurated and carried on by Mr. Vawter.

Not only is every detail in the handling and moving of physical equipment and talent perfected in advance, but an extensive and thorough advertising bureau is maintained. Literally hundreds of thousands of pieces of advertising are distributed annually. In addition to this, all local newspapers within the System territory are used for large display of the many features of the great programs. In this way the interest of the people is thoroughly awakened, and the sessions usually start off with the big tents filled.

The intentness and appreciativeness of the audience is inspiring to speakers and performers and more than compensates for the inconveniences of travel. Mr. Vawter oftentimes accompanies his star attractions and sees that they take plenty of rest and are given every comfort so that the audiences have the best service of all his talent. Leading men of affairs in all parts of the country have been out to the Chautauquas with their message. Mr. Vawter, with his system, has widely used such men as Senator La Follette, Speaker Champ Clark and Senator Gore. In the literary realm he has had Opie Read, Strickland W. Gilliland and others, and in the religious world such headliners as Dr. J. Parks

Cadman, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Bishops Quayle, McIntyre and McDowell and many others of prominence. "To be great," goes the saying, "is to be a Chautauqua star." Mr. Vawter visits many of the different towns and cities in person and has a most efficient corps of young college boys from all parts of the country who ably assist in the handling of his work. They not only attend to the details of the Chautauqua course proper, but they become the friends of the people in the various cities they visit, mingle with them and become a part of that city in its plans and purpose to make the Chautauqua a memorable success. After the guarantee

tion. It augurs well for the future of the republic—if they get the right information. True, the farmers have not the same problems as in the past, when fifteen-cent corn, three-dollar hay and ten-dollar land were the conditions that confronted them. The prosperity of today has its perils for farmers as well as for plutocrats. Many Iowa boys have left the farms and gone to other sections for cheaper lands, seeking their fortunes, which accounts for the decrease in the population of the Hawkeye State, but the loyalty to the Chautauqua and the educative spirit manifested indicates that lessons and ideas implanted in days of poverty and struggle



AUTOMOBILES IN THE RECEPTION AT DENISON, IOWA  
Mr. Bryan and Mr. Vawter in the rear seat of the first machine

is made by a number of citizens, the committee proceed to sell many tickets a year in advance before even a program is announced, which bespeaks the strong confidence the patrons of Mr. Vawter have in his Chautauqua week. It has taken patient and heroic work to make the Chautauqua System a success. Through every discouragement, Mr. Vawter has borne the trials, and against all attacks he has stood like a stone wall, and now that the System has proven a splendid success, there is a general rush for the band wagon.

The Chautauqua idea has a hold on the people of the West and proves the earnestness of their desire for informa-

have not been forgotten. There is sociability and comradeship in the Chautauqua, and the orators have something of the exhilarating experiences of the old-time circuit rider. Hotels and modern railway conveniences have eliminated many of the exciting events of pioneer days which brought people "close together" in neighborly association, in meeting common obstacles. The ruminating habits of the farmer, who ponders matters while in the broad fields and talks them over with neighbors, form a basic cornerstone of the Republic, and if he can hear all sides of a question discussed, the judgment of the farmer is like that of the weavers of Paisley—a keynote of national thought.



# ... THE ... LURE OF THE GUN

*By*

Samuel Wesley Long

**B**ANG! Bang! Bang!  
If, when taking a cross-country walk or a spin in your motor, you hear this incessant bang, bang, bang, do not think that a battle is in progress or that the feathered inhabitants of wood and field are being ruthlessly slaughtered. Nothing like that—no, indeed. It is simply a group of red-blooded sportsmen, and perhaps, sportswomen, too, satisfying the inherent American desire to burn gun-powder.

The means employed is a shot-gun fired at speeding "birds"—not flesh-and-blood birds, tender-hearted reader, but "clay birds" whose life exists only in the imagination of the shooters. The initiated call this trap-shooting.

But, perhaps, you have never been let into the mysteries and fascination of the sport. The trap-shooting fraternity is not a secret organization—though there is a Masonic-like brotherhood among those who know the allurements of the gun—so we will tell you of what the game consists which charms and holds its follower until Time robs the shooter of the strength to hold a gun in firing position.

While words may explain how trap-shooting is done, the most potent pen can no more describe the thrills and zest of the sport than it can convey an adequate idea of the goodness of a feast or bring to the quiet reading corner the soul-inspiring sounds of a symphony. You must eat the food, hear the music and shoot at the



WATCHING THE SCORE IN A TRAP SHOOTING EVENT

traps before you can fully appreciate the pleasures thereof.

Five shooters take their positions sixteen or more yards to the rear of the trap-box, while back of them stands the "puller," grasping the lever which trips the spring and waiting for the shooter's word of command—"Pull."

A "clay pigeon" skims from the trap at a rate which violates all speed laws of man or bird. The muzzle of the shooter's gun swings with his body as if a part of him; his finger tightens on the sensitive

For the trap-shooter, Scotland may keep her golf, England her cricket, and India her polo—trap-shooting is American born and bred, and the powder-burning American will let no alien sport take the place of his own.

And how the trap-shooter pities the baseball fan or the football enthusiast! Poor fellow, all he can do is look on regardless of how his hands may itch to grasp the bat, or his body long to hurl itself into the struggling mass of twenty-one others. His part in the sport is simply mental—



"ALL READY, LET HER GO"—THE ANXIOUS MOMENT IN A TRAP SHOOTING EVENT

trigger and a tongue of flame leaps from the barrel of the firearm. Bang! sish!—the shot has found its mark. A small cloud of dust floats in the air and myriad fragments of the target drop to earth.

"Dead," calls the judge and the scorer's pencil marks the figure "1" on the score sheet. A short three seconds have told the story complete.

The smoking shell from the first gun has scarce touched the ground ere the second man "up" has heard the welcome word "dead," or felt his heart sink within at the judge's decision, "lost" and the score board's showing of a "0."

Twenty-five, fifty or a hundred times, during an afternoon, the performance is repeated by each participant.

the trap-shooter enjoys the exercise of both mind and body.

Out on the diamond, trap-shooting siren song lures many of the brightest stars in the baseball firmament. Hans Wagner, of the Pittsburg Nationals, has given it ear; "Big Chief" Bender, of the world's championship Athletics, finds satisfaction of his forebears' primeval hunting instinct in bagging "clay birds"; while Lester German forsook the pitcher's box in the New York Nationals to become a professional "player" in the greatest of American games.

John Philip Sousa gives millions pleasure in the music of his band; his own pleasure is found behind the traps with the accompanying music of the shot-gun's bang.

Trap-shooting, in a degree not approached by any other sport, draws its following from every walk of life. It knows no class or caste and neither purse or prestige establishes the shooter's standing—this is determined solely by his skill.

The trophies of the sport are not the mounted heads of "wild animals I have met," but medals, pitchers and loving cups galore. No other sport offers so many and so valuable rewards. All of these are for the amateur—the conditions laid down by the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trap-Shooting see to this.

Trap-shooting is essentially a sport for the amateur, and professionalism, except the demonstration of guns, shells, and targets by paid representatives of the makers, is given scant encouragement. Nor is the inducement of a share of the "gate receipts" held out, for there are none. The game is decidedly more for the player than for the stand or gallery. The simple reason for this is that the spectator soon becomes a participant as the game can be played, with greater or less degree of success, by anybody and always with the keenest pleasure.

Trap-shooting is one of the most scientific of pastimes, requiring rapid calculation of "leads," "angles," "elevations," etc., nice decision and quick action. This co-ordinate exercise of the mental faculties, the nerves and muscles develops positive manly qualities which count in the affairs of life.

The sport is a panacea for brain fag, nerve exhaustion and kindred ills as it requires intense concentration on a pleasurable recreation without the physical strain which in so many sports more than offsets the benefits.

Other sports may boast of their attendance records—trap-shooting of the number who take active part in the meets. The Grand American Handicap is the most classic of modern sporting events with an annual list of over four hundred entrants. The winner's reward in the principal event is \$1,000 in cash and a diamond medal. The Eastern Handicap, Western Handicap, Southern Handicap, Pacific Coast Handicap, and the Post-Season Handicap are close rivals of the premier meet. The Eastern Handicap,



HE FEELS CONFIDENT. HE KNOWS  
WHAT HE CAN DO

held at Wilmington, Delaware, in July' had an entry list of two hundred and ten shooters.

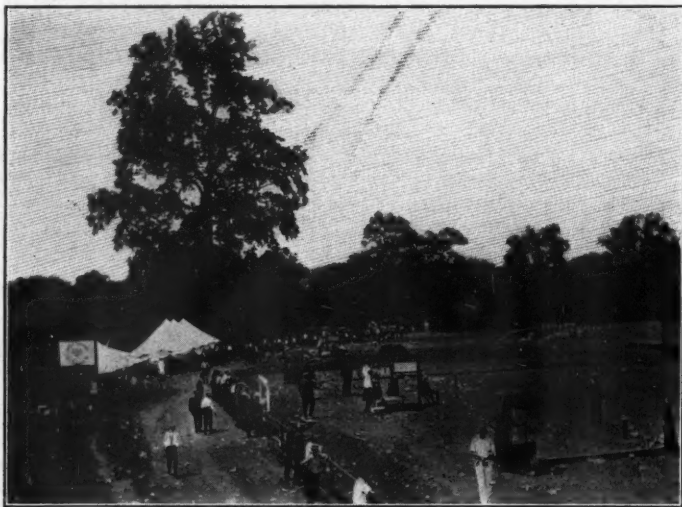
The Midwinter Handicap, an annual feature, on the grounds of the Pinehurst, North Carolina, Country Club is another shoot of national character. It has been dubbed the "Millionaires' Own," for the reason that the wealth represented behind the traps would make Croesus poor by comparison.

Then, there's the Westy Hogan shoot, an event as unique as its name is picturesque. And this is the story of the choosing of the title. In the smoking room of a hotel in a Pennsylvania mining town, a group of travelling men were recounting the glories of the quest of the furtive blue rock, when one of the number suggested the organization of a commercial men's trap-shooting club. As one man, all agreed to support the move, and there came the natural question of a name. Several titles were considered and each in turn was rejected, so the matter of christening the club was postponed to a future date.

The conversation drifted into other channels, and a member of the party told the story of Westy Hogan, the scene of whose exploits was this very town. Here's the story as the writer heard it retold: On the eve of an election for constable, some wag started a boom for Westy Hogan, a town character, in short, a hobo. So well did the practical joker manage the campaign that Hogan was overwhelmingly elected. With his election began the regeneration of Westy, and when he assumed his office, he launched forth as a full-fledged law-and-order guardian of the public peace and morals. Cocking mains

thenceforth became unpopular as did its kindred sports.

The story finished, someone suggested that in honor of what Westy had accomplished in making sport clean, that the trap-shooting club members should be designated as Westy Hogans. And Westy Hogans they are. Today the Westy Hogans comprise one of the biggest clubs in the country. The annual meet is held on one of the large piers at Atlantic City. The targets are trapped over the broad waters of the ocean to be pulverized by the shot of some of the most noted amateur shooters in the United States.



AN IDEAL TRAP SHOOTING FIELD

and dog fights along with other crude and brutal sports were in vogue, but soon their death knell was sounded by the redoubtable Westy.

The first raid was made on a cock fight, held at night, in a barn. Big bets had been laid, and the sports were crowded about the pit urging their favorite birds on to victory when in walked Westy, an antiquated pistol in hand, and demanded the surrender of the fort. Consternation reigned and there was a wild scramble with volleys of oaths and imprecations on the head of Westy from the lips of his constituents. But Westy landed his chief quarry and the fat purse. Cock fighting

Thousands of other clubs are scattered throughout the country. You will find them in every city and town, at cross-roads settlements, on the estates of rich men, and at colleges and universities.

Not alone in the land of its birth is trap-shooting popular, for "the king of sports" has become "the sport of kings" and a number of the crowned heads of Europe are among the devotees of the trap and spatter-gun. As do the king so do his subjects, therefore, the sport is not limited to court circles. Thus is being fulfilled the prediction that the breaking of the "clay bird" is the shot that will be heard around the sporting world.



# Sut Lovegood's Experience With "Sody" Powders

By SAMUEL P. AVERY

"WELL, Sicily, she bought a tin box ov the sody from him, an' hid it away from her folks, a savin' it for me. I happen to pass by their place next day, an' ov cours I stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter, an' she wur mighty luv'in' to me, put wun arm around my neck, an' tother wun whar the circingle goes around a hoss, tuk the 'inturn' on me with her left foot, and gin me a kiss. Says she, 'Sutty, love, I've got somethin' for ye, a new sensashun'—an' I believed it, for I begun tu feel it already. My toes felt like little minners wur a niblin' at 'em—a cold streak run up and down my back like a lizzard with a turkey hen after him in settin' time, my heart felt hot and onsatisfied like, an' then I'd a cut ole Soul's throat, if she'd hinted at needsisity fur sich an operashun. Then she poured ten or twelve blue papers ov the sody inter a big tumbler, and about the same number ov white wuns inter tuther tumbler, an' put nigh onto a pint ov water on both ov them, an' stirred 'em both up with a case knife, lookin' as solemn as a ole jackass in a snowstorm, when the fodder's all gin out. She hilt wun while she told me to drink tuther. I swallowed it at wun run—tasted salty like, I thot it wur part of the sensashun. But I wur mistaken, all ov the cussed infernal sensashun wur to cum, and it wur'n't long at it, hoss, you'd believe me. Then she gin me tother tumbler, and I sent it after the fust, race-horse fashion.

"In about wun moment an' haf, I thot I'd swallered a thrashin' machine in full

blast, ur a cupple ov bull dogs, and they had set inter fitin'. I seed that I wur cotched agin—same family dispersion to make cussed fools ov themselves every chance—so I broke for my hoss. I stole a look back, an thar Sicily lay on her back in the porch a screemin' with laffin,' her heels up in the air, a kickin' ov them together like she wur a tryin' tu kick her slippers off. But I had no time to look then, and thar wur a road of foam from the house tu the hoss two foot wide and four inches deep—looked like it had been a snowin'—I had gethered a cherry tree limb as I run, and I lit astraddle ov my hoss a whippin' an' a kickin' like mad. This, with the scarey noises I made (fur I wur a whislin', and a hissin', and a sputterin' outer mouth, nose an' eyes like a steam engine), sot him a rearin' and cavortin' like he was skeered out of his senses. Well, he went, the foam rolled, and the old black hoss flew. He just mizzled—scared ni tu death, and so wur I. So we agreed on the pint uv the greatest distance in the smallest time.

"I aimed for Doctur Goodman's at the Hiwassee Copper Mines, tu get somethin' to stop the exploshun in my in'ards. I met a sercuit rider on his travels towards a fried chicken an' a hat full of ball biskits. As I cum tarin' along he hilt up his hands like he wanted to pray fur me, but as I preferred physic tu prayer, in my pecooliar situwashun at that time, I jist rolled along. He tuck a skeer as I cum ni on tu him, his faith gin out and he dodged hoss, saddilbags, an' overcoat inter a thicket jist like you've seed a terkil take water

often a log when a tarin' big steamboat cums along. As he passed ole man Burns, Sicily hailed him and axed him if he'd met anybody in a hurry gwine up the road. The poor man thought perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't, but he'd seen a site, uv a spook, uv a ghost, uv ole Beelzebub himself, ur the komit, he didn't adzactly know which, but takin' all things together an' the short time he'd for preparashun, he thought he met a crazy, long-legged, shakin' Quaker, a fleein' from the wrath tu cum, on a black an' white spotted hoss, a whippin' ov him with big brush, an' hed a white beard that cum from ni unto his eyes to the pummil ov the saddil, and then

forked an' went to his knees, an' then sumtimes drapped in bunches as big as a crow's nest tu the ground, an' hearn a sound like a rushin' of mity waters, and he wur mitily exercised about it enyhow. Well, I guess he wur, an' so wur his fat hoss, and so wur old blackey; wust exercised ov all ov 'em wur I, myself. Now, George, all this beard and spots on the hoss, an' steam, an' fire, an' show an' wire tails is oudacious humbug. It all cum outen my inards an' ef it hadn't I'd a busted into more pieces than thar is aigs in a big catfish. The Lovengoods are all confounded fools, an' dad ain't the wust ov 'em."

## THE SMILIN' FOLKS

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

I'VE seen a lot o' people,  
 An' I've been most ev'rywhere;  
 I've heard the joy-bells ringin',  
 An' I've heard a pirate swear;  
 But wherever I have journeyed,  
 In the North, East, South, or West,  
 I've noticed it's th' smilin' folks  
 That get along th' best.

It's the man behind the scowlin'  
 That gets the frosty mitt,  
 An' when brickbats are a-flyin',  
 He's most likely to get hit;  
 While his neighbor who keeps smilin',  
 Meets with welcome signs galore,  
 An' when good things are a-passin',  
 Folks all say, "Do have some more."

It's the fellow with the jolly  
 An' the glad an' ready hand,  
 That always takes first money  
 An' leads the Joyville Band;  
 While the darn fool who keeps frownin'  
 Has a sad heart 'neath his vest—  
 Yep, the folks that do the smilin'  
 Somehow get along the best.

# The Break in the RIVER

George Ethelbert Walsh



IT HAD been raining for a week, intermittently at first, and then in torrential floods. Beauchamp sighed with relief when the skies cleared. No one knew better than the engineer that the change had come none too soon. He had grown thin and hollow-eyed under the ordeal, watching the river-gauge rise steadily until it seemed as if the pent-up waters would burst their barrier and rush through the rock-hewn tunnel to demolish the half-completed dam.

"Another twenty-four hours of rain would finish us," he said slowly, a slight quaver in his voice. "Jim, I'm going to Caxton City tonight. I'll get back tomorrow early. Keep the men at the concrete work on the night shift, and in the morning we'll see how much damage the rain has done."

"But the men are afraid of the river breaking through. Burley told me that he had hard work to keep them from striking this afternoon."

Beauchamp yawned, and dismissed the objection with a remark.

"Yes, but it was raining then. Now it has cleared off there'll be no danger. Tell Burley he must rush them while I'm away."

Jim Warren opened his mouth to protest further, but the door opened and closed so quickly that he spoke to empty air. He glared a minute at the spot where Beauchamp had stood, and then shrugged his shoulders with contempt.

"Guess there won't be any work in the tunnel tonight, and the dam can go to—"

He whistled softly. His thoughts made him smile, but there were no words to give audible expression to it. Furtively he glanced at a letter which he abstracted from his pocket. It seemed to bring pleasant memories to his mind, and eventually he whispered under his breath:

"Ten thousand! Gee! it would take me five years to earn that!"

So absorbed in the contemplation of the prize dangling before his eyes, Jim did not hear the door of the shanty open, and was made aware of it only by the violent gust of wind which whipped the letter from his hand and sent it scurrying across the dimly lighted room. With the agility of an animal he leaped across the low wooden railing in pursuit of the precious document. But another was ahead of him. A small white hand snatched it from the floor and held it tantalizingly away from him.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody some good," a rich, girlish voice exclaimed.

Jim, forgetting everything except his guilt, snatched at the letter, and demanded gruffly:

"Give me that! It's mine!"

The girl, laughing in his face, held the letter back of her. In order to reach it he had to come close to her. With one hand grasping her arm, and the other half enclosing her body—fresh and fragrant with the keen scent of the outdoor air—the anger of Jim at his tormentor suddenly evaporated. He looked into the laughing eyes, admiring the fresh rose-tint of the cheeks, and for a moment felt the intoxication of the sudden contact with her lithesome body. His own eyes

danced with a new light, and a smile changed the ugly expression of his face.

"Madeline," he said, holding the captured arm aloft, and looking straight into the eyes now so close to his, "that letter contains good news for me."

Somewhat sobered by his changed attitude, she attempted to relax her arm and yield the letter, but he was in no hurry to seize it now. "I'm glad of it, Jim," she said simply. Then coquettishly: "Is it from some girl?"

Jim frowned; he did not like her banter when it took such a turn; she knew—he had told her a dozen times—that there was only one girl for him.

"It's a promise of a fortune—not a very large one—but enough to begin with," he said slowly. "Enough," he added a moment later with deliberate emphasis—"for a man to get married on."

She grew suddenly uncomfortable under his gaze, and wrenched her arm free from his grasp. "I'm glad then for your sake, Jim," she repeated earnestly.

"But aren't you glad for another's sake?" he asked pointedly. Then seizing her hand again, he said, "Madeline, now that this is coming to me, you'll marry me, won't you? I know I've been a shiftless sort of a fellow, but with this to begin with I can make a new start. With ten thousand dollars what can't a fellow do? Ten thousand dollars, Mad! Think of it! It is a lot of money, and—"

"Jim, please don't," she interrupted, frowning so that her pretty face was painfully drawn. "You know I can't. I've told you—Jim, why can't we be friends and not think of the other thing?"

There was an earnest appeal in the eyes and voice, but they were lost on the man. His own brow darkened, and a menacing, metallic gleam glinted in the eyes.

"You don't love me any more," he began thickly, "because"—

"Jim!" she said warningly.

"Because he—this chap, with his money and good looks—"

She flung the hands from her, and faced him with flushed cheeks. "I never loved you, and you know it, Jim," she cried out angrily. "Please stop speaking of—of—"

There was a sneer in his laugh; it was bitter and merciless. When he spoke again an evil expression had distorted his features, a look full of craftiness and cunning.

"Well," he began slowly, marking time with his cruel words, "you will have your pains for nothing. He thinks of you only—only—"

Again she interrupted him with a sharp exclamation, and if there had been any mercy in his make-up he would have crushed the rest of the sentence on his lips; but Jim Warren was as unscrupulous in his love-making as in his somewhat shady business transactions.

The rest of the sentence was finished in a whisper, but the sting was as great as if the words had been shouted aloud. They electrified the girl into sudden rage. Turning fiercely upon the speaker she hissed:

"It's a lie, Jim Warren, and you know it!"

Then, with a sob escaping her tightly drawn lips, she turned away to hide her confusion. Jim Warren watched the effect of his words with crafty delight. Her anger and bewilderment did not conceal her real feelings—and this gave him a momentary pang of silent rage; but her rising pride and indignation he viewed with hope and exultation.

"Mad," he began in a purposely humble and contrite voice, "I'm sorry I had to tell you, but it was the truth—and I had to."

There was no response from the girl. She stood with her back to him, still unconsciously holding the letter in her hand.

"You won't hate me for this, will you?" he continued in a wheedling voice. "You know, Mad, I love you, and would do anything for you."

She shuddered at the mention of the word love, and it seemed to rouse her from her apathy. She turned fiercely upon him and exclaimed:

"Then if you will do anything for me, Jim Warren, never mention love to me again. If you do, I think—I'll—~~hate~~—you."

Jim recoiled at this outburst. Gathering her loose cloak about her, the girl



moved toward the door. She still clutched the letter in her hand. Jim was suddenly aroused from the bewilderment caused by the storm her words had invoked, by the sight of the fluttering piece of paper. He sprang between her and the door.

"That's mine," he said roughly. "Let me have it!"

Madeline shoved the letter toward

Outside the air was cold and crisp, with a blustering wind sweeping down from the hills, which, as it roared through the great tunnel, gouged out of the solid mountain, whined and moaned like the sighs of departed souls. Madeline shuddered and drew her cloak tighter across her shoulders. Pools of rainwater had collected in the hollows of the rocks.



*"The men can put in a good night's work on the concrete work. I told Jim to make Burley hustle with it"*

him, but, with no intention of reading or even glancing at it, her eyes took in the heavy, black-typed headlines. The next moment Jim had seized and concealed the letter from her view. In the doorway she hesitated, and then, as an afterthought, she asked:

"What good fortune is the Power, Wenstock Company offering you, Jim?"

There was an inarticulate growl from across the room, but Madeline softly closed the door and disappeared.

She splashed in one of these and slipped so that she nearly lost her balance.

Then out of the darkness a horseman suddenly loomed so close to her that she could have touched the rider. There was a moment of peering silence; then the man on horseback said:

"That you, Madeline?"

The girl nodded her head, but essayed no reply.

"Been up to the office?" Beauchamp continued.

Ordinarily the question would have produced no effect on the girl, but now it sent the hot flush of shame and mortification to her cheeks. She resented the idea that he should think for an instant that she had been seeking him. Was there no other reason why she should visit the office?

"Well, I'm sorry I've got to go to Caxton tonight," Beauchamp continued, not noticing the girl's quivering figure. "It's important business, and I must be back by early morning. This rain has worried me a good deal. I'm almost afraid of a break in the river, and then—"

He laughed harshly; it was unnecessary to finish the sentence. Madeline knew, everybody in camp knew, what it meant.

"I must be off," the rider said after a pause, as if speaking to himself. "The men can put in a good night's work on the concrete work. I told Jim to make Burley hustle with it." As if suddenly conscious of the silent figure at his side, he added, leaning over to touch her hand:

"Good-bye, little girl. I'll see you in the morning!"

But he did not touch the hand. Madeline withdrew it so quickly that he had no chance. Like a shadow she disappeared in the gloom, and Beauchamp, wondering at the unexpected repulse, remained in silent contemplation for a few moments. Nothing had ever come between the two in their year of companionship, and the girl's sudden actions made him sigh. Yes, Madeline had helped and encouraged him in those twelve months of almost superhuman work, when, lonely and sore pressed, he had struggled against almost insuperable odds. A hundred times he had sought her companionship when it seemed as if he must go mad without something to divert his mind from the terrible brooding. And Madeline had never failed him, with her sweet smile and laughing pleasant ways, with her womanly sympathy, which, in spite of youth and the seeming irresponsible innocence of a child, was more to him than if she had been of mature age. She understood—for she had been brought up in the mountains, and knew the terrible vengeance they could wreak upon man.

Unconsciously her footsteps led her

now toward the great dam. The flare of the lights ahead made the darkness around more intense. Forms were flitting here and there, and she knew that the workers were busy filling the concrete forms. They had to make up for lost time, and the night shift was doubled.

In spite of her brooding, Madeline was drawn to the dam like iron filings to a magnet. The completion of the undertaking on schedule time had always been as important to her as to Beauchamp. The spirit of the enterprise had entered her blood like new wine.

When she reached the outskirts of the row of flaring lights she was astonished to see the men quitting work. Several forms had been tamped down and covered, but no new ones were touched. The men were piling their tools in the tool-house, and a few were already peeling off their rough overalls.

Madeline, aroused from her unpleasant reveries by the sight, felt her old interest in the work revived. Why were they quitting? Orders. Who from? The boss. Where was Burley, the foreman? She caught sight of the big man before the words were scarcely out of her mouth. She almost ran to his side, tripping over a misplaced pick, and then breathlessly:

"Why are your men quitting work, Mr. Burley?"

"Orders, Miss Madeline," the good-natured foreman replied. He liked the little slip of a girl who seemed to haunt the tunnel and dam by day and night.

"But—but—" hesitatingly and with a rising flush on her cheeks—"I just left Mr. Beauchamp, and he told me that the night shift was to work hard on the concrete. He wanted to make up for the time lost by the rain."

Burley looked askance at her; then, apologetically, he stammered:

"Sure I understood right. But I'll make certain. It came over the 'phone from the office not ten minutes ago."

Madeline's quick mind tried to count backward. Was it ten minutes or half an hour since she left Beauchamp? Had he gone straight from her to the office and changed his mind about the night shift's work? No, he had ridden down the road toward Caxton City.

"I wish, Mr. Burley," she said slowly, "that you'd ring up the office again and make sure, for I—"

"Sure, Miss Madeline, I'll do it."

Burley strode into the telephone room of the old shanty. He was gone so long that Madeline was conscious of a sensation of disaster impending. When he finally appeared again he wore a perplexed expression on his face.

"Mr. Beauchamp has gone to Caxton," he said slowly, scratching his head, "but Warren's there, and he says to stop work. It was Mr. Beauchamp's last orders."

Madeline frowned and bit her lip. Had Jim fresh orders or—or—suddenly Madeline saw Jim's letter before her eyes, with the black-typed headlines of the Power, Wenstock Company on it. She gasped and held her breath. What were they writing to Jim for, and what good fortune were they promising him? Had Jim sold out to—

"Mr. Burley," she gasped suddenly, "will you do me a favor? I'm afraid there's some mistake. Order your men to work on the concrete and keep them there until I return. I'm going up to see Jim. I—I—think he must be mistaken, for I saw Mr. Beauchamp not more—"

"Sure, Miss Madeline—sure I'll do it for you," interrupted the foreman. "Not a mother's son of 'em will quit work until you return—not if it's until tomorrow night."

Madeline thanked him, and as Burley ordered the men back to work in his loud, raucous voice, she turned and fled back toward headquarters. Twenty minutes later she burst into the room so recently the scene of her mortification. But it was empty. The dim oil light was burning low, and into the murky corners she peered anxiously.

"Jim! Jim!" she called quickly. "Jim, where are you?"

There was no response. She walked behind the low wooden railing. Jim's desk was littered with papers, but nothing to indicate where he was. She drifted over to the other desk; it was Beauchamp's, and she hesitated about touching anything on it.

Then a great fear that something had happened or was about to happen pos-

sessed her. Alone there in the rambling rookery of a building, she instinctively glanced around in fear. Near her on the desk was a pistol, a small weapon which Beauchamp had playfully called his toy. She picked it up and slipped it under her dress. With the weapon in her possession she felt her courage return.

She stopped out in the middle of the room, and tried to think. Where was Jim, and what was he doing? Why had he countermanded Beauchamp's orders? What did the letter from the Power, Wenstock Company portend? What was the mystery of it all?

She puzzled her brain until her head ached. What could she do? Was it her duty to telephone Burley? She walked across the room, opened the door and looked out. It was starlight, but cold and crisp. The rain was over for good, and the weather ideal for concrete setting.

She could see the distant flare of the workmen's lights down by the dam, and she remembered Burley's words that he would keep them at it until she returned. She smiled. Well, she would not return at once. But where was Jim?

She walked toward the tunnel's lower end. It was dark and forbidding in the great hollow tube hewn through the rocks. A cold blast of air swept through it. Up at the other end of it was the Swift River, whose waters would some day flow tumultuously through the great bore. Even now they were chafing close to the top of the embankment to cut loose from their old channel and go plunging down the artificial way.

Madeline walked a few paces into the tunnel. She stopped to listen to the uncanny roar of the wind. Could it be that Jim had gone up to the head of the tunnel to see if everything was all well? Probably that would explain his absence. Possibly some new danger was threatening, a leak had been discovered—and Burley had been ordered to stop work on the dam.

The fear of this perplexed Madeline. First she turned to hurry back to Burley, and then she moved up the tunnel a few yards. Somewhere, far in the distance, a flicker of a light caught her gaze. It disappeared almost as quickly as it came.

It was near the head of the tunnel. Undoubtedly Jim was up there with a lantern.

Without further hesitation she ran as fast as the rough, uneven rocks would permit through the dark tunnel. The

to raise her voice through some nameless dread. But there was no response, and no flickering light. Had she been deceived? Was the light but a mere optical delusion?



*"Mr. Beauchamp has gone to Caxton," he said, "but Warren's there, and he says to stop work"*

wind whipped her skirts and nearly tripped her. But, breathlessly, and with hair streaming behind like a banner, she hurried on. The wind suddenly ceased to torment her, and she knew she was out of the tunnel. Overhead the stars were shining.

She called Jim's name softly, fearing

Another noise had now taken the place of the roar of the rushing tunnel winds. It was the low swishing, gurgling ripple of the river. Far above her head towered the natural embankment which confined the waters. This embankment had been cut away for the head of the tunnel, and props and artificial supports had been



built up to strengthen it during the recent rains.

Madeline shuddered as she listened to the insidious gurgling of the waters. What wreck and devastation they could do if they once escaped their confines! Impelled by some subtle impulse to see the river, she climbed up the embankment, selecting an easy roundabout course which she knew. The turbulent stream was rushing like a race horse along the low shores, and the water had crept within a few inches of the top of the embankment. A rise of another twelve inches might have brought about disaster. How thankful she was for the clear skies overhead.

She looked up—and then started. A flash out of the darkness, not twenty feet away, made her heart leap. She drew near with stealthy step. She could see something dark huddled in a natural niche in the rocks. With staring eyes she tried to make out the outlines of the figure.

There was another flash of a match. This time she was so close that she made out Jim Warren's features. A great thankfulness entered her heart.

"Jim! Jim!" she cried. "Jim, what are you doing there?"

In reply to her query, the figure leaped up and exclaimed angrily:

"Damn!"

Something in the voice and manner of the approaching figure warned Madeline that she was dealing with a desperate man. She retreated a step or two, and said:

"Stop, Jim! Not another step until you explain!"

A harsh, bitter laugh escaped Jim's lips, and with a disregard of all consequences he exclaimed:

"Explain! I'll explain nothing to you—  
you—"

In the dim light Madeline caught sight of his ugly face. It frightened her; this was not Jim, her old playmate. It must be some stranger—some desperate wretch thirsting for her life and honor.

"Jim, stop where you are!" she commanded. "If you come nearer—I'll—shoot."

He hesitated for an instant, staring

incredulously at the girl and the shining weapon in her hand. Then he laughed again.

"Shoot? You don't dare! There—take that!"

With a sudden duck and spring he attempted to run in and strike the weapon upward; but it exploded, either intentionally or by accident, at the same instant. With a curse and a groan on his lips, the man toppled over and fell face downward to the ground.

Madeline, appalled by the tragedy, stood a moment in absolute silence, too bewildered and confused to act or cry out. The weapon dropped from her hand, and she knelt by his side, her agitation so great that she could barely turn the face over to peer into the half-closed eyes. There was blood on his arm and hand, and a tiny stream trickled down one cheek.

She hurried to the river to bring some water to bathe his forehead; but her hands trembled so that she spilt it, and, half way back, she had to return for more. When she finally reached the spot where she had left him, with his white face staring up at the cold, starless sky, she looked around her in confusion. She was so bewildered that she spilt the water again, and a little sob shook her slender body.

Jim was not there! She peered here and there among the bushes, glanced up at the sky, and back at the river, as if to get her lost bearings. What mysterious witchery of the night had caused this magic? Or was she simply so agitated that she was not sure of the spot where Jim had fallen?

Something shining in the darkness attracted her attention. She uttered a little cry of surprise, and stooped to pick it up. It was the pistol she had dropped in her excitement. Then where was Jim? She had left him only a few minutes before lying cold and unconscious by the side of the weapon. Had he crawled away in the bushes to die? She hunted around on hands and knees, examining rocks and bushes with frightened, strained eyes. But fear and a guilty conscience had stripped Jim of all his bravado, and lent wings to his feet.

Her search led her to the spot where

she had first seen the flare of light. Her hands touched a hammer and drill, a few half-burnt matches, and then something soft and cottony. She struck a match, but hastily blew it out in alarm, for in that one short, swift instant she saw the fuse, the giant powder, the drilled hole in the rock, and Jim's cap.

Beauchamp found her there the next morning—cold, stiff and sleepy, but with eyes still alert and watchful. Her all-

night vigil had told on her nerves, and Beauchamp gathered her unresistingly in his arms. When he spoke her name softly and tenderly, she broke down and sobbed on his shoulders.

"Where is Jim, Madeline?" he asked as he pressed a kiss on the cold lips.

She looked up wistfully, smiled and replied:

"I think he's gone on strike. He had another job offered him."

## IN A HUNDRED YEARS

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THERE'S a lot o' folks a-kickin'  
 But they're wastin' precious words  
 When they'd better be a-list'nin'  
 To th' singin' of th' birds.  
 For y' won't live any longer  
 If y' fill a sea with tears—  
 All your cares will be forgotten  
 In a hundred years.

If creditors are many  
 An' persistent in demands  
 For payment, an' they threaten  
 To foreclose your house an' lands,  
 You might worry until doomsday  
 And you'd still retain your fears  
 But your debts will all be outlawed  
 In a hundred years.

This world's o'errun with grafters  
 An' bad boodlers an' th' like;  
 Sometimes you'd think the honest folks  
 Was all gone on a strike.  
 But it won't help things to worry  
 Over this, when it appears  
 All th' grafters 'll be dead ones  
 In a hundred years.

# The Nobility of the Trades

THE PRINTER AND PUBLISHER; THE  
DISCOVERY OF PRINTING, 1400-1440

By Charles Winslow Hall



It is a not uncommon idea to date the invention of printing at about A. D. 1440, and to consider the printer and publisher as distinct and separate callings; both of which views seem hardly to be sustained by the history of human development.

Since the beginning the nobility of human achievement has been recognized and recorded; chiefly at first by tradition embodied in song and story, but in a very remote past by rude emblems and ruder pictures carven on wood, cut or engraved in stone, ivory, metal or bone, or inscribed with various pigments or savage embroidery on the skins of beasts and the bark of trees.

From such aids to tradition and memory gradually arose the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and eventually the Alphabet, of which each letter to a greater or less extent perpetuated the salient features of some hieroglyph of the past. Nearly all ancient writing was done by hand,

whether on enduring stone, lead or brass, on the soft clay of cylinder, tile and brick, the prepared skins of animals, smooth slabs of fine-grained wood, the bark of trees, tissues of linen, silk and cotton, or that far-famed papyrus paper, whose use as a cheaper substitute for parchment and vellum long survived Egyptian dynasties.

It was not until the Arabian Mohame-tans had conquered the valley of the Nile that the cultivation and manufacture of the papyrus died out in the land of its origin. In Italy its use was prolonged, but gradually growing less by degrees until the Eleventh Century; and some hun-

dreds—nay, thousands of papyri containing Greek and Latin treatises have been exhumed from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In France it was still largely used, especially at Marseilles, until in the Eighth Century the scribes of Charlemagne (or Charles Martel) availed themselves of ancient papyri, from which they erased the wisdom of the past to



LARGE PLAQUE OF  
JOHN GUTENBERG, PARIS, 1818  
(429)

serve the more sordid needs of the monarchy.

The Greeks of Pergamus are said to have first prepared parchment from the skins of the goat or sheep. They were curried, deprived of all fat, thinned uniformly by the knife, dyed, or whitened, and finally rubbed down with pumice stone to a smooth and even surface. Called *pergamenum* from the city of its origin, the new material became *parchemin* in archaic French and "parchment" in the English tongue. In the Middle Ages the monks, who, indeed, were the chief consumers of writing materials, became noted for their skill in the production of fine, or as it was called "virgin" parchment; the Abbey of Cluny in France being especially distinguished in the Twelfth Century. It was made of the skins of still-born kids and lambs. The whiter, smoother and more transparent parchment, known as vellum, was made from the skins of immature calves.

The cost of either of these materials for book-making or recording was a heavy and constantly increasing burden. As knowledge increased and the demand for books, records, legal conveyances and personal business and private correspondence increased, the supply of new parchment and vellum failed to increase in volume and to diminish in price, and the classics of Greece and Rome and many an antique history, romance and poem was ruthlessly expunged that the economical or pious copyist could secure a cheap and well-finished parchment.

Even this did not satisfy the ever-increasing need and demand for literature and correspondence; and it was a tradition of the horror-stricken *Scriptores* of "Old Gaul" that the Abbe Rivas, attracted by the extreme tenuity and smoothness of the leaves of a Bible of the Thirteenth Century, became convinced that the satiny skin of a beautiful woman had furnished the parchment-maker with raw

material for his unrivalled product. In another instance, one Gayer de Sansale, a famous *bibliothecaire* of the College of the Sorbonne at Paris, declared that some one had dressed and finished human skin to make the parchment used for certain Decretals.

The cost of materials and copying, illuminating and binding books by hand made them the treasures of rich collectors and the pride of museums, palaces and convent libraries. Immense sums were invested in them, and a rare or unusually original copy became a gem in value, as well as sentiment. Cicero, whose magnificent library was almost as famous as its owner's eloquence, declared that he had seen a

parchment roll containing the entire "Iliad" of Homer, which was compressed between the shells of a nut, a work of extreme skill and patience, which a French savant, M. Huet, has since demonstrated was within the range of possibility. Many such *tour de force* are said to have demonstrated the skill of ancient copyists and their economy of parchment and vellum.

In the Eighth Century

it was with great difficulty that a monk of the rich Abbey of Saint Gall, France, gathered piece by piece sufficient parchment to begin the transcription of a rare work. Later, in 1120, a monk employed to prepare a copy of the Bible could not find in all England sufficient parchment for the purpose.

In the Fifteenth Century parchment had not only improved in quality, but diminished in price, until it became relatively cheap and plentiful. It was due to the appearance in the markets of Europe of "Greek parchment," as it was called in western Europe, when late in the Tenth Century the Venetians began to sell in the Occident the new fabric, "believed to be of Chinese origin," which they found in use at Byzantium, among the subjects of the "Grecian King."

Originally of cotton, which plant, by



MEDAL TO GUTENBERG, FUST AND SCHOEFFER, MAYENCE, 1840



the way, seems to have been grown to some extent about Jericho, in Palestine, and to have been described by the pilgrims of the Tenth Century, its soft fiber was at an early date used by the Greeks to make paper, and was soon after taken up by Italian manufacturers. It is said that certain diplomas issued by the Norman kings of Sicily were inscribed on paper, and in France, under Saint Louis, it was used for ordinary letters and memoranda. Thick, spongy, easily torn, and affected by humidity and heat, its bad quality and lack of durability and evenness long unfitted the new medium for authoritative laws or the transcription of valuable works.

So great were the defects of the earlier papers that the Emperor Frederick of Germany in 1221 ordained that all Acts written on paper should become null and void, unless the same should within two years be duly transcribed on parchment.

Linen paper appears to have been first made about 1125, and a French bishop of Lodere chartered a paper mill on the Herault in 1189, but its use was by no means general until over a century later. The most ancient documents on linen paper still existing include a letter of the Sieur de Joinville to Louis X of France (1315), and the minutes of the interrogatories of the hapless Knights Templars, charged with sorceries and other high crimes and misdemeanors in 1309. Still earlier is a register of the Spanish Chancellery of the year 1237, preserved at Barcelona, and an inventory of the estate of Prior Henri of Canterbury, who died in 1340, and some specimens of authentic titles, dated 1335, are kept in the British Museum.

Paper mills of considerable importance were established in France, notably at Essone and Troyes, in the reign of Philippe de Valois about the middle of the Fourteenth Century. Germany, Italy and Holland also took up the new manufacture

at about the same date, and the water marks of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries are in themselves an evidence of considerable and varied competition. The first English paper mill appears to have been built at Hertford in 1588, the year of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

On the several materials used various writing instruments were employed. On stone and metal the graver and chisel; on the wax-covered tablet, the sharp point of the stiletto-like stylus; on the papyrus roll the pointed nib of the calamus reed pen or its Roman bronze or silver imitation, the prototype of our modern metallic pens; and on parchment and paper, quill pens from the wing-feathers of swan,

eagle, goose and raven, deftly nibbed, split and pointed to suit the fancy of the scribe and the nature of his work. The Chinaman preferred, as he does today, a brush pencil, and the savages of a thousand tribes had their own rude representatives of the brush and pen. Lead plummet were used for ruling from the earliest times up to the Nineteenth Century.

The use of colored parchments, papyrus and paper dates far back into the past, and even in the Middle Ages *de luxe* volumes, inscribed in gold and silver on purple or golden yellow parchment, were highly prized, and even forbidden by law to any but princes and church dignitaries. This style of display gave way to the lavish illumination in gold or colors on a white ground, which reached its highest perfection in the Fifteenth Century. It was also succeeded by the common use of the *rubric*, or red-lettered words and sentences, which represented the authority of a government, or "Mother Church," or the more important introductory or explanatory subject-matter.

Illustrations in ink and initial letters in the cheaper class of books were stamped upon the paper long before the development of the art of printing, which invention,



STATUE TO JOHN GUTENBERG  
CITY OF STRASBURG, 1840

it should be said, was rather the production of movable types, and using them in any desired combination, than a demonstration that a given word or emblem could be



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS  
FROM ABYDOS

imprinted, instead of inscribed. That this was not the case numberless examples of the most ancient dates go to prove.

The imprint of the "Bloody Hand" on savage brows and breasts, carefully dressed robes and the prehistoric ruins of Uxmal and Palenque; the iron brand of the herdsman on unenclosed kine; of the executioner on the degraded criminal, and of the keeper of public property on the weapons and movables of king and prince; the cartouches of Babylonian monarchs on tile and brick, and the "badge of empery" impressed on coins of gold, silver and bronze were all too well recognized for it to be possible that men fourteen hundred years after Christ should "discover" that letters, words and designs could be imprinted as well as inscribed by hand.

Indeed, it has been well said by M. P. Louisy, a learned French professor of the University of Paris:

"In descending the course of ages, it seems at each instant as if printing was just about to be invented; there remains only a single step to be made; and then the inspiration is arrested, as if lamed or turned aside. In Egypt, in Greece, and above all, Rome, they engraved in relief letters, designs, legends in reverse that they impressed, either when hot or cold, on bricks, bread, money, even on the

foreheads of runaway slaves. The Assyrians, as we have already seen, went a great deal further, as they cut in wood whole pages, destined to be reproduced on tiles of baked clay. Apropos of these first essays, without immediate utility, classical antiquity offers us more than one curious passage."

We quote the most part of the following details from the works of M. A. Didot, who has cast much luminous radiance on the origin of typography:

"Agesilaus, the Spartan commander, as Plutarch reports, seeing his soldiers discouraged on one occasion, wrote in the palm of his hand, in deep colors and reverse,



MONK COPYING A MANUSCRIPT  
From a miniature of the thirteenth century

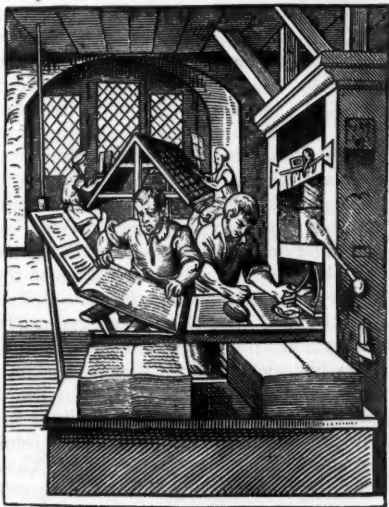
the Greek word "NIKH" (Victory). Then, taking hold of the shoulder of the consecrated victim, he applied his hand thus inscribed, holding it there as long as was necessary until the impression of the letters was well imprinted on the sacrifice." The apparently supernatural omen secured him a victory.

In order to combat the system of Epi-

curus, who pretended that the harmony of the world results from a fortuitous assembling of atoms, Cicero expresses himself thus in his treatise "Of the Nature of the Gods":

"Whoever could see that to be possible, would he not equally see that by casting on the earth millions of the twenty-one letters of the alphabet, it would be possible that they would fall in such order as to permit one to read the 'Annals of Ennius'? I doubt if chance would be sufficiently favorable to assemble a single verse."

Movable characters were known to the ancients; they were used in teaching children to read. The ancients had also stencil letters, which they used to secure a regular style of penmanship. They even made use of plates, thus open-cut, containing an entire page; it was placed on the papyrus to guide the pens of children; "an excellent means," saith Quintilian,



INTERIOR OF A PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT  
OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

"to learn them not to exceed the desired proportions." The Emperor Justinian (A. D. 518) could neither read nor write, an unexampled thing in one of such high rank. When it was necessary for him to sign his name, he had a sheet of gold, through which were cut the letters of his

name. "Then," said Procopius, "placing this tablet on the paper, one conducted the hand of the Prince, holding the stylus dipped in purple on the type of the different



A PAPER MILL OF THE SIXTEENTH  
CENTURY

letters, and took away the writing furnished with his signature." The same thing is reported of King Theodoric and of Charlemagne.

In the Middle Ages the illuminators and decorators made much of such tablets for tracing involved initial letters, and even in a way composed entire works, such as copies of the plain songs, etc. A chartered abbey near Mayence possessed some sixty of the alphabets cut in leaves of latoun, a copper alloy. Later these patterns were replaced by stamps, whose imprint is proven by the evidences on the reverse of the page, as early as the Thirteenth Century. In 1288 the monks of Fribourg published a treatise relating to money in this way, and it seems, according to a passage in Pliny and another in Petronius that these stencils were used to publish figures and designs as well.

Playing cards, whose European use can be traced back to 1328, were nearly from the beginning made by this process, which rapidly traced the outlines for the colorist to fill in. About 1400, wooden blocks

engraved in relief began to be used. In 1441 the card-makers of Venice complained of the great damage done their calling from "the competition of strangers in printed cards and designs."

The most ancient wood engraving in existence, accompanied by the text and bearing its own date, is that of "St. Christopher Traversing the Sea with the Infant Jesus on His Shoulder." It bears an inscription, fixing its date in the year 1423.

It will be seen that when this wood-cut was "imprinted," as it was called, the world had come to a point when the demand for books, pictures, cards, business forms,

public spark struck which broke into a flame which has indeed, and in truth, "enlightened the world?"

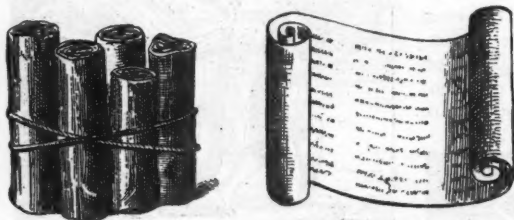
Two conditions complicate the solution of these questions, the first difficulty being due to the fact that the first printers sought to maintain the secret of a "mystery," which was the more valuable as long as their publications were enhanced by their competition with the slow and painstaking transcriber of ancient and modern authors. The second difficulty is that some fifteen municipalities, more or less distinguished centers of early typography, make strenuous claims to the honor, and three at least, Harlem, Mayence and Strasburg, have more or less cogent reasons for their claims.

I certainly shall not attempt to decide where so many men of world-wide reputation have failed to satisfy contemporary scholarship and generally even their own settled convictions. Few indeed have approached these questions with unbiassed mind and unflinching determination to find a just decision without coming to an

indeterminate verdict, that probably some one man whose identity is still open to doubt had been the original inventor of movable types, type-setting, making up forms and properly printing with the same.

Holland comes first in her claims as the country in which movable types were first invented, and reasonably perfected. The principal account by Adrian Junius, in his Latin history, entitled "Batavia," states:

"It is now (1562), one hundred and thirty-two years ago that there lived beside the royal palace, Lawrence John, surnamed 'Coster,' 'Janitor,' or 'Governor' (of a church or public building, said to be the Great Church of Haarlem), for he possessed this honorable office by hereditary right. One day, about 1420, while walking in a wood near the city he began to cut some beech-tree bark into the form of letters, with which he traced on paper, one being placed above the other, a copy composed of several lines for the instruction of his children. Encouraged by his success, his genius took up a greater quest and thereafter, in concert with his son-in-law,



PAPYRUS ROLLS, CLOSED AND OPENED,  
FROM ANCIENT EGYPT

legal and polemical publications and the like, could no longer be provided for in the ancient ways, which indeed were rapidly destroying the treasures of the past, in the attempt to profit by and satisfy the demands of a newer civilization, and larger enterprises.

To some extent the process of printing had become familiar and effective, and the manufacture of paper had greatly reduced the cost of material, but there was needed some method by which a page could be made up and imprinted again and again, without the immense expense of carving every letter, figure and punctuation mark in costly wood or metal. The movable type only was needed to re-illuminate the world with the light of more universal knowledge, freer and more general discussion of vital questions, and greater recognition of the nobility of the common people and their rights in church and state.

Who was it, then, who "invented" the movable type, when did he exploit his invention, and in what place was the first



Thomas Pierre, he invented a species of ink, more viscid and tenacious than that used in writing, and thus imprinted some images, to which he had adapted his wooden characters.

"I, myself, have seen several copies of this first essay at imprinting, made on only one side of the paper. It is a book written in the vulgar tongue (Dutch) by an anonymous author, bearing the title: 'Speculum Nostrae Salutis' (The Mirror of Our Safety). Later Lawrence Coster exchanged his wooden types for types of lead, and then again for pewter types. This new invention of Lawrence, patronized by studious men, attracted from all parts an immense concourse of customers. As the popularity of the art increased, the labor of his *atelier* increased also, and Lawrence was obliged to admit some workmen into his family.

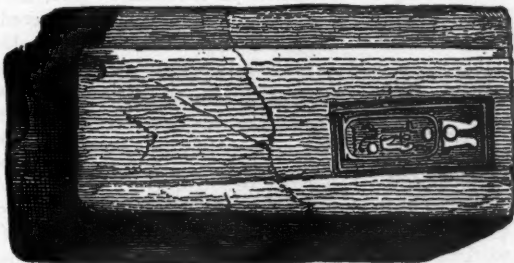
"Among the workmen there was a certain 'John' that I suspect was no other than 'Faust,' who was treacherous and fatal to his master. Initiated under the seal of an oath in all the secrets of the printing business and becoming expert in the making of types, in their assemblage, and the other processes of the calling, this 'John' profited by the Christmas night observance, when everyone was at church, to plunder the workshop of his patron and carry away the typographical material. He fled with his booty to Amsterdam and from thence to Cologne, and established himself finally at Mayence as an asylum, where he founded a printing establishment; in the same year, he imprinted with the same characters used by Lawrence at Haarlem, '*Alexanri Galli Doctrinale*,' a grammar then in use and '*Petri Hispani Tractatus*.'"

This long-delayed claim of first honors to Coster and Haarlem was at first received with utter incredulity. The claims of Mayence, and her triumvirate of Gutenberg, Faust and Schoeffer, had been already universally acknowledged with some concessions in favor of Strasburg, and, except in Holland, the charming idyl of the amiable Coster was generally classed with the host of apocryphal beings and legends

of the past. Soon the critics, excited somewhat by the history of Junius, examined the famous "Speculum" that no one had previously investigated, demonstrated the existence of wooden type impressions and sought out those attributed to Coster.

A. Jean Tritheim, who had described the origin of printing after information furnished by Peter Schoeffer himself, opposed the testimony of an anonymous chronicler of Cologne, who had stated that he had learned from Ulric Zell, one of Gutenberg's printers, and the first established at Cologne in 1465, the important declaration:

"Although the art of printing was first



BRICK IMPRESSED WITH THE NAME OF  
RAMESES II, KING OF EGYPT

established at Mayence, the first details of this art were invented in Holland, and it was after the *Donatus* (a Latin Syntax by Coelius Donatus, of the Fourteenth Century) and because of them that the said art was set up under the auspices of Gutenberg."

But Zell himself had certainly testified for record in the chronicles of Cologne. "The first inventor of typography was a citizen of Mayence, born at Strasburg, named Jean Gudenburch; he was a noble." Zell, who worked at Cologne in 1499, had learned his art at Mayence also, and the date given by him, 1440, is one of the most probable; but after all, the testimony is not explicitly convincing on either side of this dispute.

Whatever may be the true solution, the Hollanders' July 10, 1823, celebrated at Amsterdam and Haarlem, the *Fourth* centenary of the invention of printing by Lawrence Coster at Haarlem. The artillery fired salutes, the whole city was gay

with bunting, bells rang and trumpets sounded from the loftier towers, and the volunteers and regulars escorted the burgomaster and town council to the cathedral where a sermon and musical exercises prefaced a collation in the City Hall, after which a great procession was formed and amid the boom of artillery and great popular enthusiasm proceeded to the grave where a monument to Coster had been erected, on the very spot traditionally pointed out as the place where Coster had first formed his types of beech bark. After the unveiling of the monument, many beautiful silver medals of two varieties were given away; the smaller one showing the monument as it remains today. Fireworks, games, the printing and distribution of facsimiles of Coster's publications and in short, two days of general enthusiastic observance, demonstrated the tenacity of Dutch belief in the claims of Coster.

In 1740 the city of Haarlem struck a silver medal in honor of Coster, in which the story of the beech grove with Minerva inspiring the inventor and a bevy of Cupids working the first rude form of press appear on the obverse. The larger medal shown was struck in 1856, to commemorate the dedication of the town statue to Coster erected in the market-place of Haarlem. The legend is characteristic: "He deserved it from the whole world; his country erected it"; beneath the statue "The Father of Typography."

Perhaps no story of an inventor's fortunes has more naturally attracted human sympathy than that of "Laurence Coster, son of John, Senator of Haarlem." The simple way and kindly thought of aiding the education of his children; the bolder, greater inspiration and continued experiments of the inventor; the oath-bound loyalty of employee to employer, and the treachery and robbery perpetrated under cover of the universal good-will of Christmastide, might seem of themselves to bear that natural and convincing semblance of truth which endures in spite of cold criticism and partisan attack in the hearts of the people of Holland.

If true, who was the robber printer who broke his oath of secrecy, while all men were celebrating the coming of the Christ

Child, and stole the novel productions of his master's genius? Was it John Faust, who carried away book-plates, types and matrix from Haarlem to Mayence, as Adrian Junius practically claimed in 1562? Or was it John Gutenberg, as other Dutch investigators have chosen to declare? Or again, was it John Gensfleisch, the Elder, an older brother or uncle of Gutenberg, as has also been charged? No one can answer certainly, and indeed the mantle of charity is best thrown over them all; but the bad faith that is said to have ruined Coster's efforts was not escaped by Gutenberg, who indeed never thrived, and in his own career was supplanted and impoverished.

According to Abbot Trithem, who died about 1516, and secured most of his information from Faust and Schoeffer, the associates of Gutenberg: "Gutenberg did little more than to attempt to print from relief blocks or letters cut from wood or metal, and not differing greatly from the alleged inventions of Coster. Gutenberg," he goes on to say, "having risked all his means of existence, found himself greatly embarrassed, lacking so much in this, or that direction; and was at the point of quitting in despair, had not the advice and purse of Jean Faust, like him a citizen of Mayence, aided him to achieve his design. They imprinted at first a vocabulary called 'Catholicon,' in characters regularly written on tables of wood and with forms duly composed. But it was impossible for them to use their forms to imprint other books, since the characters could not be detached from the plates, being cut in the same. More ingenious inventions succeeded this process, and they discovered a way to cast all the forms of the Latin alphabet. To the moulds they gave the name of "matrices," casting in pewter or tin the characters formerly graven by them on wood, and sufficiently hard to bear a high degree of pressure.

"In effect, as I was told, some thirty years ago, by Pierre Schoeffer of Gernsheim, a citizen of Mayence, and son-in-law of Jean Faust, this process offered great difficulties, for before they had finished the thirteenth form of four leaves of the Latin Bible, which they were attempting to print, they had expended more than

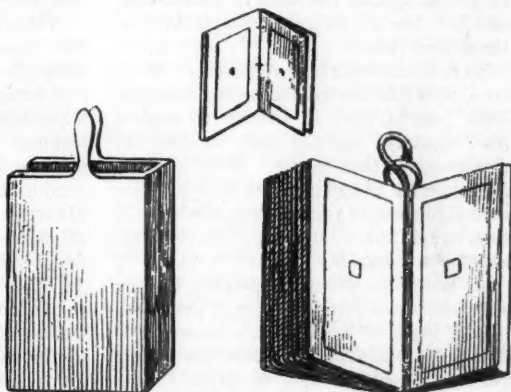
4,000 florins, (\$1,600). But Schoeffer, then a workman, found an easier way to cast the types and complete the art to the point where it is today. All three guarded their secret until it was divulged by their workmen, without whose aid they could not practice their art; later, at Strasburg, and little by little in other countries."

There is no printed book bearing the name of Gutenberg, but numerous details concerning him have been collected from the documents of his time.

Certain papers ascribe his birth to Strasburg; others to Mayence. His name is equally diversely set down, but in truth appears to have been "Jean Gensfleisch; surnamed Gudinberg." If born at Mayence, he left that city early in life to establish himself eventually at Strasburg somewhere about 1420. In 1435 his name was borne on the tax-lists among the "notable citizens." He was married in 1437, not altogether joyfully, to a girl of good family, Anna de la Porte de Fer, who had brought suit against him for breach of promise of marriage, and forced him to fulfill it.

In 1439 a suit before the Grand Council of Strasburg was brought against "Jean Gensfleisch, surnamed Gutenberg" by George and Nicolas Dritzchen, who, as heirs of their brother Andre Dritzchen, a former associate of Gutenberg, wished to be admitted to replace him in an association of whose objects they were totally ignorant, but from which they certainly knew their brother had promised himself great results. It was in truth the printing business that underlaid the mystery with which Gutenberg evidently surrounded the real nature of his business with Andre Dritzchen. For as the relator tells us, "Gutenberg, a poor but ingenious man, possessed divers secrets to enrich himself"; and Andre, learning of it, had besought him to teach him some of them. Gutenberg first taught him to polish stone, by which Andre profited much. Later, designing to exploit "another art," at the

annual pilgrimage at Aix-la-Chapelle, Gutenberg agreed with Jean Riffen, Mayor at Lichtenau, to form a partnership, to which Andre Dritzchen and a certain Andre Hartman demanded admission. Gutenberg consented on condition that together they should buy a third interest, paying 160 florins down, and eighty florins at the final settlement. They agreed to this and were taught "the art"; but as the pilgrimage was remitted until the following year, the associates demanded that Gutenberg should teach them "all the arts and inventions" that he possessed. Under a new agreement, and upon the payment of larger sums, Gutenberg took these



ANCIENT TABLETS, OPEN AND CLOSED,  
FROM ANCIENT EGYPT

men into partnership to profit by "the art" for five years, and received an agreement that in the event of the death of any partner, "*all the utensils of the art and all works*" should remain the property of the survivors, and that the heirs of the deceased should be entitled only to an indemnity of 100 florins at the expiration of the five years.

Gutenberg offered the heirs the sum agreed upon, but they demanded an accounting for the patrimony of Dritzchen, which according to them had been swallowed up in the enterprise. They claimed especially the value of a *quantity of lead*, for which their brother stood engaged. Without denying that he furnished it, Gutenberg refused to credit it to the defunct.

The mystery was exposed but not comprehended, and those who heard it still believed that the "secret art" of Gutenberg referred only to the polishing of stone, or the fabrication of mirrors. It also appears that these "mirrors," or to use the Dutch term "spiegel," concealed the Latin *Speculum*, which was the principal title-word of that "*Speculum Humanae Salvationis*," being published in imitation of the three or four editions already printed in Holland, in Latin and "the vulgar tongue."

The judge warmly commended the good faith of Gutenberg, declared his offers to the plaintiffs just and equitable, gave judgment against the heirs of Drietzchen, and left the surviving associates to continue their labors.

Soon after Gutenberg removed to Mayence, where he rented the house known as Zum Jungen, and in seeking to perfect his "mystery" quitted and resumed all the processes then in use. Wood engraving, movable letters in wood, lead and cast metals, improved presses and inks were in turn tried and abandoned, but without satisfactory results.

At last when almost despairing, fortune sent him an assistant in a rich goldsmith named Fust, or Faust, who advanced 800 florins for plant and 300 more for wages, parchment, paper, etc., to print a folio Bible, an immense undertaking in those days. Beginning in 1450 with this capital it was necessary to advance 800 florins more in 1452.

Confident in the immense advantages thus secured, Faust had left to Gutenberg all the works begun by the associates, only providing that Gutenberg should not

advertise or sign his publications, but still keep up the fiction that they were copied by hand, like the manuscript with which they competed. Faust and Schoeffer on their part were anxious to maintain "the mystery" not only as a business policy, but because the exposure of their own treachery would probably end in a suit at law and heavy damages. Their first Bible, published in 1456, was popularly supposed to be a manuscript work, and had no colophon or signature to excite suspicion or inquiry. The lack of a patent or copyright protection at that time made the jealous concealment of manufacturing and professional discoveries an almost universal practice.

It was not until four years later in 1460 that Gutenberg completed his Bible, but although other and smaller publications had brought him in some money, he was hopelessly involved, and made over his business outfit to one Nicolas Bechtermuncze, a relative by marriage, who established himself in Eltville south of Mayence. In 1466 he was appointed to a subordinate position in the suite of the Archbishop-Elector of Mayence, Adolphus de Nassau, having previously seen his rival's establishment closed up in 1462 by the assault, capture and pillage of Mayence, by the troops of the Elector. He survived his appointment but a few years, certainly not later than 1496.

The great art of typography was invented by degrees and thus its earliest originators are honored with an homage that is everywhere "clouded with a doubt" not only as to the time, place and individual inventor, but as to his good faith, honor and fair dealing.

## THE CALL OF THE SEA

THE heart of him who lives in ease  
Upon the land can never know  
The call that comes when breezes blow  
The siren voices o'er the seas.

But to the mariner how strong  
The voices call by night and day!  
His ear is tuned to them alway:  
He knows the meaning of their song!

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."



# THE OWL'S LETTERS

by Isabel Anderson



BERNAND DE MARJORIE was a captain in the French army. He was dark, rather good-looking, and a bachelor of some standing. During his leave of absence he was taking a pleasure trip to Egypt, and was at this moment crossing the Mediterranean on the "Cleopatra." Although it was not late he had gone to his cabin. Through the porthole he could see the full moon dancing on the waves, while he could hear on the other side of his door the gay voices of his fellow-passengers in the saloon.

But the captain had no heart for either revelry or moonlight, although it was so early that he did not feel like going to bed. He was seated with his head in his hands, thinking of a girl whom he had seen on board the "Cleopatra," a girl he had never seen before. Her eyes were blue, her hair dark, and the corners of her mouth turned up in such a way that he could not help watching her. She fascinated him—even him, the veteran of many affairs. She was not French; he thought she might be American, but was not certain even of that. "*Elle est sympathique*," he murmured aloud.

At that moment the door of his cabin opened, a vision like a rainbow appeared with a rustling as of wings, and the very girl herself stepped quickly into the room. The door clicked behind her. Seeing Fernand she stopped with a little breathless gasp, and turned half frightened to the door again.

"I have made a mistake; I thought this was mother's cabin," she explained, fumbling with the door. "Oh, dear, I can't open it!" she wailed. Fernand sprang to assist her, but the door refused to yield; it had slammed when she entered, and the knob had fallen off.

"Pray do not be disturb', mademoiselle; I will try some more. But no, the knob does not fit itself." The Captain looked at it doubtfully, then with a winning smile, "I expect it fell off with the surprise," he ventured; "myself, I thought it was a little bird entering when you came."

The girl stamped her foot. "I want to get out," she said; "I have made a dreadful mistake." Fernand tried the door again and again, without result.

"It is of no use," he showed her. "But I will not eat you, mademoiselle; do not be frightened. Will you be seat' while I think what to do? Non? Then I will try to think quickly." He paced up and down the little room with nervous steps, talking in jerky sentences. "If we have the door broke open now, it will make noise. The people in the saloon will obsairve. If I ring for the steward, he get the carpenter, and they open the door. Then the good people will see us and they will say, 'That girl, she was in his room!' I do not like that they spik so about you," the Captain declared, stopping before her and twirling his moustache.

The girl leaned against the door as if for support, but she no longer seemed afraid. "You are quite right," she admitted, "but—what shall I do? I cannot go through the porthole!"

"No, that would not be of the wisest. Perhaps a little waiting—until it is very late, and the other passengers are asleep? Then we will ring for the watchman, and he will open the door for us so quietly that no one at all will know you were here." Fernand watched her eagerly for signs of assent.

"I suppose you are right," sighed the girl; "I am trusting you, monsieur." Fernand drew forward a chair.

"The cabin is yours, mademoiselle. Will you sit?" This time she consented,



*"That's a very good start"*

with an indifferent little "thank you." The gallant Captain watched her with pleasure in his wide-open eyes. How enchanting she was in her dainty little white lace cap that rested so lightly on her dark hair, and the tiny satin slippers that peeped in and out from beneath her long rainbow silken robe! She was on her way to say *bon soir* to mamma, the Captain remembered. Surely the Fates were kind.

The girl tapped her foot impatiently. "Let's talk about something!" she cried; "it would be better than sitting here like mummies."

"The situation, it is so—unconventional," Fernand explained; "I do not find words." They both laughed merrily; the girl's embarrassment had disappeared.

"Well, you are the host, and you must make the conversation," she told him.

"But I know so little about you, mademoiselle," he said desperately; "I do not even know if I should call you mademoiselle! It may be that you are wife, or widow, even!"

"That is a very good start," she decided; "I'm going to see how nearly right you can come by guessing. First, I don't believe you can guess where I came from."

"Oh, yes, I can." He shifted his chair a trifle, the better to watch the corners of her pretty mouth. "From Heaven!"

"Then you think I am a ghost?"

"Not a ghost, mademoiselle—an angel!"

"An angel with a turned-up nose!" she scoffed.

"If not an angel, then a bird—a naughty little hummingbird."

"That will do very well. And if I am a naughty little hummingbird why, you must be—let me see—an owl, a wicked old owl! I'm sure of it!" She clapped her hands with glee. "And I can guess, too—you're a French owl, aren't you?" Fernand admitted that he was, with a shrug. "And in the army, also?" she persevered.

"Yes, I am in the army. But it is my turn, now, mademoiselle. You question so successfully, I think perhaps you are a writer?"

"Yes," she admitted, "I write—oh, so many letters to my sister!" Fernand frowned.

"This is not longer a joke. Here is my card, with the address. Would I be impertinent to inquire your name?" The girl laughed bewitchingly.

"But, monsieur, you have already guessed it!" she cried. "Let it be Mademoiselle Hummingbird, for tonight, and then tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow, mademoiselle—what of tomorrow?" he demanded excitedly as she paused.

"Oh, tomorrow—we'll see. Tonight I am a hummingbird and you are an owl. Please do not forget, monsieur." She smiled again and drew the silken folds of her robe more closely about her.

"I can only hope that we also go up the Nile together," said Fernand; "there will you meet your so famous cousin, the Sphinx. Perhaps she can tell me about hummingbirds."

"Won't you please talk French?" she begged; "I should so like to hear you speak your own language."

"I prefaire to practice the English," he retorted stiffly. "Is it that mademoiselle finds difficulty in comprehending?" The Hummingbird bent such a sweetly reassuring glance upon the old Owl that he leaped forward as if he would take her hand.

"I hear a noise outside," cried the girl, jumping to her feet; "maybe—it's my husband looking for me." The corners of her mouth turned down. Fernand's heart stopped beating, then he saw the lips curl into a smile again and was reassured. The Owl blinked and scowled with pretended rage.

"I do not believe you have a husband, mees," he scolded; "you wished to frighten me that I should not take the pretty hand. If I were a real owl, I would take the little hummingbird and fly away to heaven with her, till we were lost in the mist among the soft white clouds where the angels print their feet—*n'est ce pas?* As it is—we sail in a magic boat, among the islands of the gods, where the heroes of ancient times have been buried, over water that is—what you call—fairy water, too, for at sunset it reflect the brilliant plumage of the phenix, and now it is all silver with the lady-moon. It must be magic boat, for I dream all day of myste-

rious mademoiselle who will not tell me her name!"

"No, it's not a magic boat, and I am not a dream—just a commonplace American girl, monsieur." The girl rose as she spoke and swept him a courtesy gravely. "It is late, and the others have all gone to bed by now. It is time I left you." She rang the bell and then held out her hand to Fernand in her frank little way. "Thank you for your hospitality," she said, "you are indeed a gentleman Owl."

The Captain raised her hand and pressed the tips of her rosy fingers to his lips. Then the watchman came and the door was opened and the Hummingbird flew away. So all night long the Owl lay and thought of what he would do—tomorrow.

At sunrise Fernand was on deck watching for his mysterious girl. But somehow in the confusion of the landing she disappeared completely, without leaving a trace of her identity. Fernand searched high and he searched low, at Alexandria, at Cairo, on the Nile; but the only answers he could get from the dragomen were shrugs of the shoulders. The soft voice—the song of the Hummingbird—haunted him night and day. He followed veiled women and looked deep into their eyes, but all in vain. In the excitement of his search his heart would throb with some sudden hope, the pupils of his eyes dilate and his body quiver—and then always the disappointment.

At last his leave was up, and Fernand was obliged to return to France without having found her. But still at night when he was alone and it was quiet he thought he heard the rustling as of wings and the soft singing voice of his lady Hummingbird. The longing to talk with her became intolerable and would not let him sleep. At last he conceived the plan of writing to her the thoughts which were whirling in his brain, more to relieve his mind than anything else. Later he could not help feeling that some day the Hummingbird would see the letters; the feeling became a conviction, and he wrote his love to her as his halting tongue could never have expressed it. Perhaps they would come too late, but sometime the letters would show her the real romance, the love and devotion of his youth. Of this he was sure.

These are the letters which the Owl wrote the Hummingbird:

*My dear Mademoiselle Hummingbird—*

14 *Juin*; century of the battle of Marengo; hurrah for the Emperor! hip, hip hurrah! *Cattacara* (Arabic for thank you) for our talk on the steamer "*Cleopatras*" that beautiful night bound for Egypt. *Cattacara cattir* (thank you very much). Oh, little hummin' bird, come to me; do not stop to fish\* on the way. I should be very curious to know you better. You are the most extraordinary and nicest little fish I never saw. Alas, I lost you. How horrible! horrible! alas! I suffer. I am well and inhabitant of this sad valley of tears without you.

You did not tell me enough of your life. I am desirous to know more. What you think is more interesting to me than what you do, because the secret agitations of the heart are more interesting than the tumult of the exterior life. I like to travel, but there is no as curious country and which I should like as much to visit as this mysterious country which is your heart. I like novels, but there is no interesting novel, and which I should as much like to read, as the closed book which is your soul.

Do pity me who walk alone in the desert of life. I feel you take interest in every one of my thoughts and all of my sorrows. I should like to be like Adam and give all of my ribs. I mind I have twenty-four, for making twenty-four girls, all just like you! And I would keep them all, and not let them run in the world without me.

I had one great excitement today. The postman of my regiment brought a letter in a woman's handwriting. It was blue, blue like the sky and had the perfume of flowers. I felt at last you found me out—the letter I have been waiting so long has come. My heart throbbed, my brain was on fire—but alas! it was from another—not a gay hummingbird, but a gray mouse. I am very furious. When my soldiers saw me this morning after my disappointment, they had never seen me so terrible. I think you decided to see me never again because you disappeared,

\*The Captain seems to have mistaken this word for "flirt," for he continually uses them synonymously.



and you have my address, but gave me not yours. I lost you in the landing at Alexandria, amid the cries of the donkey boys. I tried to follow you. Did you fly in the sky, my Hummingbird, and hide in the clouds? I spent days to look for you, but I could not find you. I then return from Egypt and search again on the Continent. I look for you in the streets, the cafes, everywhere. I think I see you sometimes, and when I about to catch you, you disappear again.

Just now I can no longer follow you. I am at Roanne for the maneuvers. It is cold and rain, but notwithstanding, my soldiers are always joyous and in high spirit. I like the maneuvers; it amuses me to go over the country. Sometimes I am received in the castle, sometime in the home of poor men, sometime there is no place in the house for all the officers and I go in straw with my soldiers.

But indeed I should prefer to make the true war. I should like to run over the world, the saber in hand, as made French officers with Napoleon I. This little town is a revolutionary town. There are eight regiments of infantry, four of cavalry, two of artillery, about twenty-five thousand men. If you would only come, I would let you fish as you like.

Have you really decide not to ever write me? If it is so, your heart is darker than the Black Forest, and you are more wicked as the bears that live there, and if one of those bears eat you, I will say, "So much the better." But when they see you, I fear instead they will only lick your hands.

They have said once that I resemble d'Artagnan, and perhaps you were afraid to see me again, afraid of what Spaniards call a *furia francese*. Perhaps you feel I take you away like a hero of antiquity, Priam, I think, took Helena away. I am not wooden, but was I not very correct

that evening on the boat? The most I have dared to do was to kiss the tips of your fingers, and I have then begged your pardon. Was it very much?

You made a game of me. You ran away



*"Did you fly in the sky, my Hummingbird, and hide in the clouds"*

on landing. I say you good-bye this night, being ever very furious. I think I may write Mousie.

*Cherished little Hummingbird:*

Here I am writing again to you, weak, weak man that I am. I have no other helper than my dictionary, and it takes me a long time for the writing in English, but I feel that some day you will see the

letters and then you will like them better in your native tongue.

It is Lent. I will do a little penance soon. I must confess it is not amusing. Did I flirt much for you that evening? Flirting is not good for going in the Heaven, they say. In truth, God has punished me already for my sins in losing you, but I did one good action. That evening on the "Cleopatra," before you make the mistake of my cabin, I saw you in your stateroom, the door was a little open. I turned away and did not again look in. The devil pushed me very strongly to look a long time, but I did not. That is meritorious. You can say, "Beautiful indeed," as said Wellington seeing the charge of the French Imperial Guards at the battle of Waterloo. I hope God will exempt me two or three days of purgatory for that action.

I am reading much, trying to forget you. The language in the French books is instructive, but they are destructive for the moral. The bragging of the vice of the French, or the bragging of virtue of the English—which is better?

I finish this letter by kissing your hands and begging you to come to me. I say you good-bye for tonight.

Your old Owl.

I am for the life—your old Owl.

You said me on the boat you were commonplace American girl, but you are not. Please do not be so jingoist. (Is this word not one of Franklin's?) You are a brilliant little meteor in the sky, following an unknown way, disappearing, going I don't know where.

Did you run away because of my gesticulations? I think you grave girl, you find my funs very stupid. Were you angry with me that night for kissing your hand? Is this the reason you never send me a line?

You have forgotten me now entirely, I fear. I must not hope any longer that you remember me. Men are stupid and women wicked. Was it possible to be more wicked than Eve, and more stupid than Adam? And Cleopatra—did her spirit on the magic boat name for her enter your body, like the badgers in Japan into the dead?

I say good-bye, wicked girl.

I have tried for a long time now to find another woman, as much as it is possible like my hummingbird I have lost, but I cannot find her, so I fear Mousie must do. I still treasure the only thing I had of the hummingbird's—a handkerchief. When I went to see Mousie I left it behind. My mother say me marry Mousie, but I cannot tell her I love her this visit, but I will perhaps some day ask her to marry me, for my mother say me so. When I return, the handkerchief was gone. Probably my soldier, thinking it was not mine, take it away. I had a sorrow life for the loss of a dear friend.

I am at the fort now, and have passed a week alone with thirty soldiers. I am very weary and I thought often to you. I should have given all my soldiers for having you. It is almost a year now since I saw you. I have absent leave again soon. I wish to live over again that best evening in my life. I believe I will take the same journey before I go to Mousie again. I will go to Egypt on the "Cleopatra," take the same cabin, and live over once more the beautiful dream of the night—the only night—we met.

This is my last letter, my love. I am on the boat "Cleopatra." I have beside me all my letters to you, and ever present in my mind and in my heart a strange emotion I felt on meeting the enigmatic girl—but I have not progressed much in the detection of the enigma. I feel now I shall die without having solved it, but the more I think about her the dearer she become to me.

The lady moon is dancing like a year ago on the fairy water. When talking with you here in this cabin I remember I felt like a child, daring do nor say nothing. How stupid I have been that night, how little I profited my time while you bewitched me! I told so few things, and I had so many to tell. Such a large place has had the hummingbird in my heart never since.

When you first appeared in the doorway, dressed like a rainbow in the sky, you looked more like fairy goddess than woman. Were you inhabitant of star?



*"Can the little Hummingbird find it in her heart to make her nest with the old Owl"*

But what have you done in star for having fallen down amongst us poor humans?

I feel crushed by the remembrances, now I feel strong emotion in my being. The music of Werther of Massenet flows through my head. All the things of a year ago rush by me. How the sea was beautiful that night, like tonight, the sky pure, the air sweet!

\* \* \* \* \*

At this point Fernand ran out on deck. Had he heard the rustle of wings, or the click of the door? At any rate, the letters were scattered in his haste about the cabin like little snowbirds, and he did not pause to lock the door upon them. But all he saw on deck was the lady moon. In his disappointment he sought the smoking-room for comfort.

When M. de Marjorie returned to his cabin all seemed at first as he had left it, save for a strange faint fragrance which filled the air. Presently he remembered his letters, and looked for them. But they were not there. They were not on the table, or the chairs, nor indeed anywhere in the stateroom. And for some time there was no clue to their disappearance. Very likely he had left the stateroom door open when he rushed out, but why should anyone have wanted the letters? Nothing else had been disturbed.

Fernand paced up and down the tiny apartment, distracted. The letters he had dreamed of some time placing in the hands of his beloved were gone, and with them his hold upon the past. There was nothing left him now, nothing.

Suddenly his roving eye caught sight of something—a mere speck of iridescence upon the floor. One stride, and Fernand had it in his hand and was feasting his eyes with the sight of it—for what were all the letters in the world, compared with a tiny jeweled feather? Only a hummingbird could have owned it, only the Hummingbird would have left it there. It was a message to say that she had taken her letters. She was on the magic ship, floating on the fairy water, which had brought them together again from the ends of the world.

Yes, she was on the ship, and Fernand found her in the moonlight. It was truly she at last. He could not speak, his emotion was so great. The girl held out her hand.

"So it is really the same old Owl!" she said. Fernand seized both her hands in his own and kissed them.

"It is—that—I could not forget," he stammered; "so—I come back on a year of the day—to dream it again. You—perhaps?"

"I could not forget, either," confessed the girl softly, then blushed and drew away her hands. "You mustn't, truly," she said.

"Why did you run away the next morning off the boat? Did the American fish not understand the ways of the French fish? And I suppose you did not write to me because you were tired to write to so many men, or perhaps you were angry with me, not having found pleasure in my Gaulish jokes?"

"No, it wasn't any of those things. Our meeting was all so strange that mother, who didn't know you, insisted I must not see you again, when I told her the story. Then I lost the card you gave me with the address, and could never find it, though I hunted everywhere. I wanted to thank you. I never could forget how fine you were under the strange circumstances. So there was nothing to do but to come back on this anniversary of our meeting—for I hoped that if you had not forgotten—"

"Mademoiselle Hummingbird," said Fernand, "you see I have forget nothing. You have give to me very much pleasure. It is sufficient for me to see and to hear you. It make me pairfectly happy just so. I find you more charming than before. How must I say it—like, or love, you? In French we have only the one word, and the womans understand what they like. How you think? My letters, you read them? Will you marry me, mademoiselle, and let me carry you up to my castle in the woods? It is a little savage, among the old Gaulishers. Can the little Hummingbird find it in her heart to make her nest there with the old Owl?"

"Anywhere," answered the Hummingbird softly, "anywhere at all, that you care to take me. I love the old Owl and the old Owl's letters, too!"

"Darling!" cried the Captain, adding with sudden shyness, "I didn't know before exactly what means that word, but I think it very nice—for you!"



# CHRISTMAS BY THE WAY

Gertrude Robinson



IT WAS Christmas Eve, but no one on board the "D. and H." local, plowing a slow way northward through the rapidly deepening Vermont snowdrifts, gave much evidence of the Christmas spirit, unless the multitudinous packages of the young woman in the blue traveling suit might be considered such evidence. Presently the shock-headed trainman trailed an oozy path down the car. At the door he paused to ejaculate some unintelligible syllables and then vanished to the accompaniment of a terrific banging of the door and howling of the storm.

The fussy old gentleman in a fur overcoat leaned forward and tapped on the shoulder the saturnine-looking young man in front of him. "Can you tell me the name of the station?" he inquired.

The young man consulted his time-table. "Bloomingdale," he announced. Then he folded the time-table away in his pocket.

The wearer of the blue suit stopped drumming on the window-pane and collected her impedimenta. All along the way the man with the time-table had supplemented the vociferations of the inarticulate trainman. It was fortunate, for in the darkness and storm all outside landmarks were obliterated. With a lurch and a roar the train stopped. The girl picked up her last bag, pulled down her veil, and hastily left the car. The young man, having rubbed the frost from the glass, peered out into the night. For an instant he dimly discerned a slim figure with wind-tossed skirts slowly beating its way across snow-blocked tracks to the station platform. Then the train moved on.

The old man who had informed the saturnine individual that he was going through to the end of the line, but always made a point of learning the names of all the stations on the route, leaned back in his seat, put up his feet, folded his news-

paper over his face, and began to snore. Deprived of one source of amusement, the young man strode down the car and seated himself back of the portly conductor. He watched with interest the careful counting of coupons and tickets and the laborious penciling of a report. Then he inquired genially, "Is this the sort of weather Vermont serves up to a fellow?"

"Well, sir," slowly answered the conductor, "I've traveled the old 'D. & H.' up these hills fifteen years, and I never saw but one worse storm. That's the time when a woman going up to the Equinox



"No one on board the 'D. and H.' gave much evidence of the Christmas spirit unless the multitudinous packages of the young woman in the blue traveling suit might be considered such"

House at Manchester, and who had to change at Rutland, got off at the water tower back here by mistake and nigh froze to death. Maybe you read about it in the papers."



"Great Scott!" he muttered

"No," admitted the young man, "but I'd not like to get mislaid in these hills tonight."

"Wouldn't be nothing found to tell what had become of you until next spring," returned the conductor cheerfully.

A half hour wore on. The train passed through the streets of a faintly lighted town. The trainman came to the door and uttered his usual jeremiad. Lanterns flashed up and down the tracks. The conductor and yardmaster vanished together into the little office. The snow blew in

blinding sheets down the narrow alley between the train and the station. It rattled like castanets against the windows. The conductor came struggling across the platform to the train.

"Is Miss Estelle Every on this train?" he roared. "Funny," commented the conductor to the interested young man, "I'm sure I took up a ticket from a woman for Bloomingdale. She was the only passenger not going way through."

"Any passenger for this station, Bloomingdale?" he shouted again. Then he passed down the aisle, scanning inquisitively each face as he went. There was not a woman to be seen on the car.

The saturnine young man suddenly became alert. Bloomingdale! He pulled his time-table out of his pocket and consulted it hastily. Then his eye fell upon the legend at the top. "Delaware, Lackawanna & Western," it ran.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "It is a lucky thing the rest of them are through passengers. I've been a regular Bureau of Misinformation." Then he pushed his hat farther down over his eyes, hauled on his coat, clutched his traveling bag, snatched the telegram from the hand of the stupefied official, and bolted for the door.

"Hey, there," roared the conductor after him, "you'll get left! This train goes at once." The man sprinting down the platform did not answer. The conductor ran out and watched him as he boarded a southbound train, heavily pulling out. "Some relative, most likely. Girl must have got off at the wrong station," he meditated as he started up his own train.

On the southbound the impromptu passenger with the telegram adjusted his belongings hastily.

"Ticket," demanded the conductor.

A rapid search revealed the unpleasant truth. His pocketbook was on its way to Rutland. In vain did he explain the situation. The conductor, an irate and pompous person, refused to listen. He had noted the haste with which the penniless passenger had left the first train and

boarded his. The conclusions he drew were obviously not complimentary.

"I shall put you off at the next station," he asseverated. "You are fortunate not to be arrested for stealing a ride."

"But," protested the subject of his wrath, "I am a son of Bernard Lawrence of Pittsburg, who has an interest in this railroad."

"Show your pass, then! It is no use bluffing, young man. Off you go at the next stop!"

Young Lawrence sprang to his feet wrathfully. Then a sudden thought occurred to him, and he sank back in his seat, smiling quizzically. After all, he wanted to get off at the next station. It was there that the young lady in the blue suit, to whom belonged probably the telegram he held in his hand, had been prematurely deposited.

When the next station, which proved to be labeled Four Corners, was reached, he left the train without waiting a second reminder. He fought his way with difficulty down the wind-swept platform. Not a trainman was in sight. Baggage room and freight office alike were deserted. The door of the waiting room did not yield to his imperative jerk. Evidently the ticket agent and telegraph operator had departed for the night, though where they could have vanished to in that snowy waste was a mystery. He scraped off a little of the ice and sleet from the window and looked in. There was a dull red glow from the big sheet-iron stove in the middle of the room, which appeared to be deserted, however. He turned and looked up and down the drifted roads. Not a sign of any habitation, not even a barn. Whether the darkness hid great stretches of snow-piled meadows or snug dwellings whose inmates were peacefully sleeping out the storm, it was impossible to tell. He shuddered as he thought of the probability that the girl in the blue suit had attempted to settle that question for herself. Just then there was the grating sound of a bolt shot back, and the door of the waiting-room opened. In it appeared the girl. The sprig of holly he remembered in her buttonhole glowed cheerily, but her face was anxious and red.

The young man sprang forward.

"Thank God you're not lost in one of these drifts," he cried.

The girl drew back. A look of indignation came into her eyes. She stood still for a second, the snow blowing like a veil across her face, then she retreated to the waiting-room and closed the door.

The son of Lawrence of railroad fame stalked gloomily up and down the slippery platform. He was perfectly conscious that the girl had reason to scorn him. A second later the door opened again.

"I can't let you stay out in the storm to freeze, if you are a heartless joker," sounded a voice too acid by far to belong to the wearer of the holly sprig.

"A joker," he gasped. Then he marched into the room, shut the door, and ostentatiously warmed his hands at the fire. Suddenly he bethought him of the telegram.

"Are you Miss Estelle Every?"

The girl flushed and did not answer.

"Because if you are, I have a telegram for you." He pulled the yellow slip from his pocket and handed it to the girl. She read it once—twice. "Oh," she cried, "are you young Bernard Lawrence? I'd never have thought it!"

"Did I unwittingly hand you a letter of introduction?" he queried.

The girl passed him the slip. He took it and read:

"Miss Estelle Every, on board train north 47: Stay on train. Meet you at Rutland. B. roads impassable. George Every."

"You see I am on my way home for Christmas. Brother George was to meet me at Bloomingdale."

"But I don't see where I come into that—"

"That," interrupted Miss Every, mischievously, "may be left for future disclosure. The important thing for you to attend to now is the explanation of why you caused me—an innocent and unoffending stranger—to be cast upon the mercy of this desert waste."

Mr. Bernard Lawrence pulled out of his pocket a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western time-table and showed it to the girl. Then he explained the whole story.

"That northbound train will find itself well endowed with purses," she observed



*"Two lusty voices struck up the notes of a Christmas carol"*

when he had finished. "It has mine, too. The operator telegraphed to Rutland about it."

"They'll probably round them both up together, then. By the way, where are ticket agent, operator and the like?"

"Operator, agent and station master are one, and that one is married and resides overhead. Since the frau is absent, I elected to stay down here. Of course, there is no such thing as getting out of here to the village, two miles north, tonight. I've a suspicion that the man upstairs is going to get something good to eat. He appeared a hospitable fellow, only a bit unaccustomed to midnight lady passengers who stop off inadvertently at his small burg."

There was a sound above, a creaking on the stairs, a door at the side flew open, and the station-master himself appeared. "Another!" he exclaimed.

When the tale had been told him he stepped into the dispatcher's office. A moment later he came out, looking even more disturbed.

"Wires down?" asked Lawrence.

The man nodded. Then he called Lawrence one side.

"Now, Miss Every," said Lawrence when he came back, "Mr. Coogan here says the wires are down and that there can be no communication and no trains through for hours—not until the storm stops and the snow plows get busy. He also says that you are to go upstairs to his wife's room and go to sleep. There is a fine cat up there to keep you company. We'll camp out on blankets down here." And before Miss Every could object she was ushered upstairs, given a big bowl of hot broth, and left to make the acquaintance of a large gray cat and a spotless little bedroom opening from the kitchen.

It was late when she wakened. The storm was over. The sun shone over a great, unbroken field of white. Presently her gaze was arrested by the sprig of holly still in her buttonhole. Christmas morning! She sprang up, dressed hastily and went to the kitchen. Nobody there! Evidently the men below were still sleeping. The kitchen fire had kept, though, and the room was hot. As she flung up the window she noted that the intense cold of the night before had abated. In the sunshine back of the station a tall young fir tree glistened. It reminded the girl of the use to have been made of her Christmas bundles that morning. For a moment her lip quivered. Then a daring thought



suggested itself to her. This should be Christmas morning at Four Corners Station, too.

By the time she had found an apron and had reduced to order the clean but littered kitchen, she felt quite gay. She stirred the fire and boldly investigated the breakfast supply.

An hour later the station agent, coming hurriedly up the stairs to conjure a breakfast for his involuntary guests, paused on the threshold in astonishment. The orderly room was cheery with Christmas tokens. Wreaths of holly festooned both windows. Strings of tinsel trinkets depended from the lamp brackets. Little bells jingled merrily from the drooping branches of the young fir just outside the window. There was the odor of things good to eat in the air.

"Merry Christmas," called the girl.

The man said nothing. He bolted down the stairs. A moment later there was a great stamping on the porch outside. And then two lusty voices struck up the notes of a Christmas carol. The girl threw up the window and joined the song, her clear voice ringing gaily on the frosty air.

Later, when they sat down to a jolly breakfast of ham and eggs, coffee and johnnycake—with an untimely dessert of Christmas nuts and candies—they had almost forgotten that they had never seen each other ten hours before. On the plate of the station agent reposed a woolly bear. A calico cat eyed it belligerently from the vantage of young Lawrence's upturned cup. A bunch of violets from the sunny little window garden in the telegraph office window lay beside Miss Every's plate, and a box of Huyler's appeared from the depths of Lawrence's battered satchel.

They were still sitting at the table when the snow plow whistled at the crossing, a mile below. It brought dispatches, announcing the safe recovery of two pocket-books, which were waiting for their owners in Rutland. An hour later a train came puffing in from the south.

When the girl in the blue suit and the man of the unauthentic time-table boarded it, armed with permits from the agent, ordering the conductor to carry them free of charge to Rutland, the same peppery fellow confronted them who had

put Lawrence off the train the night before.

"Why, Miss Every," he cried, "how do you come here? I thought you were to go up last night."

"I stopped off here," she answered coolly, "and my friend, Mr. Lawrence, brought me a telegram from my brother to meet him in Rutland."

"Yes," chimed in Lawrence, "you will be glad to know that my pocketbook has been found."

The conductor passed on, looking very much confused.

"He knows my father, who is a railroad man," explained Miss Every.

"But all this does not make clear," commented Lawrence, "how you found out my name and suddenly decided to treat me like a human being, though I had apparently all the qualities of an unmitigated idiot."

Miss Every handed him a card, one of his own business cards. "It had stuck to the back of the telegram," she elucidated, "and I immediately recognized the name as that of a college chum of my cousin, Clarence Jameson."

"Clarence Jameson your cousin! Why, I have in my pocket now a telegram from him received in Troy, telling me to be on the lookout for his cousin Stella on the train. I am on my way to visit him now. He evidently thought I knew the lady's surname."

"That is I. I am going there, too. He always called me Stella. My brother George is with him now. I was taking the trinkets to Clarence's children."

The rest of the journey passed quickly. When they alighted in Rutland they were greeted by Miss Every's brother and cousin, who did not appear in the least surprised to see them together.

"I was a little worried about Stella until I sent you the dispatch to look her up on the train. I knew you wouldn't let her get off at Bloomingdale in such a storm, though I didn't anticipate your both getting stalled on the road over night," said Mr. Jameson.

"I found a chance to introduce myself to her," said Lawrence.

"He was rather slow about it," commented Miss Every, smiling, "but he certainly did prevent my spending the night in Bloomingdale."

# Lend a Hand

By J. ANDREW BOYD

THE things that count in the world, my boy,  
That make a success of your life,  
Are the things that you do to bring others joy  
And to quiet the turmoil and strife.

Then stretch out your hand to the weary soul  
Who is toiling along life's way,  
And help him along to the end of the goal—  
Time is flying, so do it today.

To the soul that is crushed with a heavy loss  
Speak the comforting word it needs;  
The man who is bearing the heavy cross  
Is your brother regardless of creeds.

Lend a hand to the doubting sons of men,  
The fearful, the timid, the weak;  
Raise up the fallen and start them again—  
To the lowly a kind word speak.

Help the poor who are battling for daily bread  
To keep the wolf from the door;  
Help the weak who in ways of sin are led,  
And start them aright once more.

Lend a hand that is open, a hand that is strong,  
A warm hand, a hand filled with love;  
As you pass on life's way cheer the faint with a song;  
Help them on to the haven above.

# The Why and the Wherefore of Type

by

FLYNN WAYNE



ARMED with a "rule" and "nippers," proof positive of membership in the printer's craft, a pilgrimage was made to the headquarters of the American Typefounders Company at 300 Communipaw Avenue. Now Communipaw may be a heritage or aboriginal from the old Dutch nomenclature of which Dietrich Knickerbocker wrote so deliciously, yet Communipaw Avenue is hardly fifteen minutes from Broadway, "over on the Jersey side."

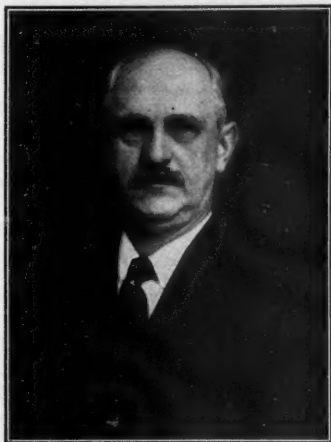
It was a rainy day—a really *wet* day—but in a snugly comfortable corner of the great brick building located near the railroad, President Robert W. Nelson was found, genial and smiling, despite the tearful weather. He was one of the founders of the American Press Association, which initiated the press service that has made the modern country daily something more than a mere jumble of "locals" and advertising. He has also been prominently identified with the production of the "patent insides" which made it possible to publish a great many

country papers that otherwise could not have existed. In fact, Mr. Nelson's life has been devoted to the exploitation of all phases of the printer's craft. Having been a printer and a country publisher in his earlier days, he knows what is needed.

Visitors at the president's office—from Germany and several other foreign countries—had preceded me, so I dropped into the library, where Mr. Bullen presides. On the wall at the entrance I found spread out a genuine old-fashioned "blanket-sheet," such as our grandfathers were wont to peruse through horn spectacles.

Within this library were displayed most interesting exhibits—to the printer, at least—for in glass cases were contained

original copies of the first German, Venetian and Roman printed books, which revealed the sedulous care and excellence of the early printers and evidenced Mr. Bullen's exquisite taste in bibliography. Whether in the "make-up" of a page or in its ornamental design, those ancient volumes have not been excelled by modern printing. Prepared with painstaking care by monks, who also illuminated their florid initial letters on parchment, these books of the middle ages are today of great



ROBERT W. NELSON  
President and General Manager American  
Typefounders Company

value as object lessons, as well as rare art treasures. The whole history of book printing, from its infancy down to the present time, might be traced from the volumes in th's library.

The job printing of a few years back seemed crude; like an old-time crinoline gown, it was painfully "out of date"—style in printing is nearly as pronounced as the decrees of fashion. During the examination of certain changes in typographical styles, Mr. Bullen pointed out that many of the old Venetian "make-up"

b's and d's. I recalled the spacious *e* box, close at hand, a comforting oasis in a desert of perplexity, and how desperately my nails often scraped the shallow case to dig out the "thin" spaces and semicolons. No two cases in different offices seemed to agree on the j's and apostrophes. The foreman's whim was the final arbiter.

Visions of Foreman Hank Scroggins came up before me. A typical old-time printer was Hank, with his long-drooping moustache, tinged a faded sepia in part; hair glossy with scented bear's grease,



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CENTRAL FOUNDRY  
Communipaw Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey

rules were still in force. The top margin of a page, for instance, is narrower than the lower, because when a book is held at an angle of forty-five degrees, the margins appear uniform all round, in accordance with optical laws. The "layout" of a sixteen-page form, with its peculiar numbering of pages—1, 2, 3, and 4 at the four corners of the form, the other numbers skipping here and there over the sheet—furnished a mathematical problem not propounded or explained in Euclid.

In strolling about the great type foundry, recollections of the first time I set type were recalled—how I tried to pay close attention to the "nicks," the difficulty of distinguishing between p's and q's and

shirt front liberally spattered, socks of days unnumbered—Hank, the foreman, who was above all else a true lover of good printing and plug tobacco.

"Follow copy" was his rule, and though the niceties of syntax and such things as misplaced verbs and split infinitives sometimes offended the compositor's literary sensibilities, little sympathy was to be had from Hank. "Follow copy" was his stereotyped reply; "follow copy, even if it blows out the window."

Hank insisted upon "book" spacing and upon the division of words just right, even in "locals." How glorious it was when we received, through his continued "kicking," new fonts of glistening, sharp-



edged type, to take the place of the lye-soaked, battered junk that had seen a round half century of service. In the mirrored reflection of that new type, as I "laid" it, I wondered what a type foundry was like.

Here I was now, walking over acres of floor space wherein clattered great casting machines, turning out all sizes and "sorts" of type in all of those tongues that so helplessly struggled to be understood in the days of the Tower of Babel. The

exquisite nicety required in making the dies for a new face, the scientific adjustment of every feature of the various letters—using the lower case *m* and capital *H* for standards, and the rigid inspection of details under the microscope—all these precautions indicate the skill and taste required to make such letters as the Cheltenham, the Jensen, the Gothic and other approved forms.

Great piles of carefully labeled packages of type and other equipment awaited



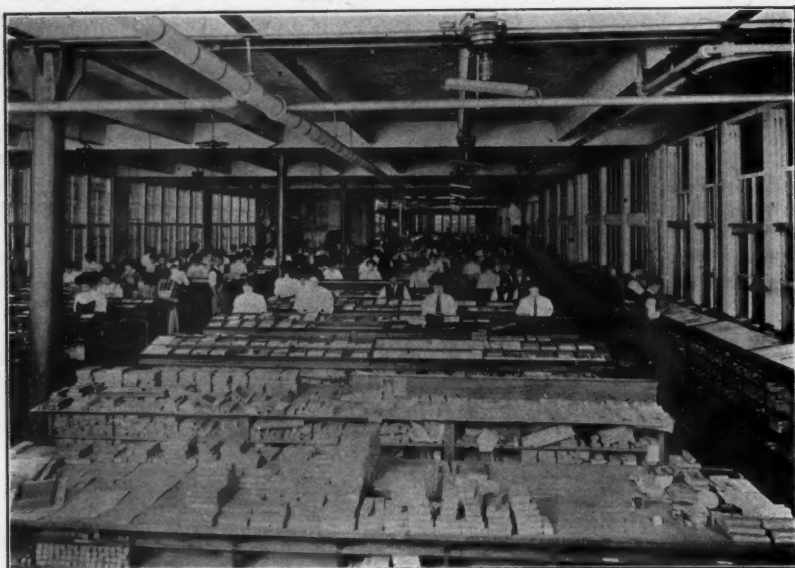
VIEW OF LIBRARY AND MUSEUM  
Showing portraits of early type founders

gating-gun rattle of the machines was enough to make an old-time printer sigh for action.

In making new type, the center of origin is the drafting room. Here the letters are drawn on a large scale and reduced, in exact proportions. The different "faces" are studied with all the assiduity of a psychological research. Mr. Benton, the typefoundry man from Milwaukee, who in the old days gladdened the heart of many a youthful printer by giving him a bright rule when the boss ordered a "new face," here determines upon the creation or rejection of a proposed new series. The

shipment to the company's branch offices. As one looked upon these packages, each containing a mass of metal in the form of tiny letters from four to one hundred and forty-four point, the question "Where is it all going to be used?" came to mind. Millions of metal letters, scattered broadcast by freight and express from the shipping rooms of the American Typefounders, set up the printed pages of myriads of books, magazines and newspapers.

Although many packages were directed to foreign countries, the bulk of outgoing type was to be sent throughout the United



MAIN TYPE DIVIDING ROOM

States, where papers and periodicals thrive as in no other land. The contrast between American and European newspaper reading is marked—our cousins overseas seldom read on the train or in the

street cars. The American reads everywhere—at table, on the car, at home, and in bed.

The fact that every column or page of printed matter must first be put into



SHIPPING ROOM

type, and that a large proportion of this type comes from the factory at Communipaw, gives the world at large a considerable direct acquaintance with the American Typefounders. The broad policy of the company, under Mr. Nelson's direction, has done much to spread the influence of the press. Who can conceive of a progressive town or hamlet that has not made liberal use of type, ink, press and paper?

Since the consolidation of the various

of accounts, and the printer's craft has leaped to the front rank of profitable industrial pursuits. The problem of "What's the Matter with the Printing Trade?" is being solved by conforming operations to the systems of other manufacturing pursuits. Printing has jumped to the seventh place in the business world, and the name and fame of Benjamin Franklin, the printer who raised money abroad for a struggling republic, has been glorified in the credit and advancement



VIEW OF LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

Showing cases containing rare volumes and also the regular steel book cases

type foundries into the American Typefounders Company, the service to the printing guild has been greatly improved. A letter, a telegram or even a telephone call instantly places a complete outfit at the disposal of the printer. An order cabled from Europe, Japan, Hawaii or South America is quickly assembled, and soon is on its way to produce literature, perhaps half-way round the world.

Yes, says the cynic, the order is received promptly—but the invoice grows old and thumb-marked before it is paid. This was in the old days; today a series of discounts stimulates a prompt adjustment

of the craft. The cost system, in force in most progressive printing houses, has done away with the hazards of "guesses" for estimates.

The roster of famous old-time printers—those who have known and felt the nicks of type—include the late Mark Twain, Horace Greeley, Bret Harte, not to mention William Dean Howells, Colonel Henry Watterson and many other men living and dead, eminent in public life.

Many a printer has gone to the case and there set up his own article in type, and without a doubt the physical exertion in setting every letter caused him to avoid

verbosity. Once the smear of printer's ink is on the fingers, the devotion to the "art preservative" never wears away. It is a trade that one comes to love, perhaps because of the patience acquired in the task of "make-up," of readjusting a "pied" stick or form on the galley, and of handling the magic letters and words, the basis of all human intelligence.

Today I find delight in dropping into

"making even" on the different portions of an article? He knew how to plan so as to "make even" without the warning ring of a typewriter bell, and with what care did he watch the copy on the hook, either "sojering" or "pulling out for a fat take" or waiting for "thirty."

The real, old-time printer represents a factor in American progress that entitles him to reverent memory by any who have



CASTING BAY

old-fashioned printing shops when they are "wetting down" the paper before going to press, and in watching them polish the rust from the bed of the old "grasshopper" preparatory to putting on the weekly forms, and spreading forth the weekly intelligence of the dear old town.

When it comes to deciphering unintelligible handwriting, the old-time printer at the case can still set type from "copy" that would throw the modern printer into despair. Who can forget this printer of the old days, who by "pulling out hard" could get up a string of ten thousand ems,

ever held the compositor's stick, and have lifted the rule with thumb and finger as the letters crept in with a click, line by line, and the story was told.

After a visit to the Cambridge press in England, and to the spot in Germany where Gutenberg first printed from movable type, it was an inspiration to view in the great factory on Communipaw Avenue the wonderful strides that have been made in the printer's art. Since the days when printers cast their own type, the specialization of the various operations of the craft has become sharply established,



until typefounding is today a separate business and indispensable science of the printer's supplies. It ranks as a manufacture second to none in importance. Balzac at one time established a model typefoundry in Paris, but civil unrest forced him to abandon the project just as his equipment was completed, and he often said that the rest of his life was spent in paying the bills contracted. The first type cast in America was made in 1735 by Christopher Saur, at Germantown, Pennsylvania. Ben Franklin once attempted to set up a typefoundry—but in those days the printer's long credits were too much—or too little—for "Poor Richard."

In the early part of the Eighteenth Century, Messrs. D. & G. Bruce (the latter for whom Hon. George Bruce Cortelyou was named) established a typefoundry in New York City. Previous to this, type was cast by hand, first cutting a punch or die resembling the required letter in hardened steel. It was a long and laborious task to make the matrix and then the metal, but today on the machines of the American Typefounders, every character, figure and point of punctuation has its own distinct punch and matrix. Years of labor and millions of dollars have been expended in perfecting automatic machines to multiply the work of human hands and to furnish greater accuracy than by the old methods. At the present time everything is reckoned by "points"—brilliant is three and one half point and so on up to pica, twelve point. Thus has been avoided confusion of the bourgeois, brevier, minion and nonpareil of the old days.

The rainy day at Communipaw was

not "cold and dark and dreary," like that described by Longfellow. Every nook and corner of the great foundry was explored with intense interest. No one was "out of sorts" that day in the splendid establishment of the American Typefounders. The workers in the different departments were most courteous in explaining various processes and cordially welcomed the visitor.

The first impulse of any development is indissolubly associated with printing, and as I saw miles of neat cases containing the different "sorts" and styles of types, the thought came that the typefoundry might well be termed the mint of industrial progress, in fact, the mint universal—for here are designed and recast, year after year, the coin of all realms that disseminate intelligence and information.

The wind was howling without and the rain spattered the window-panes, but wandering along the great corridors, I felt that a day at the great typefoundry was one which every printer would enjoy. The visit revealed more objects of interest than could be found in a museum, for there was shown the actual making of things that are indispensable in the progress of the art preservative.

Every delightful day must have its close. "Thirty" was called as the night-bell rang and the last "take" fluttered from the hook. The forms were closed. The noise of the planer resounded with familiar clatter and the thump of the "shooting stick" on the quoins punctuated the last word to be spoken by the letters in the form as they were whirled to the presses, there to tell the story sculptured in type from the factory at Communipaw.





THE BRIENZ ROTHORN ASCENDS FROM THE MEDIEVAL VILLAGE OF BRIENZ AND AFFORDS MANY CHARMING VIEWS OF AN EXTENSIVE AND VAST PANORAMA. IT IS AN ALWAYS POPULAR EXCURSION FOR THE VISITORS TO THE BERNESE OBERLAND

# Swiss Mountain Climbing by Rail

by B. G. Bowman

**I**N the very heart of Europe, at the highest point of the mountain crest, where some of her mightiest rivers begin their course from the glaciers to the seas, Switzerland, smaller in area than many American states, attracts every year an army of tourists, estimated at 2,500,000 souls.

A confederated republic of thirty sovereign states or cantons, unequal in area and population, diverse in race, language, religion and customs; often in the past bitterly antagonistic upon issues that have estranged and desolated nations; and yet, for fifteen centuries and a half, united against foreign invasion or intrigue and true to liberty and justice beyond all surrounding countries—the character of the Swiss people, as well as the sublime majesty and beauty of her scenery, have secured such a firm hold on the imagination and esteem of mankind that hitherto no mountain-land, however grand and beautiful, has been able to attract to itself a tithe of the yearly concourse which considers the Swiss tour the very heart's desire of the summer *wanderlust*.

Only half a century ago, the heights of Switzerland and the magnificent views obtainable from their empyrean peaks, were only accessible to the comparatively few tourists who, with alpenstock, steel-shod foot-gear and the aid of rope and ice-axe, could follow the local huntsman or herdsman guide across the treacherous glaciers and scale the jagged ledges, which, like the very bulwarks of Olympus, barred the way aloft.

A host of great men, and not a few famous women, thus visited in those days the peaceful valleys, beautiful lakes, broken pasture-heights and snow-clad peaks of this mountain land: Gœthe, Schiller, Byron, Humboldt, Longfellow, Bodin, Voltaire, Calvin, Agassiz, D'Aubigne, Thorwaldsen, Rousseau, Dickens, Napoleon, ah! how many more immortals have deemed themselves fortunate—however rich or great—that, with wearied bodies but inspired souls, they were permitted to view and sojourn in the mountain-land of freedom, into which every civilized country poured an ever-increasing stream of tourists and temporary residents, seekers of health or pleasure.

A country of many highways, country roads, bridle paths and footpaths innumerable, the demand for improved transportation long ago exhausted the ordinary resources of a country in which even the agriculturist spends a large part of his busy season in removing with his herds and flocks from his fields and vineyards of the arable valleys to the higher meadows and loftier mountain pastures, and back again, as the exigencies of cultivation and harvest, or the approach of winter demand. Railroads paralleled the highroads; steamboats replaced the antique ferry-boats and packets on the lakes; bridle roads were broadened, graded and bridged; and iron spikes and rods made firmer supports to adventurous climbers of hitherto inaccessible peaks and mountain walls; but even these improvements could not begin to meet the needs of travelers.

As a result, not only the great mountain passes were tunnelled for railway transportation, but the utmost resources of modern engineering were enlisted in the task of providing mountain railways, which, unassailable by avalanche or landslide, should surmount the dizzy heights and establish shelter and comfort for travelers within a few paces of the crests of great mountains.

even the Swiss mountain pastures are especially famous.

From Stans, a cable railway four thousand yards in length, and divided into three sections, conveys the tourist in fifty-seven minutes to the summit of the Stanserhorn. Each section has its own power house, the electric motors of the first and third being supplied from the dynamos of the central station. At the center of each



THE STANSTAD-ENGELBERG LINE BRINGS ONE THROUGH THE ROMANTIC VALLEY OF THE AAR, TO THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE OF ENGELBERG, MUCH FREQUENTED

The Stanstad-Engelberg Line brings one through the romantic valley of the Aar to the prosperous town of Engelberg, now greatly visited by tourists in both summer and winter.

Stans, the capital of the Nidwalden, the eastern half of the canton of Unterwalden, has a population of over three thousand people, and is surrounded by vast orchards and a valley whose meadows are, in their season, ablaze with the varied colors of the many wild flowers for which

section the ascending and descending cars pass each other. There are no toothed rails, safety being secured by a very powerful automatic braking system. On the first section the car ascends very slowly at first, passing through orchards, vineyards, meadows and fields of grain, but eventually reaches a gradient of twenty-seven feet in the hundred. Reaching the end of this section, the passengers change cars to a grade of forty feet in the hundred and are carried through wooded





THE RHAETIAN RAILWAY PASSES THROUGH SOME OF THE WILDEST AND GRANDEST SCENERY OF THE GRISONS, AND CONVEYS, BOTH IN SUMMER AND WINTER, THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS TO THE POPULAR RESORTS ALONG ITS LINE

steeps and over rushing torrents, into a deep cutting, from whence emerging they reach the third section in thirteen minutes, the grade having increased to a pitch of sixty feet in the hundred.

Here, from the hamlet of Blumatt, the cars of the third section proceed, at the same steep gradient, and pass through a tunnel four hundred and fifty feet in length to the terminus at the Hotel Stanserhorn, whence a mountain path leads by easy stages to the summit of the Stanserhorn, only sixty feet above. The

and skin diseases is here a specialty, and many patients eat little or nothing else for weeks but Tokay, Burgundian and other famous grapes, of course under the direction of physicians who have made the grape-cure a specialty. Other "cures" are specialized at other Swiss villages: Gais, in northeastern Switzerland, has; or had, a "whey-cure," which consisted of drinking large quantities of goat's milk whey. It is told of one ironical Switzer that, it being remarked by some of these faddists that the real cure consisted in



THE BEX-GRYON VILLARS LINE SERVES SEVERAL POPULAR SUMMER AND WINTER RESORTS AND PASSES THROUGH SOME CHARMING COUNTRY

view, said upon the whole to be unexcelled in the Bernese Oberland, commands the peaks of the Bernese Alps, the Lake of Lucerne and the hills of northern Switzerland, besides the lakelets of Zug, Baidegg, Hallwill and Sempach. The ascent on foot is made by an active man in three hours and a half.

The Bex-Gryon-Villars Line runs from Bex, a city of nearly four thousand people on the Avancon River, a very popular resort for summer tourists, and even more famous in autumn, when the surrounding vineyards are glowing with luscious golden-green, topaz and purple clusters. The grape-cure for indigestion, kidney

"going back to nature," he exclaimed with a laugh, "Back to nature! Back to Mother Nature, eh? Is that their notion? Then why don't they go to Heinrichsbad?" Which resort, by the way, is noted for a "cure" through imbibing asses' milk.

At Bevieux (Old Bex) the road passes the rocksalt mines, from which the Swiss government procures most of the salt whose sale is a government monopoly and often sold only by the local postmaster, who deals not only in stamps, but in salt. At this point a toothed rail is brought into play, and the gradient rapidly increases, as the cars pass through woods of walnuts and chestnuts, here an important item



THE PILATUS RAILWAY IS KNOWN TO EVERY VISITOR TO LUCERNE, AND MANY SPEND A NIGHT ON THE SUMMIT TO ENJOY THE GLORIOUS SPECTACLE THAT THE SETTING AND THE RISING OF THE SUN AFFORD

of the diet and income of their owners; cross the brawling Avancon, issue into a section of mountain pastures, affording charming views of the Vallee des Plans and its encircling glaciers, besides serrated and lofty peaks which few tourists should essay without an experienced guide. A curving tunnel six hundred and fifty-four feet long carries the road to the north side

from this point are magnificent in the extreme.

From Montreux on the southeastern arm of Lake Geneva, nestling among its famous vineyards and orchards and itself a great resort for tourists and especially converts to the "grape-cure," the Montreux-Oberland Line has long connected the port with the Bernese Oberland. A new branch, some two miles in length, with a rack-and-pinion system, and surmounting the steepest grades, passes under the old line by a tunnel 1,401 feet in length, crosses the gorge of the Bay de Montreux by a splendid iron bridge, skirts the hillsides, affording magnificent views of Lake Geneva and the Alpine range; dives through a tunnel under the Territet-Cable Road and encircles the picturesque tufa cliffs of Tooevres. Turning back by a spiral tunnel 130 feet in length and gaining in altitude 164 feet, it connects with the Glion & Naye Railway for Lake Thun and way stations.

The Jungfrau Railway, an electric rack-and-pinion system narrow-gauge road, begun in 1897 and completed in 1905, has a maximum gradient of twenty-five in one hundred, ascends from the Scheidegg ridge over pastures and rocky wastes, commanding views of the Jungfrau and other guardians of the Lauterbrunnen valley, and reaches through a tunnel 276 feet, along the

Eiger Glacier station. Thence ascending the rocky slope, the train reaches a terrace cut in the living rock, where a well-kept buffet accommodates tourists, who can thence survey part of Lake Thun and an immense area of northern Switzerland. This road is now being extended, and will eventually reach a platform of the Jungfrau only 240 feet below the summit, which has an altitude of 13,670 feet.

The Jungfrau was considered "impossible" until 1811, when Rudolf and Heilro-



THE STANSERHORN LINE PROCEEDS UP THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN, TRANSPORTING TOURISTS FROM STANS, NEAR THE LAKE OF LUCERNE, TO THE SUMMIT

of the ridge, which course affords magnificent views of the valley of the Rhone and connects Bex with Gryon, a small but picturesque and sheltered hamlet, at which many tourists winter.

Leaving Gryon and crossing an iron bridge on the picturesque Gryonese, the train ascends to Villars-sur-Ollon, almost as greatly frequented in winter as in summer. The air is mild but bracing, and chilly north winds are almost unknown.

The views of the Mont Blanc group





THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY AT PRESENT ASCENDS FROM THE KLEINE SCHEIDEGG TO EISMERE, 10,370 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL, AND AFFORDS A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF THE SURROUNDING PEAKS AND GLACIERS

solumus Meyer of Aarau first reached the summit, a feat successfully achieved but four times between that date and 1851. Although difficult and fatiguing, it has never been the scene of the tragedies which have attended Alpine climbing in other localities.

The bold and isolated peak of Mount Pilatus, about one mile to the southwest of Lake Lucerne, reaches an altitude of 6,599 feet above sea level, and in ancient times was called "*Mons Fractus*," or the "Broken Mountain," later known as "*Mons Pilatus*" (the hatted or cloud-capped mountain), because its summit was so frequently obscured by mists. It also became associated with a tradition that Pilate, who delivered the Christ to his executioners, found in a dark and savage lakelet in its fastnesses the rest denied him living or dead elsewhere upon earth. One tradition is that on his return to Rome from his term of service as governor of Judea, he was cast into prison, and overwhelmed with remorse and shame, committed suicide. Cast into the river, Father Tiber would not receive his body, and after a terrific storm of many days, the accursed corpse was taken into Gaul and thrown into the Rhone at Vienne, near Lyons. The Rhone also refused it sepulture, and again the dead Roman governor was committed to the deep, this time in the Lake of Geneva. Again the Genevan waters, lashed by continuous storms, refused to harbor the evil spirit, still chained to its accursed clay. A third time it was taken up and cast into a deep and lonely mountain tarn; even here, however, storms and floods testified to the revolt of nature, and brought destruction to the hamlets, flocks and herds at the base of the cloud-capped mountain. Finally a scholar, wise in necromantic lore, exorcised the unblest spirit, which consented to a pact by which on Good Friday alone, whoever dared to visit Pilatus' Lake would be confronted by the Roman governor, who "saw no evil" in the accused Christ, but permitted his crucifixion.

Henceforth the land was at rest, but on the return of Good Friday, whoever by ill fortune stumbled upon Pilatus Lake saw Pilate seated on a throne-like rock above the gloomy waters, grim, ghastly and towering in his red toga; sure omen that the terrified beholder would die in a twelvemonth. A variant of the tradition tells that Pilate, driven from honor and home, threw himself into Lake Pilatus and so perished. It was not until another scholar, Conrad Gesler, in 1555, ascended the mountain and gave a scientific explanation of certain phenomena that the people of Lucerne regained courage enough to frequent the scene of this tradition. It is generally held that while the cloud hangs over the peak, fine weather will prevail, while, if it is drawn off in long, stringy clouds, rain or snow may be expected.

But today there are few legends and little weariness to agitate the tourist, who simply wishes to enjoy the fine bracing air and beautiful scenery accessible from Lucerne by the Pilatus railway. It is an electric rock-and-pinion system roadway, with a very steep gradient, averaging forty-two feet in the hundred. Its terminal station at the summit of Pilatus, while considerably lower than some neighboring peaks, is so located apart from the nine other peaks of the group as to afford the most comprehensive and magnificent views of the whole.

The Rhigi and Mount Pilatus divide between them the great majority of such as make "the grand tour," and have no desire to risk life and limb for the privilege of carrying home an alpenstock carved with the name of each mountain which he has ascended; all the more that the alpenstock can be bought and inscribed all the same. Seriously, however, the construction of these and like mountain railroads have enabled millions to visit and enjoy to the full the pleasures of Alpine travel who could never have scaled the heaven-piercing observatories in the old, heroic way,

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We are more gratified by the simplest lives or words which can suggest the idea in its own naked beauty, than by the robe and the gem which conceal while they decorate.  
—*Ruskin*.

# AN American Merchant Abroad & FLYNN WAYNE



QUESTION that always comes to the London visitor these days is "Were you at Selfridge's?" It seems as natural as a query concerning the Tower or Crystal Palace. This fact is most significant of the power of exploitation as conducted on the American plan. The historic houses of London carry the messages of trade in advertisement. The very air of London—conservative and dear old town—is surcharged with the modern shopping spirit which the intrepid mer-

chant has recognized as an international trend of trade.

When Mr. Harry Selfridge was manager of Marshall Field's in Chicago, he dreamed of running a modern "shop" in dear old London that would surpass even Liberty's or Peter Robinson's in its hold upon the buyer's confidence. The United States has many successful merchants who were born and reared in England, Scotland and Ireland. Why not an American in England? For many years in close touch with the markets of European cities, Mr. Selfridge



THE GREAT STORE OF SELFRIDGE & COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON  
Situated at Oxford, Duke and Somerset streets, halfway between Bond Street and Marble Arch

knew that American shops sometimes received the very latest modes and fabrics from Europe as quickly as these reached the leading shops of Berlin, London and

seated at one time. Some critics insist that the owner wins English trade via the palate route.

Mr. Selfridge's exploitation campaign was one of the most effective ever launched in England. The best artists, the best writers, were employed to prepare the announcements which occupied full pages in the London papers. The motor busses have cards suggesting a visit to Selfridge's at the very entrance. "You must go to Selfridge's"; every woman is impressed with this fact from the moment she comes within the historic walls of London in these days. Only a few shillings may be spent, but the joy of a shopping expedition is dear to the hearts of women. And Mr. Selfridge's campaign was in no sense offensive to the cherished traditions of English



PORTION OF THE DRUG AND PERFUMERY DEPARTMENT OF THE GREAT SELFRIDGE STORE IN LONDON, ENGLAND

Paris. Now remember in England you must say shops—not stores.

Following his retirement from Marshall Field's, the young American started at once to carry out his life's purpose. A model department store was built in London on Oxford Street, the great retail shopping center. The details were carefully planned. Each department was fitted out with complete attention to stock and the comfort of shoppers. The traditional prejudice of English women against shopping on the American plan was made the subject of international physiological study. In England it is not the custom to go into a shop and inspect goods unless you know precisely what you desire to purchase. This notion has been changed since Selfridge's was opened in London, and now women of all nations are found at Selfridge's shopping on the American plan. The great luncheon hall is crowded every day to its fullest capacity—thousands

shopping. He simply furnished the notion of shop-keepers "with a continuous public exposition of the goods in all markets for inspection." As our English cousins

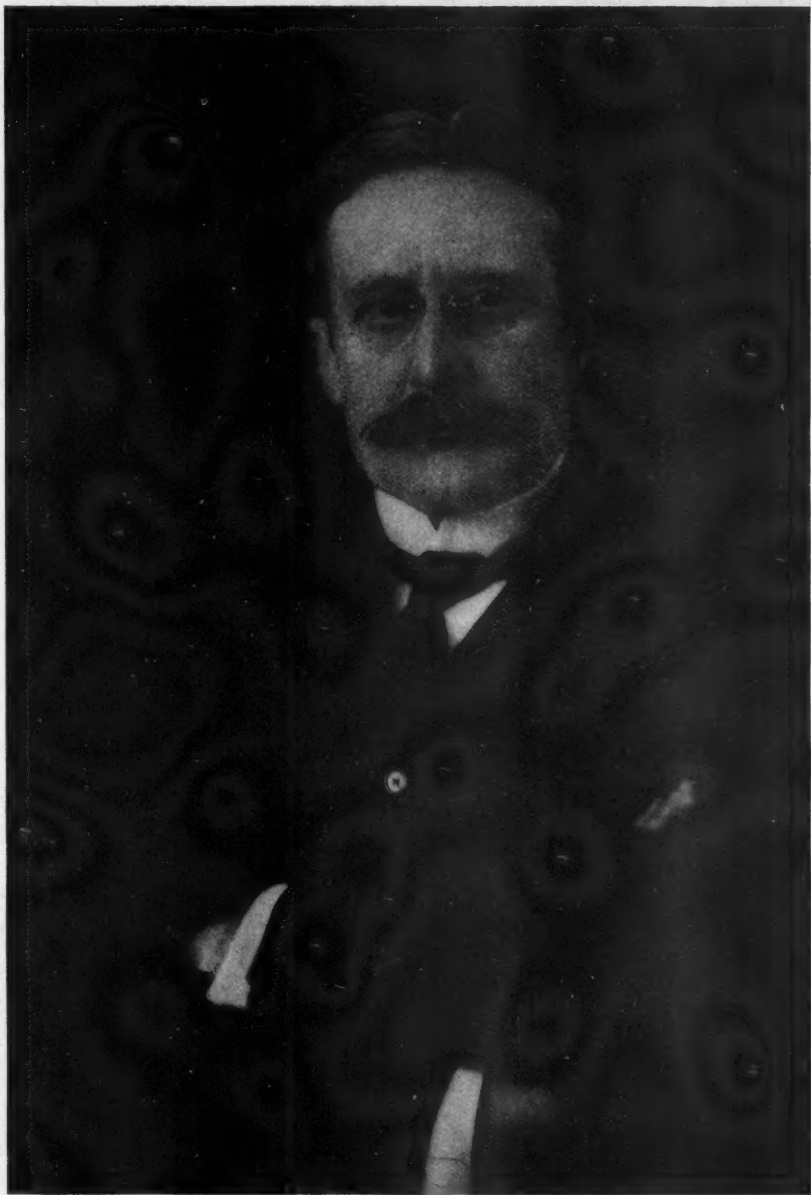


SILENCE ROOM

The rest room of the great Selfridge stores in England

remarked to me, "It's quite as good as a real visit to America—to shop at Selfridge's. In fact, I may say it's almost equivalent to a trip to Paris—just to see things."





H. G. SELFRIDGE  
AT THE HEAD OF THE GREAT LONDON STORE BEARING HIS NAME

What a sight it was on a warm, sunny day to see the aisles of Selfridge's thronged with purchasers inspecting and purchasing all kinds of useful and necessary commodities with all the intensity and "form" observed at Marshall Field's on a great sale day. English people that first doubted have

come to appreciate the American phenomenon here displayed. The modern department store has become an international institution, and London has recognized the necessity of Selfridge's to complete the reputation and facilities of the world's greatest shopping center.

## MOTHER'S SPHERE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THERE'S never a place on the whole wide earth,  
 There's never an hour or minute,  
 But something happens—for grief or for mirth—  
 There's always a mother in it.  
 Oh, maybe a Little Boy Blue has died,  
 Or maybe fledgling linnet.  
 Somebody's darling and somebody's pride—  
 There's always a mother in it.

There's always a crown or coveted seat—  
 Someone stands to lose or win it;  
 Whate'er the issue be, or sour or sweet,  
 There's always a mother in it.  
 Whether a wedding dress or whether shroud,  
 There's always a hand to spin it.  
 Sighing and sad or radiant and proud,  
 There's always a mother in it.

Oh, maybe it's just a bonnet or cap  
 That's needing a pin to pin it.  
 Oh, maybe a cry for cookie or snap,  
 There's always a mother in it.  
 Oh, maybe a lesson so hard to learn,  
 Curlylocks fears to begin it.  
 Wherever you go, wherever you turn,  
 There's always a mother in it.

For everywhere in the round of this life  
 And in every day and minute,  
 Come joy or pain, or come peace or come strife,  
 There's always a mother in it.  
 Oh, maybe a little Christ Child is born,  
 Or maybe nestling linnet—  
 Someone is happy at night and at morn,  
 There's always a mother in it!

# Christmas in Alaska

: by :

Louise I. MacWhinnie



CHRISTMAS comes but once a year" may be true of every other place over which floats the Stars and Stripes, but it is not true of Alaska. Russia, at the dawning of the Twentieth Century, turned back her Julian calendar twelve days to accept the Gregorian and to celebrate the incoming of the new era with other civilized nations; but Alaska, child of Russia, adopted daughter of our own country, has not done so, and the natives of the Russian-Alaska church still follow the reckoning of the Julian calendar. This means that they observe their Christmas Day just twelve days after our own. To many of these natives, Russian America is a dearer name than the United States, and the Czar's picture, shrouded in mosquito netting, means more than that of the President.

According to the Russian church in Alaska, Christmas begins at two o'clock in the morning of January sixth, by our time. The church bells call the people to prayer, and when the natives come out of their barabaras, or huts, they see a shining Star of Bethlehem over the church to guide them on their way. The church itself is a square, wooden building decorated with pictures of saints, hanging brass bowls for incense and tall candlesticks of wrought brass and copper. There are no seats nor is the building heated. The men and women are on opposite sides of the room, either standing or kneeling, and on Christmas morning the service lasts for two hours. Other services are held during the day, but the actual celebration begins on Christmas night, when bands of carol

singers start forth to sing at different houses, each band having a large star, which is constantly turned while they sing.

This star is made of tissue paper of every color, elaborately trimmed with tinsel and silver. Balls of crinkled paper hang from each point of the star, and red, white and blue roses are fastened to the center. The singers also carry tall standards, or transparencies, and through crepe paper of various shades the candles throw their light. They first visit a stable and then go from house to house, expecting to be treated to vodka for their singing. The songs are weird monotone chants in the old Russian, or in the Aleut language.

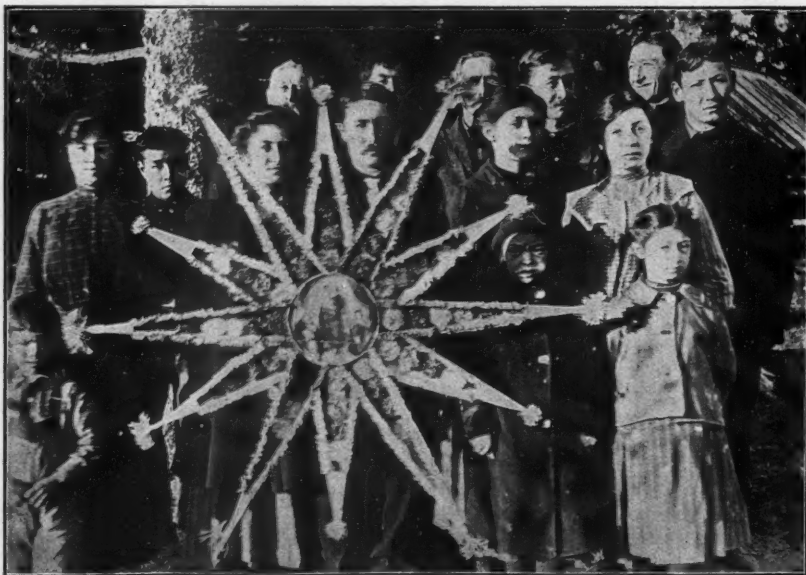
During the remaining nights of Christmas week another Biblical scene is presented—Herod's men searching the infant Jesus to kill him. Someone knocks at the door, and when it is opened, a small masked party enters very softly and mutely occupies itself in searching. After some little time it passes out as silently as it came. This carol singing and masquerading are continued for three nights, but they must be wary on the third night, for then other masqueraders are abroad to destroy every star they can get hold of. The priest discourages this, and those who participate in it must take a plunge in the icy Pacific before they can go to the church services. But the young natives prefer to pay the penalty, and masquerading continues until the end of the year.

On their thirty-first of December a ball is usually given by the chief of the island. The dance hall is a small room lighted by dripping candles, and the floor is most uneven. Music is furnished by an accordion and harmonica. The old year is

represented, and enjoying himself, he dances with everyone until twelve o'clock, when the new year enters and the old one is kicked out of the door.

During a month's stay on one of these distant Aleutian islands a group of native singers came to welcome us and sang for us their chant of the Bethlehem Star. An Alaskan is ever hospitable and friendly, for it is one of the teachings of his sacred ancestor, the Raven, and he must always be ready to entertain a stranger, whatever

man's best known title. He is the son of the last Russian lieutenant-governor of Alaska who held office when this country was called Russian America. Nicholas Pavloff was born in St. Petersburg, and came to Alaska when a very small lad. He was educated in San Francisco, and was later made an agent for the North American Commercial Company. He has a speaking knowledge of German, French and English, while he speaks both Russian and Aleut to the island natives.



A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF FAR-OFF ALASKA  
Mr. Pavloff will be seen in the back row next to the tree

his mission may be. We, in turn, tried to show our friendliness and gave our guests something to eat, but when the songs were sung and the food gone, they did not know how to leave. Finally the old blind man, leader of the singing, arose and said, "It is go-time," and out into the night went the little band, following the gleam of the only star they knew, while the harmony of the solemn Russian music grew faint in the distance.

But the real leader of the group waited for a few moments and in detail explained to us the meaning of the ceremonies. "Nicholas Pavloff, interpreter," is this

No Greek church service is complete without his deep tones to help chant the responses, no Russian gayety wholly joyous without his leading voice and no gathering of English-speaking people is able to talk successfully with the natives unless Mr. Pavloff interprets. He may be called the lay-reader of the Greek church on one of these Pacific islands, for when snow and ice prevent the priest from making the perilous journey from island to island, Mr. Pavloff acts in his place. His home is the neatest on the island, his hospitality the truest, as he offers you roses, preserved whole with their buds and



leaves, or salmon berries drenched in oil. A winding road leads to his cottage, o'er-topped by the straight Alaska cedars, symbolic, like himself, of the sturdy strength of this great white country. From his windows you look for miles out over the boundless Pacific, or to the snow-covered mountains to the westward. Here, looking over to the islands beyond, Nicholas Pavloff told me, in his broken English—and his words I quote—the true story of the Russian Christmas.

Read, those of you who live safely bounded within the forty-eight best states of our Union and consider that you are listening to the son of one of the last Russian officials of "Aliaska," who remembers this territory, not as the northern possession of the United States, but as a country loyal to the Czar of all the Russias.

"OLD CUSTOMS OF RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS  
FESTIVALS

"The star is the principal part to begin with—the frame of which is made of wood, glued to the center double hoop, to which are fastened two cross wise strips of wood, and a small hole is made, through which is put a round about foot-long stick; at the front of it is fastened fancy trimmings, some suitable for the occasion picture, such as the birth of Christ and a Virgin with an infant Christ. These stars have sometimes eight prongs with tasselled ends. To accompany it they

have two or four square paper colored lanterns set on a four-foot stick and lighted with a paraffine candle set inside of it.

"On the first day of Russian-Alaska Christmas, after sunset and the short church prayer, young men and boys and girls, in groups of six or more, take their star and go visiting people. The owner of this Bethlehem star (as it is called) keeps it revolving while they sing different carols, such as:

Glorify the Christ who is born today,  
Christ came down from Heaven,  
Christ on earth, exalt yourself  
Whole earth sing to the Lord,  
Men, sing with delight to the Glorified One.

This day the Virgin brings forth the Existing  
God,  
And from all inaccessible caverns  
Angels with shepherds announce the birth,  
And the magicians are traveling with a star.

Now universal joy appeared to us,  
Glorified God was born from Virgin Mary.  
To this heavenly angels wonder much,  
People on earth rejoice to this.

And after they get through singing, the holder of the star says a short speech to the host and hostess of the house, wishing them many happy days, while his choir will sing 'Mnogaia letta,' which means 'many happy days.' If they are poor they get a little money. Otherwise they get sweetmeats, and so they get on their way to the next house."

## LOVE UNDYING

LIFE is not long,  
Joy hath an ending ever,  
Brief is the sweetest song;  
But Love flows on forever  
Till its clear waters join the mystic sea,  
Unfathomed, boundless, of Eternity.

*Charles Winslow Hall.*

# Sabianism and Christ

By JOHN IRVING PEARCE, Jr.

WHEN the ancient Chaldeans in Babylon fair,  
That gate "of the gods" with its gardens of air,  
Kneeled down and adored at the shrines of the stars,  
Saturn, Jupiter, Mercury, Venus and Mars,

They were not so unwise as at first it would seem;  
There was something unique in their beautiful dream—  
That poetic conception of gods in the night  
Beaming down starry-eyed from their tourmaline height.

And though Babylon fell and her temple of Bel  
These their heavenly shrines trembled not at her knell,  
But argent, serene and untroubled of man,  
Still harked to those prayers that no mortal could ban.

It was thousands of years before Jesus was born,  
And the star of Nativity challenged the morn;  
Yet these child-like Chaldeans' pre-instinct of Love  
Chose the same stellar symbol to guide them above.

In Acadian fields, through the night's triple ward,  
The lone shepherd, rapt-orbed, sought his star-spirit lord;  
The prophetic prototype, humble and true,  
Of his brothers who watched for the Nazarene Jew

Came this beautiful thought of a beautiful faith  
As I walked in God's night-blooming garden of grace,  
And the light of the stars seemed so holy and still,  
Shining down on the altar of ev'ry green hill.

And this faith was, I felt, the forerunner disguised  
Of the promise and coming and glory of Christ,  
And the pure heart's libations had power to atone  
In that past ere the bright Star of Bethlehem shone.

# New Books in My Library

by

Joe Mitchell Chapple



EVERY well-regulated library is supposed to have rules and regulations in conventional form, properly posted, but I know of one library free from all rules and regulations, as a single glance would prove.

On returning from a long trip I mount the steps to "the second floor back" for an evening all alone in the library. There are pyramids of papers on the desk. I find the inkwell a vagrant, the paperweight on the floor, the wastebasket in a chair, and the books standing around atilt, as if they arrived home late in the morning.

Yes, it's on one corner of the desk—the northeast corner to be exact—a new pile of books from new and old friends smiles at me—all just as I left it, according to the understanding that one pair of hands only keeps that corner of the house.

That library desk is like human affairs—I may as well be frank—the friend is recognized before the stranger, and as I pick up the several volumes the thought comes, "Now, here's for a session all alone with the books of friends." The overture is a lingering glance at each cover page and then a glance at the contents page. Gently the jacket is slipped off—for it's warm in this library—an admiring glance at the bold letters in gold and then the pipe—we're off.

These are not literary criticisms; they are the fruit of an evening with a group of book friends that dropped in and are sitting on the corners of the table. There is no room for the cynical critic here. Every chapter and every page is covered

with a hop and skip. And—sometimes I wonder if careful and painstaking reading of a book is the best method of getting at its big broad purpose.

\* \* \*

ON the top of the pile I find "The Songs of Cy Warman." It's a neat book, daintily bound, and the inscription, "To Vonda Marie Warman, with the Full Tide of a Father's Love" shows that human blood courses in the veins of the volume. The Rand-Avery Company of Boston are the publishers and hold the copyright. But again hold—for the first of Cy Warman's songs is "Sapho." Visions of a censured drama come to mind. But read Cy's opening song, in a soft and gentle tone:

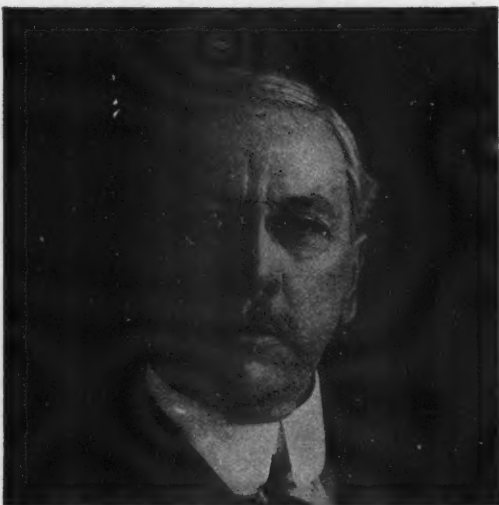
Soul of Sapho! if tonight  
When my boat is drifting near  
Your fair island, spirit bright,  
If I sing, and if you hear,  
From your island in the sea,  
Soul of Sapho, signal me.

Now a locomotive engineer—and that's what Cy was long ago—has one thing uppermost in his mind as he holds the throttle and dashes over the rails. The signal is the absolute mentor, and it seems appropriate that the first verse in Cy's book should include an appeal for signals.

Turning over, skipping a page, perhaps more—I find the pastoral gem "When the Cows are Coming Home," and one line sings itself over and over again:

Oh, the sweet forget-me-never,  
I should like to live forever.

Here is a duet entitled "You, Love," and of course a duet means two. Then there is "Take Me Back to Indiana,"



CY WARMAN

Whose verse will sing itself into the hearts of future generations

whose lines are fervid with all the intensity of a son of Hoosierdom.

"This Little Pig Went to Market" recalls treasured moments with the littlest and dearest of babies. There is a tribute to the old town, and the clickety-click of verse that suggests the haunting rhythm that so often besets the fancy of the

Seen," and "More or Less Personal." Somehow in these days the reader wants to make his own classifications, and above all—give him variety. In the last division are poems to the various cities, from Jerusalem to Cheyenne, and including San Francisco. We look in vain for an ode to Boston. Cy has certainly slighted the head center of culture and missed the joke about codfish balls and balls.

Among the lines "More or Less Personal" there is a splendid tribute to the late Doctor Drummond, which somehow makes us take right hold of Cy's hand. In the stanzas "Ju Jitzu vs. Hockey," indited for Colonel Roosevelt, one can realize why there has been such a hearty bond of friendship and admiration between these two scouts of the breezy life.

The cream of the book—the masterpiece—if I may speak my mind under breath, is that one bit of verse that leads off the Thoughtful Rhymes—"Will the Lights Be White?" The poem is more than thoughtful. It is a universal heart expression. Dear old Cy, if you never



CHARLES A. DANA

The late publisher of the *New York Sun*, who predicted great things for Cy Warman



wrote anything else, those three stanzas ought to insure you a crown among the immortals. Who can resist the music, the soulful symphony and the rugged strength of these lines?

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve  
As o'er strange rails we fare,  
I strain my eye around the curve  
For what awaits us there.  
When swift and free she carries me  
Through yards unknown at night,  
I look along the line to see  
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled  
car,

The green light signals show;  
The red light is a danger light,  
The white light, "Let her go."  
Again the open fields we roam,  
And, when the night is fair,  
I look up in the starry dome,  
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who  
dwell

Behind the curving sky?  
No man has ever lived to tell  
Just what it means to die.  
Swift toward life's terminal I  
trend,

The run seems short tonight;  
God only knows what's at the  
end—

I hope the lamps are white.

\* \* \*

ON an Atlantic liner returning from Europe I met a former member of Parliament, and we enjoyed many a delightful chat in the smoking room. One subject which we found of common interest was books, and the British statesman told me of a new book written by his nephew on illuminating and lettering.

It was delightful now to find the volume among the books in the northeast corner, and doubly delightful to note the beautiful inscription, the work of the author, Mr. Edward Johnston, in lettering most distinctive and individual.

The book is a classic on this subject, and well deserves the place it has already attained as a text-book in schools. The subject is so thoroughly and exhaustively treated that no one interested in writing, lettering or illuminating should be without a copy. The publisher is John Hogg, 13

Paternoster Row, London. It is a workshop book, and critically examined from every point of view, is a complete compendium of lettering from the earliest times. It gets back to the basic principles of the blocks. There is a revival of the artistic fervor of the old monastic copyists in the beauty of Greek and Roman letters, showing the derivatives of the alphabet.

"Writing and Illuminating and Lettering" is purely an instruction book, a reference book, a text-book—and yet where is there a person who has not at one time



EUGENE FIELD

Cy Warman's chum and crony and one of the first to realize Cy's greatness as a poet

or another been interested in the subject of lettering? The small boy in primary school begins it on his text-books. The young ladies admire dainty monograms, and it is interesting to see how frequently and differently this is attempted when guests sign their names on the hotel register. Mr. Johnston has a book of rare and instructive value.

\* \* \*

NEXT I find a book that I had glanced at long ago, but now could read thoroughly to enjoy. John U. Higginbotham has written a number of popular books on travel. His "Three Weeks in

Europe" and "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium" are followed by "Three Weeks in the British Isles." The author indulges in a preface, which is quite unnecessary, because by this time everybody ought to know the delightful kind of book that John U. Higinbotham writes.

He starts out in the book proper—Chapter I, page 9—with "London Shops and Streets," and calls to mind familiar sights and scenes to those who have been there, revealing a most vivid picture to those who have not yet covered the ground.

It is plain to see that Mr. Higinbotham's camera started in action early, for he even catches a taxi on the wing. With inimitable gaiety he continues to contrast American and European customs. There is a smile as he remarks that he seldom has found running water in a foreign hotel room unless the roof leaked. The humor in the book is always brimming over—pardon the liquid metaphor.

The pages glisten with bits of fun that are refreshing. The author tells about finding a sentry in front of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid's residence in Dorchester House while Theodore Roosevelt was there, and suggests that it might have been a precaution.

He finds his way from London with a third-class ticket to Windsor. He keeps in that part of the alphabet by going to Winchester. He finds a good restaurant in Salisbury, and like Charles Dickens seems to be partial to the places where they had good things to eat. Mr. Higinbotham refers affectionately to the immortal author of *Pickwick Papers* who made Pecksniff's pupils draw the towers of Salisbury's cathedral.

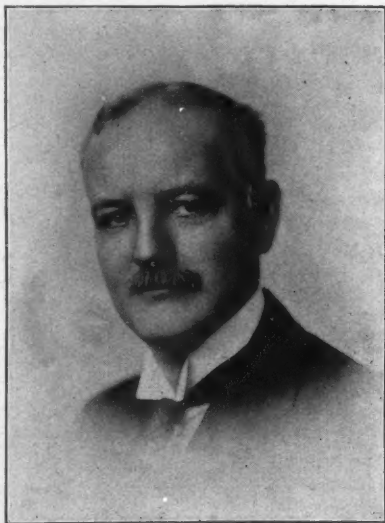
To be entirely proper and fashionable the author fights his way to Bath, the good old health resort so often mentioned in the writings of Fielding and Smollett, Thackeray and Dickens. He might also have gone back to the time of Caesar, who, it is said, knew something of the famous well. The Roman baths built by Claudius about 43 A.D. are mentioned, but the author doesn't record whether or not he took a bath there.

With the enthusiasm of the British undergraduate, Mr. Higinbotham "took the 10.35 up" train to Oxford. He doesn't mention how he got "down" again.

Sir Walter Scott's thrilling novel is recalled by a delightful description of Kenilworth. Mr. Higinbotham finds a very toothsome pudding in Yorkshire, and has a delightful trip through the lake country among the haunts of the distinguished "lake poets." Melrose and Abbotsford are described with an air that indicates something of the author's preference, and he brings in the moon for the Melrose picture.

The whole book is so colloquial, so chatty, that one just simply travels along with the author to Edinburgh, whereat he sees the statue of Abraham Lincoln which graces the capital of Scotland and brings a thrill of American fervor. The Trossachs, Glasgow and Ayr are rich in suggestions of Scott and Bobbie Burns, and there are sketches of the Giant's Causeway, not forgetting the Irish colleen in Galway, a day in Cork, a trip to Blarney Castle and a visit to Dublin.

What more could you ask in a book of travel than to have with you such a charming companion as John U. Higinbotham?



JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM

Who has written another of his inimitable books on travel. This time it's "Three Weeks in the British Isles"

THERE is a homely winsomeness in the title "Wally," the new novel by Guy M. Steely. Here, indeed, is a story of the West, for from the opening page a Western atmosphere pervades every chapter. The frontispiece and illustrations inspire a realization of the genuine thrill of the frontier, and every modern girl, to say nothing of the modern boy, finds a fascination in the life of the saddle. Mr. Steely is a facile writer, and he knows his ground. His experience as the press representative of the Ringling Brothers' circus has given him special vantage points for observations which lend a peculiar charm to "Wally."

The great West of "Wally" is, alas, passing away too rapidly. The days of cowboys and wild adventure are numbered. Barbed wire fences and neat farmsteads encroach more and more upon the wide and open ranges, but we must still have our books that gleam with the wildfire spirit of the prairie lands.

\* \* \*

VISIONS of Rostand and one of the most notable court trials on record for plagiarism are called to mind as I open up "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," by Samuel Eberly Gross of Chicago. It is in play form and was the subject of international litigation in which Mr. Gross secured an injunction against the production of Rostand's play of "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Richard Mansfield in the United States.

The manuscript of the play was submitted in Paris, and it was shown that from it the famous Cyrano was constructed. Aside from all the notoriety that made the book the most sought after of all American comedies, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" is a delightful piece of work and has something of the genuine Shakespearean spirit. Its form and construction heralded the dawn of that class of plays which created such a furor in later years and which have made secure the fame of Rostand and his contemporary dramatists, Barrie, Maeterlinck and others.

To think that the so-called prosaic thread of American village life could be woven into such a charming drama is impressive. The first seventy-five pages will be read

without stopping, and then one will turn to follow the fortunes of Violet Whetstone and Fopdoodle.

The play was presented in London at the Novelty Theater in 1896. Mr. Gross wrote the play during an active—and that means superactive—business career in Chicago and he has good reason to be gratified with the reception of a work that had such a potential influence upon the new form of drama.



GUY M. STEELY

Whose book "Wally" is permeated with the spirit of the old-time West

THE delicate red border lines on the cover of Horace Smith's book, "The War Maker," are only a faint indication of the lurid and fascinating story therein. There is a frontispiece of the hero of this true story, Captain George B. Boynton. The book is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and the preface and the opening note of the book calls attention to the fact that the Captain Boynton was a "real man," the hero of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldier of Fortune," and also responsible for many of the incidents related in Guy Boothby's works. Captain Boynton died at a ripe old age in the early

part of 1911, after a career that makes the most thrilling "blood and thunder" novel seem dumb.

Mr. Smith tells the story of the Captain's career as it was told to him, putting the recital in the mouth of the hardy old "soldier of fortune" himself. Captain Boynton outlines his early life and tells

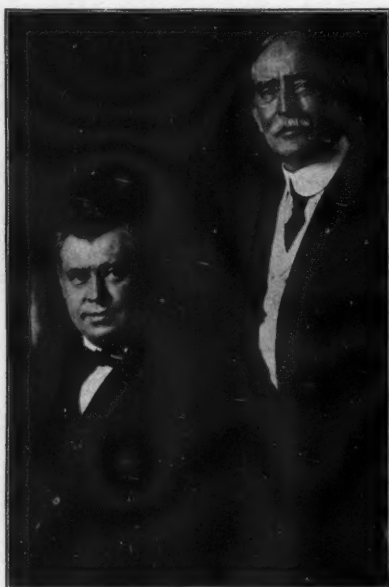


HON. H. C. HANSBROUGH

Former Senator from North Dakota. His novel, "The Second Amendment," reveals his first-hand knowledge of the political affairs of the nation

of the irresistible impulse that resulted in his career. The call of the sea and the love of adventure was in his veins, and he thought no more of joining a filibuster than some people think of taking a Sunday excursion. One thing that the redoubtable soldier seemed always to respect, perhaps because of his early enlistment in the army, was the Stars and Stripes. He filibustered for the Cubans, explored Latin America, preyed on pirates in Singapore, had most startling adventures on the Nile, and as Mr. Smith says, "From Hong Kong to Valparaiso, fighters of all races knew the name of Boynton. From Cape Horn to New York he did not permit himself to be forgotten."

In later years he participated with Castro in the exciting events in Venezuela. Then he came back to New York and ended his days as quietly and respectably as any respectable citizen could have desired. He always insists that if he had his life to live over again he would go the same road; he felt that it was for just such a life that he was created, and that he was a sort of reincarnated filibusterer and buccaneer, and he passed away without disclosing even his true identity, because he felt that all those whom it would interest were dead.



HORACE SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE WAR MAKER," AND CAPTAIN BOYNTON, THE HERO OF THE BOOK

The book is one that whets the curiosity, and you read and read and put down the volume with a sigh that there are no more worlds to conquer or a longer life for the gallant "soldier of fortune."

\* \* \*

IN a handsome blue cover, right at the bottom of the pile, is Dr. Max Heinrich's "Classical Principles of Singing." Dear Max Heinrich, the happy-hearted



singer, has for years been one of America's foremost figures in oratorio. A master among instructors, whatever he says upon the subject of singing is authoritative. The interpretations, examples and excerpts from different compositions in the book are of especial value to the student of music, but the early chapters are of great interest to all lovers of good music.

"Classical Principles of Singing" is the title of this textbook, and it is altogether a valuable addition to the literature of music. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company of Boston have the honor of the imprint as publishers. The chapters include papers on "Voice Production and Voice Placing," "Breath Control," "Phrasing and Diction," "Tone Color" and "Personality." In the last discussion the reader entirely forgets that he is reading a textbook on singing. The author's criticism on personality is able and strong and as interesting as a novel.

What loving tribute is paid to Franz Schubert and his songs! It is easy to understand now why the delightful chamber concerts given by Max Heinrich have so many times offered that great Austrian's masterpieces.

The close relationship of art in all its branches is emphasized by the author, and it is refreshing to find an artist of Mr. Heinrich's ability who can write as well as sing.

Mr. Heinrich was born in Illinois, but has spent much time in Europe, and has been from earliest manhood identified with choral and oratorical music. His appreciation of Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is emphasized in the illustrations which he furnishes. These examples seem like one of those incomparable concerts in which Mr. Heinrich is able not only to sing those passages which express the soul language, but to explain in passing the constructive phases that seem to illuminate and enlarge the wonderful universality of music. After a discussion of all phases of singing, the closing pages conclude the romantic story of "The Brook's Lullaby." The sound of the brook and the hunter's horn in the wood, with the full moon rising, the mist vanishing, the blue sky above and the blue

flowerets below make a most appropriate and picturesque finale of a charming and useful book.

\* \* \*

THERE are memories of long ago as I pick up that dainty volume called "Track's End," by Hayden Carruth, published by Harper's. The story appeared as a serial in *The Youth's Companion* fifteen years ago, and the boys who



MAX HEINRICH OF NEW YORK

The great authority on music whose latest work is "Classical Principles of Singing"

read it then are still talking about it. It is a story of early Dakota life in territorial days and has the snap of thrilling adventure. Every page gleams with the personality of the man who started his journalistic career as the editor, publisher, business manager, art critic, general manager and printer of the *Estelline Bell*, published at Estelline, Dakota, when the two great states were one great territory. The *Bell* ran exchange paragraphs in all the leading papers at that time.

"Track's End" is of deep personal interest because it was my pleasure to see

the proofs of the manuscript. Later I read the story in *The Youth's Companion* and again now that it appears in book form it has been re-read a third time with increased interest.

On the first inside cover of the volume is a famous map, a real "blue print," which the author confesses as his own

interest and animated portrayal of vivid scenes the book makes "Snowbound" seem like a dream. There is something wholesomely human in "Track's End." It is told in a sparkling, rollicking way, and no matter whether it is a boy or his elders, the book holds the reader's interest from beginning to end.

If you want a book to give the boys for Christmas—a book that they will take to bed and prize as you prize those books that you read in youth, get them "Track's End." It has the quality and character of *The Youth's Companion*.

Few of our contemporary authors have ever had a more enthusiastic audience of boys than Hayden Carruth. His rough-and-ready experiences in the early days of Dakota, and his editorial work on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, *Harper's Monthly* and the *Woman's Home Companion* have given him a rich fund of experience with early days of adventure from which to draw material.

As I finished the last page, a scene not recorded in the book came vividly to mind. It was on board a steamboat on the Mississippi, and as the stars shone and became dim with approaching dawn, two young men stood on deck and earnestly discussed the roseate future and the world of literary crusaders. As the boat curved and swung around in the current of the great "Father of Waters," they still talked. One of them was Hayden Carruth, and the pleasant memories of that conversation have been more than realized from the whispered secrets of a young writer's ambition on the bow of a Mississippi steamboat.

The "Who's Who" record declares that Mr. (Fred) Hayden Carruth was born in Lake City, Minnesota, in the year — well, look it up, because you know I referred to two young men.

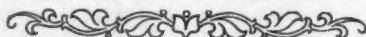


HAYDEN CARRUTH

Author of "Track's End," who began his career as editor of the *Estelline Bell* at Estelline, Dakota, and is now on the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*

handiwork, and the first map he ever made since geography days. It is a praiseworthy effort and you never could make a mistake in following the graphic indications of location of the "points of interest" as the newspapers would chronicle.

"Track's End" is the story of a snow-bound village in Dakota, and for graphic



# THE WAYSIDE INN

By

Mitchell Mannering



EVERY year witnesses an increased interest in the historic shrines of New England. There are perhaps more historic associations of early days in and around Boston than in any other place in the country. When the stranger arrives the first impulse is to see Bunker Hill, Boston Common and the other spots that figure in Colonial and Revolutionary days. Even after the regular routine has been completed it is found that there are many other places not recorded in the guide books. During the summer days hundreds of autos find their way over New England roads toward Sudbury. After a dash over well-traveled highways, the sign of the "Red Horse Tavern" is seen in the distance. What inspiring memories are stirred up at this historic "Wayside Inn"! One feels the force of all he has read of the early colonial history.

Ages ago an Indian trail led from the Shawmut Peninsula at the head of Boston Harbor to the Connecticut River, and when the Puritan had planted the land with infantile settlements, and followed the Valley of the Connecticut to the sea, the "Bay Path" followed the ancient trail and became, in due season, a highway over which packhorse and ox-team, horseman and pedestrian, carried on the archaic

travel and transportation of an era which did not lose all of its primeval and picturesque features until within the memory of men yet living.

It is now hard to realize that less than a century divides us from the days when the stage-coaches for Worcester set out several times daily from the Elm Street booking offices, and made their time schedule with considerable exactness, as they followed the well-traveled highway across West Boston Bridge, through Cambridge, Newton, Waltham, Sudbury, Marlboro, etc., to the Main Street in Worcester. Sudbury was the principal stopping-place on the Worcester route, and for nearly a century not one but some half a dozen taverns were kept busy by the traveling public and the wagoners and drivers, who moved their commodities from the interior to Boston, and carried back other goods in return. Among them, none were larger or more commodious than the "Red Horse Tavern,"



THE SON OF CHARLES DICKENS AT THE WAYSIDE INN

built about 1702-05, by David Howe, whose father, Samuel, a son of John Howe, the original grantee, left him a farm of 130 acres at the foot of the most northern spur of Nobscot Hill, shaded by primeval oaks and tall chestnuts and bordering with precious fringes of meadows the purling waters of Hop Brook.

On this farm, some time in the first years of the Eighteenth Century and during the reign of good Queen Anne, David Howe built the great tavern now

"What do you think?  
Here is good drink;  
Perhaps you may not know it,  
If not in haste,  
Do stop, and taste;  
You merry folks, will show it.

William Molineux, Jr., Boston, June 24th, 1776."

The house seems to have been planned for a family mansion, and intended to maintain the prominence and dignity of a race who were entitled to wear coat armor, and in the early days appear to



THE WAYSIDE INN IN WINTER

"Perchance the living still may look  
Into the pages of this book  
And see the days of long ago  
Floating and fleeting to and fro"

known throughout the world as "The Wayside Inn." It is said to contain no less than eighty-one windows, on one of which, in the parlor, was long inscribed:

"The jovial rhymes that still remain,  
Writ near a century ago  
By the great Major Molineux,  
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made."

These rhymes, with the pane in which they were cut with a diamond ring by Major Molineux, have been framed and so preserved from danger and loss; they run as follows:—

have been possessed of considerable property. At a very early date, however, David Howe established himself as a tavern-keeper, and was succeeded in 1746 by Colonel Ezekiel Howe, who put up the sign of "The Red Horse," which to this day overhangs the portico, and from which it was long known as "The Red Horse Tavern." He became a colonel in the Continental Army, and died in 1796. Adam, his son, succeeded him in the business until 1836, when Squire Lyman Howe became the owner



and landlord of "The Red Horse Tavern," dying a bachelor in 1866, and with him the family became extinct.

In approaching from the east, the road leads among and under enormous oaks, which date back to a period anterior to the settlement of the country. Along the narrow trail which once threaded the forest beneath them, the tribes of the Massachusetts and their hereditary enemies moved in war and fought or retreated in battle.

enemies. During the Indian wars, Sudbury suffered fearfully from the great attack made by King Philip at the dawning of the twenty-first of April, 1676, in which every dwelling and building was destroyed, except the garrison houses, and the forces sent to aid and protect the threatened town suffered a loss of fifty-two men.

Under these oaks, the re-enforcements from Marlboro, commanded by Captain Wadsworth and Captain Brocklebank,



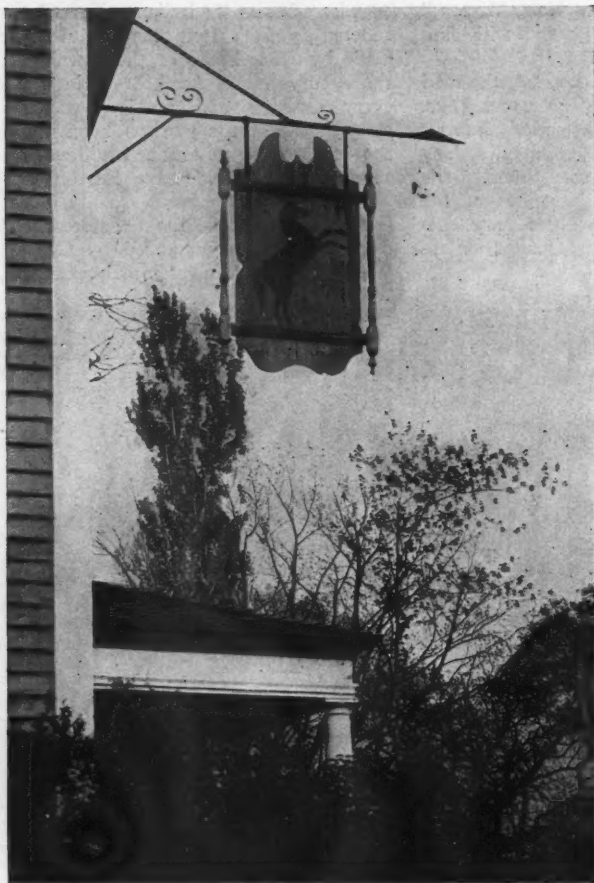
PORCH OF THE WAYSIDE INN

"Built in the old Colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way  
With ampler hospitality"

Later on, as we have seen, they guided the early settlers into the western wilderness by the easiest ways and the most practicable fords, and naturally, to the most fertile and desirable portions of the inner land. Widened to meet the necessities of the nascent civilization, they were traversed by herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, strings of pack-horses and rude wagons drawn by slow-moving, patient oxen, all guarded by horsemen and footmen, who knew that their own strong arms and ready muskets must be ever on the alert against their savage

marched to the unequal combat, and although that terrible day of loss and defeat was soon followed by the death of King Philip, and the destruction of his people, still for many years an Indian raid was a danger to be reckoned with and guarded against.

In the years of the long French and Indian wars that succeeded and in the Revolution, large bodies of troops were moved along this highway, there being no other method of transportation, unless it was possible to go by sea, or along some of the large lakes and rivers. By



THE RED HORSE SIGN  
 "And half-effaced by rain and shine,  
 The Red Horse prances on the sign."

this route General Knox, the Boston book-seller, brought to Boston, over frozen lakes and drifted roads, the captured cannon of Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and in due season, the captured veterans of General Burgoyne and his Hessian levies made their way to their long detention at Boston. Until the Boston & Albany and Boston & Providence Railways ushered in the new era of speedy travel and rapid transportation, thousands of travelers, drovers and wagoners rejoiced at the welcome sight of the "Red Horse Tavern," seen through the

vista of the ancient and broad-spreading oaks.

\* \* \*

Alighting at the ample porch, the passenger was made welcome with a heartiness and simplicity, in strong contrast with the perfunctory greeting which one now receives at a crowded hotel. The experienced landlord was a man of large acquaintance, and to a considerable extent met his customer several times a year; was acquainted with his peculiar desires and took a just pride in satisfying his wants and even catering to his special tastes wherever possible. Not infrequently the man of leisure, especially if accompanied by congenial friends, remained at such a tavern for several days, or possibly for an entire week; often devoting the days to field sports, especially fishing and shooting, and spending the evening over their wine or punch, smoking Vir-

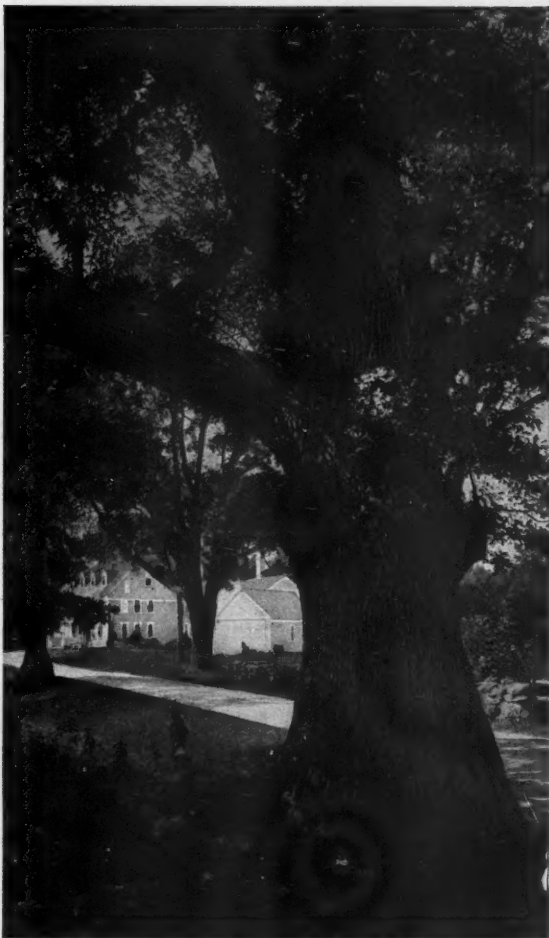
ginia tobacco in long church "warden" clay pipes, and discussing the topics of the day or one after another relating some jest, interesting tradition or "moving adventure by flood or field."

The great bar-room, wherein a port-cullis and railing shut off one corner, defending the mixer of beverages and his precious liquids from any aggression, was, however, the soul and center of a tavern of this era; and herein, every evening and stormy day, gathered a considerable number of travelers and neighbors, most of whom were men of

some marked character or peculiarity, and many of them of varied experience and more or less education. A simple spirit of democracy, kept within decent bounds by the recognition of personal merit, assured position and a certain reverence for just authority, promoted a general feeling of hilarity and good cheer, and at the same time restrained the license which too often characterizes the personnel of a modern bar-room. Almost everyone in those days considered the moderate use of cider and malt liquors as a part of the family provision, and it is said that a hundred years ago many Sudbury families consumed from two hundred to four hundred gallons of cider alone, every year, together with no inconsiderable amount of strong liquors, chiefly wines and New England or Jamaican rum; the latter were largely used in winter in the form of "flip," a mixture of liquor, hot water, sugar and spices which, at such hostelries, was often brought to the boiling point by the insertion of irons heated in the fire, or in a peculiarly shaped iron vessel, with a sharp point, which could be struck firmly into a burning back log and held the precious contents until sufficiently hot. Cider and beer were in cold weather often "mulled" in the same primitive way; the heating of hard cider or strong beer greatly reducing its apparent strength.

In short, the "Red Horse Tavern" was a sensible, comfortable, old-fashioned hostelry, something now almost wholly unknown to the present generation.

It was, and is, however, one of unusual size, surrounded by scenery of unusual



APPROACHING THE WAYSIDE INN

"And through the ancient oaks o'erhead  
Mysterious voices moaned and fled"

beauty and attractiveness, and fully worthy of the commendation of the poet, when he sings

As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old colonial day  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality;  
A kind of old Hob-goblin Hall,  
Now somewhat fallen to decay,  
With weather-stains upon the wall,  
And stairways worn, and crazy doors-  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys, huge, and tiled and tall.

In the days of Longfellow, when he first visited it, it seemed to have retained no inconsiderable part of the business and prestige which it had so long enjoyed; for he said:

A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote, among the wooded hills,  
For there no noisy railway speeds,  
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds,  
But noon and night, the panting teams  
Stop under the great oaks, that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below,  
On roofs and doors and window-sills.  
Across the road, the barns display  
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay;

the year and the steady curtailment of its ancient activities, the poet introduces an interior picture of great beauty and cheeriness.

But from the parlor of the Inn,  
A pleasant murmur smote the ear;  
Like water rushing through a weir,  
Oft interrupted by the din  
Of laughter and of loud applause  
And, in each intervening pause,  
The music of the violin.  
The firelight, shedding over all  
The splendor of its ruddy glow,  
Filled the whole parlor, large and low;  
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,  
It touched with more than wonted grace,



THE PARLOR OF THE WAYSIDE INN

"But from the parlor of the Inn  
A pleasant murmur smote the ear"

Through the wide doors, the breezes blow;  
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,  
And half effaced by rain and shine,  
The Red Horse prances on the sign.  
Round this old-fashioned quaint abode,  
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust  
Went rushing down the country road;  
And skeletons of leaves and dust  
A moment, quickened by its breath,  
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,  
And thro' the ancient oaks o'erhead,  
Mysterious voices moaned, and fled.  
\* \* \*

Into this almost sylvan solitude, already  
blending its beauty with the decay of

Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;  
It bronzed the rafters overhead;  
On the old spinet's ivory keys,  
It played inaudible melodies.  
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,  
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,  
And painted with a livelier red,  
The landlord's coat of arms again.

Into this scene of light and festivity  
he introduces his dramatis personae,  
whose individuality and wealth of dainty  
conversation and interesting saga-telling  
have made "The Wayside Inn" a classic  
the world over.



First the Landlord, "Squire Lyman Howe," Justice of the Peace, somewhat dignified and grave, as becomes his commission, his membership in the Congregational Church and choir, and his official dignity as selectman and member of the town school committee. His townsmen tell of him yet as he leaned back in his old "one-hoss shay" with the leather top flung back, and drawn by a fat, well-conditioned horse on official duties intent.

The student, Henry Ware Wales, scholar, litterateur, book collector, died too soon

theological dissertation; the poet, T. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante's "Divina Commedia"; the musician, Ole Bull, the violinist, and saga-man, and certainly one of the noblest men of his day. Of all these, Parsons, Monti and Treadwell alone were in any sense habitual frequenters of the Red Horse Tavern; and it is barely possible that all the seven had visited it at one time or another; certainly the visits of Longfellow were few and brief, but it is probable that the tales were founded on some romance or senti-



THE LIVING ROOM OR BAR

"What do you think? Here is good drink."—William Molineux, Jr., 1776

to demonstrate his fullest powers, but his rare collections of modern and ancient volumes are among the choicest treasures of the great Harvard Library today.

The "Young Sicilian" was Professor Luigi Monti, a close and congenial friend of Longfellow's; "the Spanish Jew from Alicante," Israel Edrehi, dealer in rare silks, spices, embroideries and perfumes; yet with all his mercantile acuteness a mystic, oriental linguist, and seeker after ancient mysteries. The theologian was Professor Daniel Treadwell, a physicist of considerable reputation with a turn for

ment dear to the friend by whom it is said to have been related.

From his own brief acquaintance with the famous poet, the writer knows that few men took greater pains to learn about men and things beyond the circle of his own experience, and with remarkable success in comprehending new points of view, or alien peoples and customs, and of enshrining them in a new glory of mystery and of song.

\* \* \*

Far back in the antiquity of Oriental literature, the caravanseraï and tavern,

figures in song and story, and philosopher, poet, scholar and priest are depicted as exchanging their wisdom with the lighter purveyors of witty and entertaining gossipry. In the Book of Judges, Samson exchanges with his ill-willers the riddles and anecdotes that once passed current in ancient Philistia; Dan Chaucer mustered his Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard Inn at Southwark, London, and the landlord thereof was the leading spirit of that fair companionship of merry story-tellers. Robbie Burns, in strong

tone, elegance of diction, biographical interest, and dainty, firm and natural treatment of character, scenery and incident. Whether or not all the characters depicted ever met at the old Sudbury inn, or whether, as is certain, some three or four made it their favorite summer retreat, it matters not greatly. The bonds and friendship between all these and the poet were too strong and simple, that the attractions of the Wayside Inn should be forgotten in those numberless conversations which Longfellow held with



WAYSIDE INN AND GARDEN

"Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode  
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust  
Went rushing down the country road"

and garish but faithful colors drew a marvellous picture of the evening diversions of mendicant, tinker, trull and vagrant musician at "Poosey Nancy's," and the magical pen of Dickens has made the White Hart Inn, and many another English and continental inn undying in the realm of literature.

But of all such famous enshrinements of ancient inns and forgotten worthies, with their simple, hearty, and yet not unworthy gossip and entertainment, "The Wayside Inn" stands first in purity of

the characters of his great poem. To learn of Ole Bull the stirring mystical Saga-tales of Gamle Norge; to hear Luigi Monti grow rapt over Boccaccio and Ariosto; to listen while Wales displayed some rare volume in creamy vellum, or the florid blazonry of some medieval binder; or Treadwell grow earnest over his theological beliefs; to watch the lustrous eyes of Israel Edrehi, as lost to all mundane things he revived for the moment the mystical and grave Cabala of the chosen people; and to exchange with

the amiable Parsons the unenvious tribute of poet to poet, were the sufficient inspiration of this singularly faithful picture of the higher types of comradeship and entertainment in such ancient inns less than a century ago.

But a few weeks ago the son of Charles Dickens, now visiting America, visited the "Wayside Inn" at Sudbury, and viewed the old-fashioned garden, the antique architecture, the noble pillared porch and ample offices which were, in fact, a bit of old England transplanted into the New England, while love of the homeland and loyalty to an English sovereign were still potent bonds and held fast the love and loyalty of our people.

\* \* \*

And now, as the snow falls and the drifts gather, the old Red Horse Tavern seems more cosy than ever and merry parties draw up before the ancient portal much the same as in past years, save that the stage-coach, with its resounding horn, or the champing, nervous coach and six have been supplanted by the honk of the automobile and the chug of the engines.

Scarcely have the party thrown off their wraps and received the kindly welcome of the host before there is a general rush from cellar to garret in an inspection tour. There is a trip to the old tap-room and an examination of the great colonial fireplace. A happy troop set forth to the Longfellow room, where many of the Wayside Inn tales were written. In the Lafayette room the same paper hangs on the wall as when the great French statesman was there. There is the same bed in which the distinguished visitor slept, and the little room occupied by his valet.

Mine Host Lemon and his good wife have perhaps the most famous collection of antiques in the country, and every nook and corner of the house is surrounded and fitted in appropriate colonial style. One young lady is found in the Washington room, microscope in hand, carefully studying the floor for possible scars where the great General's boots might have struck the floor, while another couple were wondering how he must have stooped to shave by the light of the tiny mirrors.

In the old ballroom one can almost



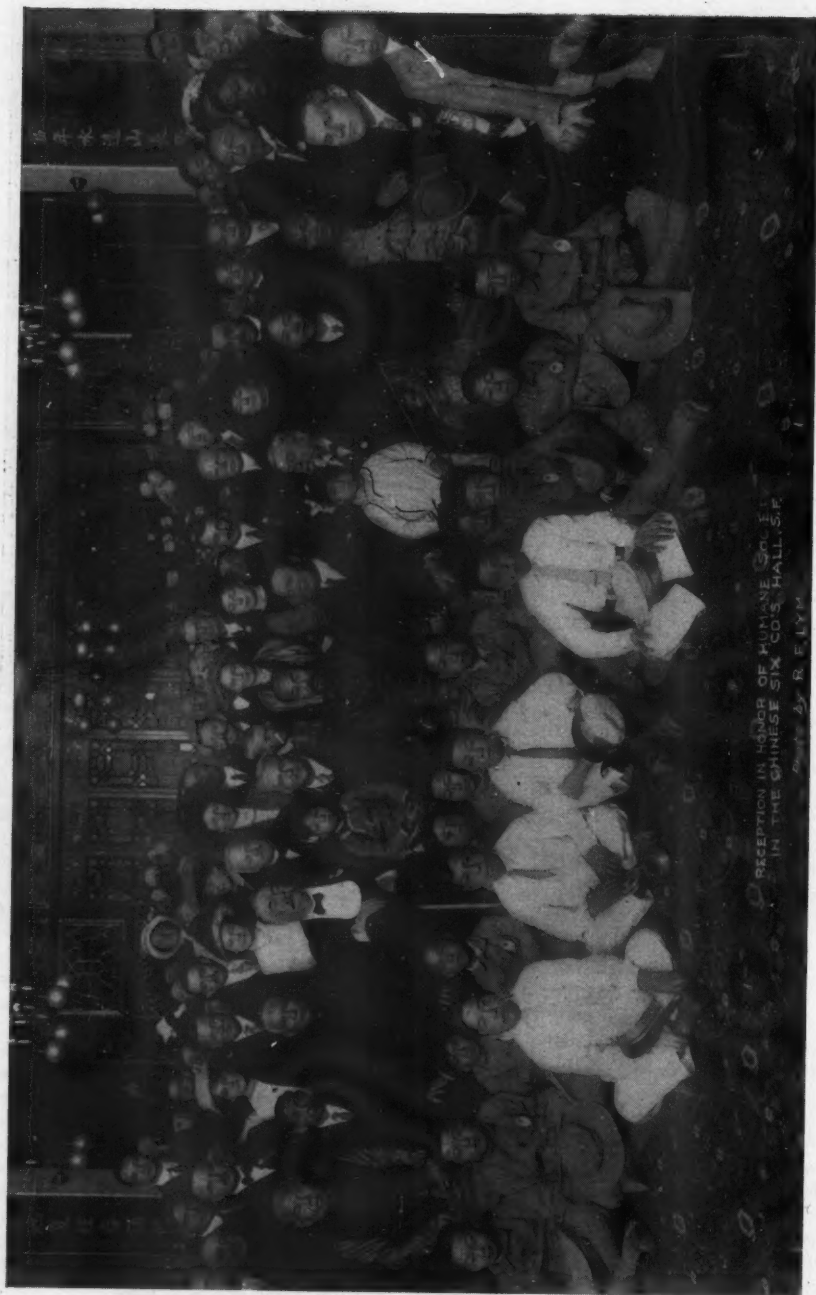
THE SON OF CHARLES DICKENS STANDING  
IN FRONT OF THE INN

fancy the sound of dancing feet to the rhythm of the stately minuet, as colonial dames and gallants made merry under the glow of myriads of candles.

The old well still provides water for romantic guests, and the kitchen has the same great bake ovens as in olden days, when no matter how many arrived there was always enough and to spare. The colonial methods of cooking are still preserved, and such meals as may be had at the Wayside Inn!

It may be a bright October day with the forests aglow with autumnal splendor, or a rainy day in early spring when the glistening drops patter on the tiny panes and the guests gather about the fire, taking turns stirring up the crackling logs with the ancient tongs; but whatever the season, you feel as if you wanted to stay there for a week or so, and enjoy the cosiness and hospitality of the storied shelter of the Wayside Inn.





RECEPTION IN HONOR OF HUIJANE COLLEGE  
IN THE CHINESE SIX COX HALL, SE  
APRIL 2, 1914

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# A BOSTONIAN IN 'FRISCO

By GUY RICHARDSON

Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*

**S**AN FRANCISCO supplies the need of the sated American traveler for "something different." No sooner does one step through the city portals of the Ferry Building than he feels the thrill of the cosmopolitan life that throbs here on every side. Only New Orleans, of great American cities, so impresses the Easterner that he is in another world. This is better realized when one arrives at Los Angeles, where "how much more like Boston," we involuntarily remarked, after having visited all the other Coast cities from Vancouver down.

It takes a few days to get "acclimated" in 'Frisco, or rather a few nights, for it is not till toward evening that one feels the unexpected chill in the air. But there is no frost in the hospitality of the people, for nowhere could be found more cordial hosts than the officials of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who welcomed us to the National Humane Convention in October. Was it partly because of something in the reverential tone with which the word "Boston" was pronounced, whenever we were introduced?

One of the keenest pleasures of living in California must be that of telling of the wonders of the state or of its cities to the man from "back East" who has come prepared to hear great stories of resources and achievements, but who is totally unprepared to be convinced of their truth until he has seen for himself. Cali-

fornia certainly does have the goods, all the way from matchless Mount Shasta to charming Catalina Island. Only it takes the real Californian of San Francisco, rather than the adopted Eastern citizen of Los Angeles or Pasadena, to adequately tell about them. How those big-hearted hosts—men and women interested in child



CHINESE CHILDREN ON THE SIDEWALK

and animal protection—showed us the sights and wonders and glories of subterranean, terrestrial and ethereal San Francisco is the inspiration of this article—the hard work of the three solid days of the business sessions of the Convention is another story.

We descended into Chinatown, of course,

or rather ascended its principal street. Early in the evening set aside for this trip, someone remarked the unusual appearance of the office floor of the St. Francis Hotel. It had been cleared, as if to be used for a ball-room. Presently music was heard, and in marched a band of twenty or more Chinese youths, in white uniforms, with a retinue of attendants carrying illuminated transparencies in the form of immense fishes decorated with fantastic characters. Hardly had the onlookers, who rapidly gathered from street and hotel rooms, realized the mean-



MATTHEW McCURRIE, S. P. C. A. SECRETARY  
A typical San Francisco boomer

ing of the demonstration, before another band of music, composed of a second delegation of more mature Chinamen, joined the procession, which now began to march around in a wide circle on the floor. This was our escort to Chinatown. With the courtly President of the Convention and portly Taft-like president of one of the entertaining societies leading off, the humane delegates—men, women and children—all followed in twos, while the bands played, through Powell and Sutter Streets and up through Grant Avenue into the real Chinatown.

We must have made a striking spectacle, for the sidewalks were crowded with spectators, Chinese of all sexes and ages

and the American visitors who nightly make a tour of this fascinating section. And what a long route it was! We wheeled to the left twice before we finally halted in front of the hall of the Chinese Six Company. It was some minutes before all could be ushered into that spacious room, where a long line of distinguished Chinese hosts, from the High Consul down, waited to receive us. Small side tables were set with oriental delicacies; Chinese girls in richly-embroidered bisected skirts added color to the white uniforms of the band boys; and aged Chinamen looked on while their more active countrymen practiced their best English in making the visitors welcome. The picture here reproduced was posed with the Consul in the center, and taken by a Chinese photographer. When we gave our address to Mr. Lym for a copy of the photograph, that bright young Chinaman smiled very broadly and said, in good English, "Boston? Oh, I've lived there, on Dudley Street."

From the hall the delegates were escorted to "see the town" in squads of about six in charge of one of the band boys. We inspected the only Chinese telephone exchange in America (several pages of names in Chinese characters are inserted in the regular San Francisco telephone directory); were escorted up a dingy flight of stairs to a lavishly decorated joss-house, where one had a wide choice of gods at whose altars candles were burning; and then taken into a cellar where a few seats were reserved for visitors to the "musician," who came in from some mysterious anteroom and performed first on a kind of zither and then on an instrument that looked like a second cousin to the guitar.

We wound up at a restaurant, where all the hosts, escorts and visitors rallied for a general good time. Under the auspices of the Chinese Business Men's Association we were served a collation of tea, lichee nuts and various sweets known only to Chinese menus; and a program of speechmaking that for intelligence and earnestness was the equal of any at the Convention. While the exercises were in progress we had the pleasure of decorating some fifty or more young Chinese boys and girls with the Band of Mercy button.

When we approached one promising young man, he said, "I know what it means. See?" and he pointed to his badge of membership in the Chinese Auxiliary to the Oakland S. P. C. A. It was inspiring to learn of the interest taken in humane work from the Consul, who spoke through an interpreter, to the smallest boys and girls, who showed their appreciation in the intelligent manner with which they accepted the buttons.

the Portola Louvre. It was not the unsurpassed quality of the table, nor the novelty of the vaudeville performance going on, but the company with whom we were favored, that made a dinner hour at this last-named resort a never-to-be-forgotten treat. For among our guests was the one man living who best knows California—Dr. George Wharton James. In the two hours during that dinner we learned more of the real nature of California than



But Chinatown is not all of San Francisco, not even of its subterranean attractions! There is a cafe life at night in this city which is second only to that of New York. There is the famous Poodle Dog, or rather there are three Poodle Dogs, for the telephone book discloses a "new" one and an "old" one, as well as the "only original"; there is the Bismarck with its unique "beefsteak" room, where you may entertain your friends under the rafters; and right at a most convenient corner is

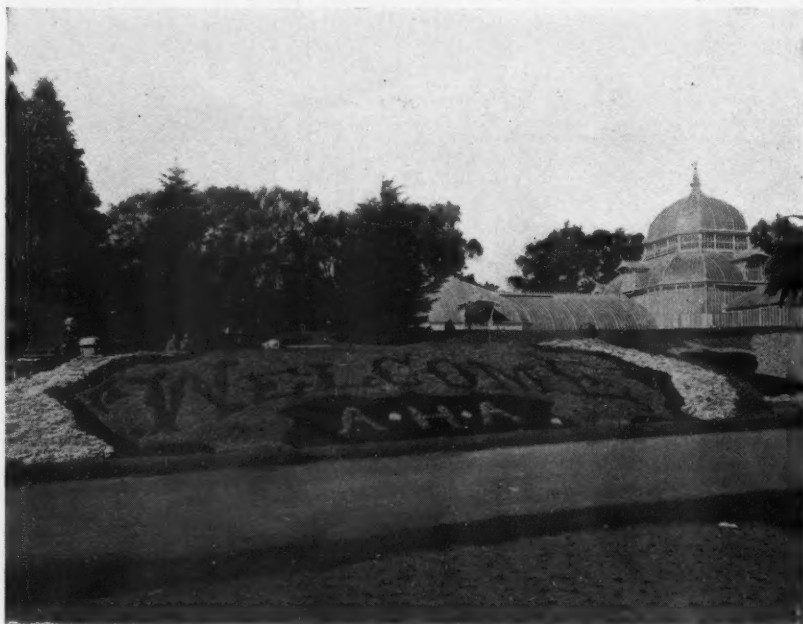
we succeeded in picking up in all our reading and conversation during the rest of our fortnight's visit to that state. No wonder the governor of the state told Dr. James that he envied him his knowledge of California. "You know California better than any other man," said the chief executive. And we think we learned something of the reason for this, as Dr. James told of his life on the desert, sleeping under the naked skies, where no human being has ventured before him, and where

it is a common experience for wild animals to show no alarm at his presence. Yes, the quartet which listened to Dr. James' table-talk that evening traveled over much of California. He took us to his beautiful home in Pasadena, and told of the great variety of fruits in his own garden—there were actually more than fifty-seven of them—from which he could choose his simple breakfast; he transported us to the lofty heights of California's moun-

He had just vividly portrayed Miller's unique presentation to Mrs. Langtry at the home of Lady Rothschild, as described by him in the October NATIONAL, when we learned that he was writing for this magazine.

"Then you know Joe Chapple?" we ventured.

"Oh, yes," he smiled, "I know Joe. I'm writing something for him. Have you met him?"



FLOWER CARPET, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1911  
In honor of the American Humane Association

tains—a hundred of whose peaks reach an altitude of ten thousand feet; he told of repeated New Year's experiences in making snowballs on Mount Lowe in the morning, then riding through the beautiful flower carnival at Pasadena, and finally bathing in the open Pacific at Long Beach—all within a few hours of the same day; he let us into the secret of his intimacy with "Scraggles," the feathered heroine of one of his most pleasing books; and talked familiarly of Jack London, Joaquin Miller, and all the famous California writers for a generation back.

We referred to a pocketful of letters of introduction with which we had been equipped by the generous Joe before starting from Boston, by way of reply.

Readers of the NATIONAL know something of the facility with which Dr. James can write, but he is even more charming in conversation. That same evening he gave a public address on "The Spirit of Humanity," illustrated largely by his own experiences in dealing with wild animals. His bear stories held the attention of dignified delegates as if they were children, and when his time was up, the Convention



president so far forgot the importance of his schedule as to extend the time half an hour longer for more nature tales. When it comes to the right story, rightly told, we are all children. If only public speakers would remember this oftener, how much more could they hold the attention of their hearers! Dr. James convinced us that even a bear has a heart, if one knows how to look for it. Would that every zoo keeper and employe could learn the secret of the common bond between men and animals!

No finer monument of San Francisco's grandeur exists than beautiful Golden Gate Park, with its more than one thousand acres of luxurious flowers, plants and trees, where once only bare sand-hills were washed by the Pacific. Now look at the palms, lawns, artificial lakes and many miles of walks and drives, culminating in Strawberry Hill, over four hundred feet above sea level, with its cascade, and you have a visible proof that water plus San Francisco enterprise can metamorphize the face of the earth. The conservatory, which appears in the picture, has a dome fifty-eight feet high, and contains many rare orchids, water lilies and tropical plants. The "Welcome" was extended by the city in these immense floral letters to the American Humane Association. No visit is complete without a lunch at the Cliff House and a visit to the viewpoint of the Seal Rocks, now fast losing their right to fame, though we actually saw one seal sporting in the water about the rocks.

The Golden Gate itself is unchanged by tidal wave or earthquake shock. There it stands, the mile-wide entrance to the harbor of San Francisco. Figure in romantic literature as it has, the Golden Gate nevertheless swings one away from the visionary, leads one to forget the esthetic, to drop for the time the poetic, for we must bow to the beck of Commerce. Here come salmon from Alaska, barrels by the thousand and cases by the million, for men must eat; through the Golden Gate is floated lumber, soon to be turned into gold, for it is measured by the hundreds of thousand feet, for men must be sheltered; and every now and then amidst this shipping, indicative of prosperity and

peace, there steam through the Gates of Gold mighty engines of war, for men must fight or be prepared to fight—so they are taught to believe, and so fifteen hundred acres of San Francisco's natural park land are appropriated for the principal military post on the Pacific Coast, the Presidio, with its batteries of guns ever watching, like so many infernal eyes, the glistening heights of the Golden Gate and that precious expanse of water that tranquilly stretches between.

Ever, in San Francisco, one feels the lure of the heights. At night, from the hotel window, myriad lights gleam from hills near and distant. In the daytime,



EASTERN DELEGATES ON THE SUMMIT  
OF MOUNT TAMALPAIS

as one looks northward over the Golden Gate, or across the bay to Oakland, one object dominates the scene. It forms a striking background to the picture, unlike that of any similar setting. It is Mount Tamalpais, physically the climax of San Francisco. Hither one must go if he would see it all. It is hard to believe that this mountain is only a trifle less than half a mile high, but it rises so directly from the sea level that it commands a view unsurpassed for its kind by any other peak in the world. It is ascended by a standard broad gauge railroad, widely advertised as the crookedest in the world. At one place the track parallels itself five times within three hundred feet, forming a "double bow knot." Its terminal is at the Tavern of Tamalpais, very near the summit of the mountain. We had time between trains to enjoy a lunch and then clamber up the steep but short path to

the observatory at the tiptop, where the cities of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, the Farallone Islands, the Golden Gate, Cliff House and Bay of San Francisco are all in view, also Mounts Diablo and Hamilton. It is claimed that on a clear day the Sierra Nevadas, one hundred and fifty-five miles away, can be plainly seen, but though we had a fair day, our vision did not extend quite so far. We found that the rocky summit afforded an excellent sky background for pictures, and many snapshots were taken. On the descent several made the trip in the gravity car, a most novel and exhilarating ride.

Leaving the main line of the railroad about half way down the mountain, a branch runs off to the Muir Woods, only a few miles distant. These were accepted by the federal Government as a national monument January 9, 1908, and were named for the distinguished California naturalist, John Muir. They comprise nearly three hundred acres of virgin forest of giant redwoods of fabulous age. Some of the trees reach from two hundred to

three hundred feet in height, while in the hollow trunk of one of them thirty-six humane delegates, some of them of uncertain girth, were able to stand at the same time. The walk of a mile from the Muir Inn, where the railroad branch terminates, down to the Sequoia Canyon, over paths carpeted with fallen leaves, where the banks are one mass of ferns and the soft air is charged with the perfumes of an actual forest primeval, with these stately old trees rising to unseen heights above, brings one about as near to the heart of nature as the promises of earth lead us to expect.

But already we are back in 'Frisco; the week with its business, its banquets and social affairs, its city of wonders and great-hearted hosts, is over. The South of California, land of magic and of dreams, calls us thither. San Francisco is but a memory—tall buildings—lights high up on sea and land—lichee nuts—lectures—sandab—cafe music—Dr. James—S. P. C. A. Secretary and Directors—Panama-Pacific 1915—

## THE OLD SONG

A new song should be sweetly sung,  
It goes but to the ear;  
A new song should be sweetly sung,  
For it touches no one near.  
But an old song may be roughly sung;  
The ear forgets its art,  
As rises from the rudest tongue  
The tribute to the heart.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;  
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,  
In forests wild, on lonely hill,  
And away on the prairie lea.  
But dearer far the old song  
When friends we love are nigh,  
And well-known voices, clear and strong,  
Ring out the chorous cry.

*Quoted by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in Heart Throbs, Vol. II*

# Baseball—The Play of the Nation

ITS HOLD ON THE PEOPLE, ITS DEVELOPMENT  
AND A RESUME OF THE LATE WORLD'S SERIES

by Nicholas J. Flatley

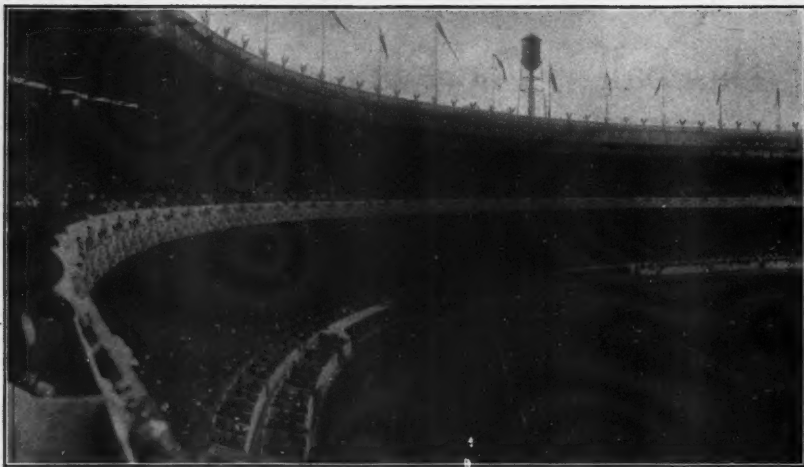


WHEN our soldier boys were trying conclusions with the Spaniards on the island of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and our sailors were whirling about the seas, sinking Spanish battleships, gunboats and cruisers in 1898, the editors of the staid, eminently respectable newspapers throughout the land deemed that the occasion warranted a departure from ironclad customs and issued "extras," blazoning forth in big type the happenings of those troublous times. The last two presidential elections have seen them follow the same policy. Popular interest demands it, concur these unexcitable, conservative gentlemen.

Last year not a few of these journals came to time with special editions on the championship baseball series between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago Cubs. A month since, almost without exception, these *ne plus ultra* conservatives vied with the so-called "yellow journals," in whetting the public's baseball appetite with their extras, detailing each play of the struggle between the Philadelphia Athletics, champions of the American league and the New York Giants, winners in the rival organization, the National. For the editors have come into the realization of the wonderful hold baseball has taken on the heart of the American people. Nothing short of a war, or perhaps a presidential election, could, even for a moment, make their interest swerve, when the leaders of the two respective leagues are battling for the gonfalon of final supremacy.

An observant French visitor to these shores happily remarked, "The American people are as serious in their play as in their business." He spake true. Never before has a sporting event excited such a commotion in this oft-commoted country of ours. From the northmost corner of Maine to the most southern point of California, from far distant Oregon to sunny Florida's capes, from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Rio Grande, every man and boy, and most of the women and girls, hung on the reports that daily came filtering over the wires, and cheered or sighed as their respective favorites won or lost. Every newspaper that could draw from its hoard the funds necessary for hotel, railroad and telegraph expenses, and still avert bankruptcy, sent its representative to cover the games. Every individual of the *genus* baseball fan, who could at all afford it, and thousands who couldn't, hied to New York and Philadelphia and watched the titanic battles. Before the bulletin boards in all our cities foregathered multitudes of enthusiasts who fed their hunger on cold figures, heedless of chill or discomfort.

Such a love of sport is no national abnormality. Every great country of the world, since history began, has had its one form of athletics, which attracted universal attention. In ancient Greece, the Olympic winner was the idol of popular acclaim; the winning gladiator saw the sands in the arena of Rome's great Stadium sparkling with gold and priceless gifts—the tribute to his superior physical prowess; the victorious bull fighter of Spain is a demigod, endeared to both royalty and the populace. Baseball, America's



Courtesy Boston American

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE POLO GROUNDS AT

national pastime, is merely analogous to these.

Baseball is indigenous to the American people. It is intricate, yet quickly comprehended by the average American mind; it is of itself a test of physical superiority, yet intermingled is an element of brain work and quick thinking, which, while scarcely ever appreciated fully by the general run, is none the less sensed and applauded. The smallest urchin on any city street will tell you that a pitcher wins because he has the "bean" (popular phraseology, signifying that the individual in question is a clear-brained, quick-thinking exponent of the pitcher's art). The same youngster likewise could inform you, though he might express it differently, that the team that plays "inside ball," that is, the one whose play is most machine-like and whose players subvert their chances for individual stardom to a systematized method of battle, which in the course of a season will prove far and away more advantageous; that team will accomplish far greater results than the one composed of individual stars, who go at it on their own hook and cast discretion and advice to the winds. Team work has ever been a fetish to the American people. It was good team work that enabled our sturdy Revolutionary farmers to drive the British Lion

across the seas; we see the fruits of the "work together" spirit in the gigantic industries which American brains have built up and brought to their highest perfection. Small wonder then that a game in which team work is the *res sine qua non* should appeal to all Americans.

In its every detail baseball is typically American. The short, sharp, but none the less decisive conflict of the ball field has its analogy in the hustling business methods of the day. The sudden shift of fortune, a constant occurrence on the diamond, raising or dethroning hope, as the case may be, warms the very cockles of the American heart, loving as it does the sensational and the unexpected. The people, whose money oils the wheels that the baseball machine may labor on, by this very fact feel that the ball team and its component parts, the players, are a part and parcel of their personal property. Wherefore they deem it incumbent on themselves to cheer when fate is kind and jeer when destiny is cruel. The outcast of today is the hero of tomorrow. Likewise the chap who with a home run wins today's game and is therefore carried off the field on the shoulders of happy admirers, may be the target of pop bottles tomorrow, because his error lets the opponents triumph. Popular judgment is as fickle as the winds,





NEW YORK DURING THE LATE WORLD'S SERIES

and its shifts are very oft unfair and unthinking. Perfectly blameless ballplayers have not a few times been made to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous, biased baseball fandom. This trait of such a representative body of average citizens might, with no small effect, be urged by the opponents of the popular recall of judges. "Thumbs down" by the general assemblage of Americans, take them in what position you will, nine times out of ten, proves rather the sentiment of hot-headed heedlessness, than of calm, conservative thought. They are always looking for a "goat," to revert again to colloquialism, and care not whom they hurt.

Here perhaps, we might make mention of the absolute monarch of the baseball diamond—the umpire—he whose word is the court of final appeal. Such a judge of plays, it is perfectly evident, is an absolute necessity for a game like baseball. Yet so unhappy is his lot that his sorrows form the refrain of endless songs and stories in the joke books of the land. It is human nature to err, and the very man who hoots at the umpire and calls him "thief" and "robber," would emphatically tell you so. A baseball play, as seen by the umpire, on the field and close to it and as viewed from the stands, presents two entirely different aspects.

The official judge can have no possible reason for favoring one team more than another, yet if his decision does not coincide with the judgment of every Tom, Dick and Harry on the stands, Babel breaks loose, wrath and opprobrium are heaped on the head of the unfortunate arbiter, and occasionally even physical injury is done him. Yet half an hour afterwards, the very men who have been most bitter in their expressions would consider themselves highly honored if they were permitted to shake the hand of the person they abused, and would go about for days, braggingly announcing that they knew Umpire "So and So."

In the play of the children is symbolized the spirit of the country. Years past, what times the rumble of war was heard in the land, every kid "played soldier." Mimic armies of youngsters fought their sham battles on street and playground. Now is the era of peace, and the boy soldier has almost disappeared from the land. Now is the era of peace, and peaceful, though no less energetic, is the pursuit of our youth. Every back alley, street and sandlot is an embryonic baseball diamond. Coming heroes of the ball field there perform, with their ragged balls, and sticks for bats—supes in the great American play. To them the deeds of the heroes of the diamond are far more

familiar than the stunts of our ancestors on historic battlefields. In fact, we have heard of a schoolteacher, clever reader of the infant mind, who impressed his teachings in geography by making his maps resemble baseball diamonds, with the cities, as infielders, outfielders, bases, etc.

The college student who has the ability today takes to the profession of baseball as a far more lucrative means of livelihood than the many possible business pursuits opening before him. No longer

who frequent it. Governor Tener of Pennsylvania is a graduate of our professional baseball school, while Judge Cavanaugh of the Superior Court of Arkansas is also president of the Southern League. President Taft and Vice-President Sherman are familiar figures at the American League games in Washington. Thousands of other prominent Americans who have played ball or are intimately connected with the game, might here be named, had we but space. Suffice it to say, that



ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK GROUNDS DURING THE WORLD'S SERIES

is the ballplayer looked down upon as a thug and a rowdy. The rougher element has passed out of the game; just as the salesman of today is considered a strictly high-class business man, by no means alike to the drummer of a quarter of a century ago. Judges, senators, trust heads, clergymen—every species of the best class of American men flock daily to watch the big league teams play. The grandstand in some of our cities might be taken to be a meeting of the board of trade or city government, rather than a gathering for sport, judging by the men

the diamond game is without question of doubt the great national pastime. What time the weather does not permit baseball, football has a warm regard in the American heart, but it never supplants baseball. While there is no baseball, football will do, but if the two games should be played at the same time, the former would outdraw the latter, two to one. It might be argued that larger crowds attend the college gridiron games than can be found at any baseball contests. The reply comes readily enough. There are comparatively few football

games, while baseball is played every day. Think you our college games would attract if they were in order every day for more than six months?

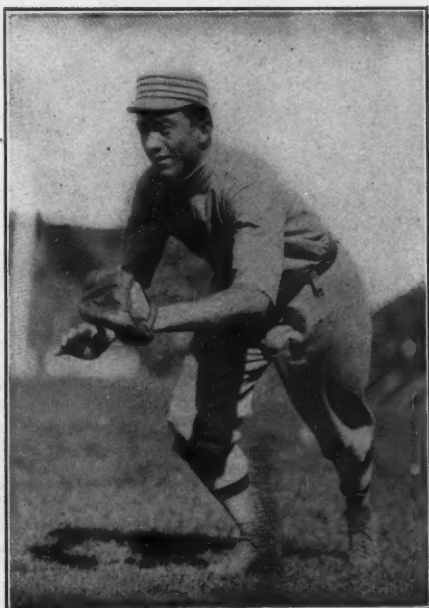
The history of the national sport, from its beginnings down to the present day is as interesting as the story of the development of American business, with which it runs parallel. Starting in the forties, in a crude and now scarcely recognizable state, its sway spread rapidly, until the Civil War nipped its young life. But immediately after that historic struggle it sprang anew into being, spread like a spark along a powder train over the whole land, until now it is the greatest sport the world has ever known.

The late Henry Chadwick, known universally as "the father of baseball," the first writer who took baseball as a subject, writes as follows on the origin of the game:

"Baseball in its origin is English, but now has so few of its original features beyond the mere groundwork of the game as to be scarcely recognizable. As we propose briefly to note the progress of baseball from its origin, we deem it appropriate to introduce the rules for playing the English game of Rounders, from which baseball is derived. We quote as follows from an old English work:

"*Rounders*: This game is played with a ball and bats, or sticks something of the form of a policeman's truncheon. A hole is first made about a foot across and half a foot deep. Four other stations are marked with pegs stuck into the ground, topped with a piece of paper, so as to be readily seen. Sides are then chosen, one of which goes in. There may be five or more players on each side. Suppose that there are five. One player, on the side that is out, stands in the middle of the five-sided space and pitches the ball toward the hole. He is called the feeder. The batsman hits it off, if he can, in which case he drops the stick and runs to the nearest station, thence to the third and all around if the hit has been a far one. The other side are scouting and trying to put him out, either by hitting

the batsman as he is running or by sending the ball into the hole which is called "grounding." The player at the hole may decline to strike the ball, but if he hits at it and misses twice running, he is out. When a player makes the round of the stations back to the hole, his side counts one toward the game. When all the players are out, either by being hit or the ball being grounded, the other sides get their innings. When there are only two

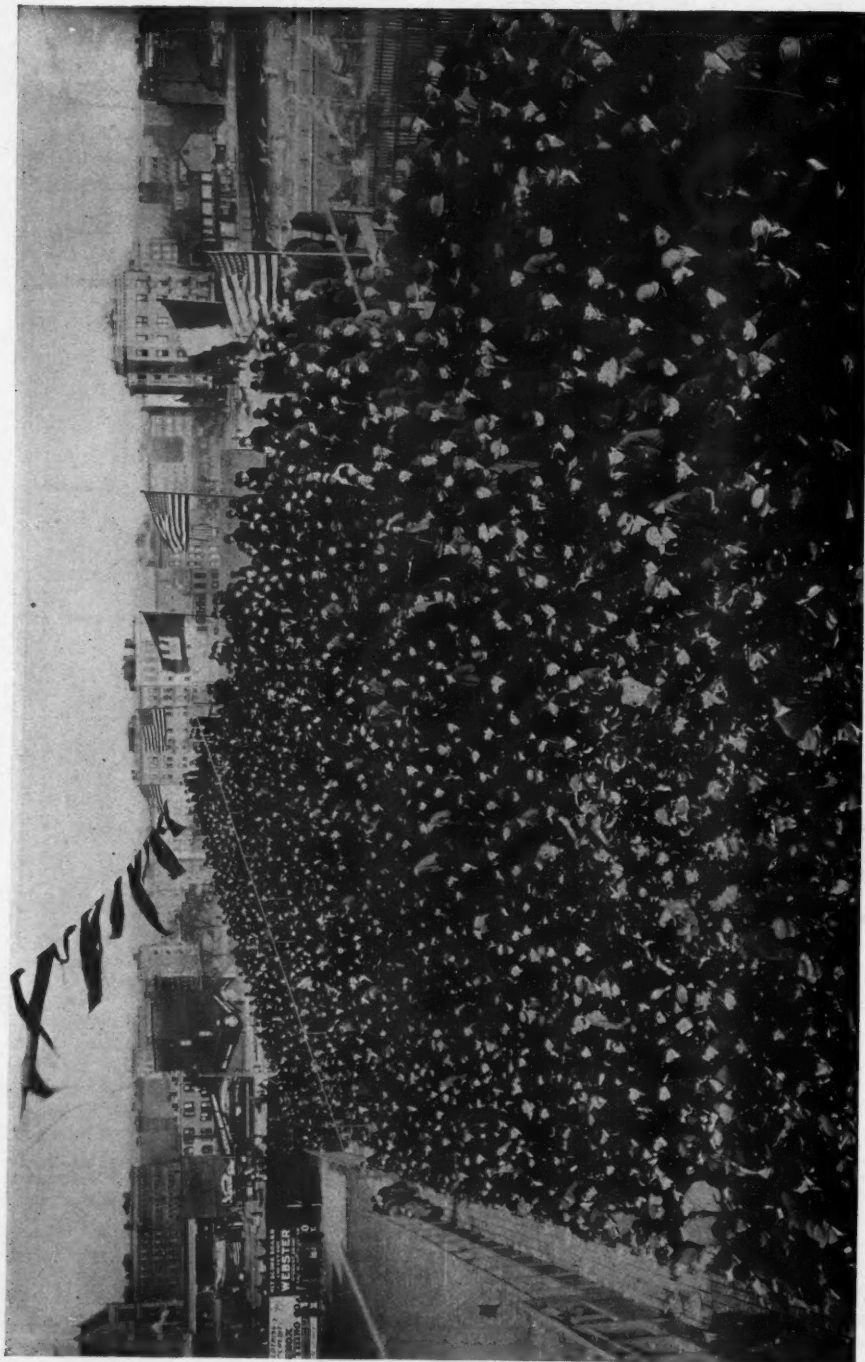


Courtesy Baseball Magazine

JOHN FRANKLIN BAKER

The greatest hitter in the World's Series, and the more they spiked him the better he hit

players left, a chance is given of prolonging the innings, by one of them getting three balls from the feeder; and if he can give a hit such as to enable him to run the whole round, all his side come in again and the counting is resumed. The feeder is generally the best player on his side, much depending upon his skill and art. The scouts should seldom aim at the runners from a distance, but throw the ball up to the feeder or to someone near, who will try to hit, or to ground, as seems the most advisable. A caught ball also puts the striker out.' "



*Courtesy Baseball Magazine*

A TYPICAL BASEBALL BLEACHER CROWD



These rules prove conclusively, it seems to us, that our national sport had its birth in this old English game and its later American development into what was called "Three Old Cat," though the fact has often been contested and at one time a special commission appointed to investigate the matter decided against them.

The first baseball team of which there is any history was known as the New York Club and existed about 1840, but no trace can be found of its record or the rules under which it played. The first club to adopt any rules was the Knickerbocker Club of New York, which we first hear about in 1845. Before that time the rule of play to put a player out was to hit him with the ball, but this proved so dangerous that it was now so changed that he was declared out if touched by the ball.

The rules of the Knickerbocker Club, the first piece of baseball law ever legislated and the foundation of our present code, follow:

Section 1. The space shall be from home to second base, forty-two paces; from first to third base forty-two paces equidistant.

Section 2. The game to consist of twenty-one counts or aces, but at the conclusion an equal number of hands must be played.

Section 3. The ball must be pitched and not thrown for the bat.

Section 4. A ball knocked outside of the range of the first or third base is foul.

Section 5. Three balls being struck at and missed, and the last one caught, is a handout; if not caught, is considered fair, and the striker bound to run.

Section 6. A ball being struck or tipped and caught either flying or on the first bound, is a handout.

Section 7. A player, running the bases, shall be out, if the ball is in the hands of an adversary on the bases, if the runner is touched by it before he makes his base—it being understood, however, that in no instance is a ball to be thrown at him.

Section 8. A player running, who shall prevent an adversary from catching or getting the ball before making his base, is a handout.

Section 9. If two hands are already out, a player running home at the time the ball is struck, cannot make an ace if the striker is caught out.

Section 10. With three hands out, all are out.

Section 11. Players must take their strike in regular turn.

Section 12. No ace or base can be made on a foul strike.

Section 13. The runner cannot be put



*Courtesy Baseball Magazine*

JOHN BARRY

Connie Mack's sensational shortstop

out in making one base, when a balk is made by the pitcher.

Section 14. But one base allowed when the ball bounds off the field when struck.

It is evident that these identical rules remain practically in force today.

\* \* \*

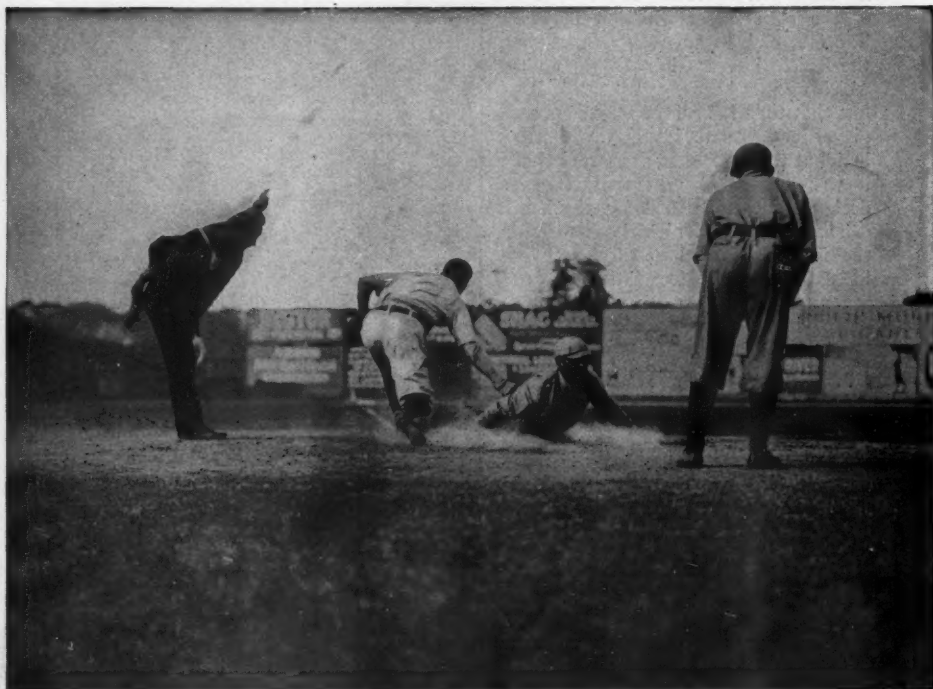
Under the leadership of the Knickerbockers many other clubs came into being and played under the above rules until May, 1857, when the various managers met in New York and formed the National Association of baseball players. Thereafter this association met each year and drafted and revised rules until 1871

when the National Association of professional ballplayers was formed.

Prior to this time baseball had been purely an amateur sport, but professionalism was beginning to creep in and much money was wagered on the various games, so it was thought best to organize a new body and to take over the game as a business proposition and save it from the ruin with which a rough outside element was threatening it.

baseball clubs came into existence, with ex-Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut as its first president.

From that time on the progress of baseball has been steady and persistent, until at the present day it is one of the strongest organizations in the entire country. Much of the praise for the success of the game is due Albert G. Spalding, the famous pitcher and one of the organizers of the league. Spalding,



*Courtesy Baseball Magazine*

AS THE CAMERA VIEWS A CLOSE PLAY

But until 1876 matters went from bad to worse and the final dissolution of baseball seemed imminent when Mr. William A. Hulbert, of Chicago, a lover of baseball and Mr. Albert G. Spalding, then a member of the Boston team, drafted a new set of rules, called a meeting of the representatives of the Mutuels of Brooklyn, Boston, Hartford, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago and Athletics of Philadelphia clubs, and on February 7, 1876, the National League of professional

in the early days of the National League, steadied the helm of its troubled ship of state, lent it his critical judgment in times of trouble, often gave it financial aid, and saw it safely through the shoals of distrust and rebellion. To him above all others must we give the credit of its ultimately reaching the port of financial stability and popular confidence.

In 1884 the first inter-league or world's championship series was played between Providence, National League winners and

the Metropolitans of New York, champions of the then recently formed American Association. Until 1891, when the new league disbanded, the two pennant winners contested annually. From thence until 1903 there were no post-season games, but in that year the Boston, winners of the American league, a rebel organization formed in 1900, and Pittsburgh, winners of the National League, resumed these interleague battles. Each year since, excepting 1904, these games have been played with ever-increasing interest until today they cap the climax as the leading sporting event in this sport-loving nation.

The Philadelphia Athletics for the second successive time are champions of the world. They clearly demonstrated their superiority over the hosts of the New York Giants, battle-scarred victors of the historic National league race, winning the necessary four games in six contests.

On Saturday, October 14, at the Polo grounds in New York, was staged the first great contest of this series. In the amphitheatre packed with more than forty thousand baseball crazed fans the tribes of Mack and McGraw locked horns in their first struggle. Two of the greatest baseball managers known in history, Cornelius McGillicuddy of Philadelphia, and John McGraw of New York, directed the destinies of the two fighting teams. Two hard-earned reputations of brain and skill were at stake. Back in 1905 these two same leaders clashed, and the little New Yorker triumphed. For the Philadelphia director there was now the chance to erase the one dark spot on his major league record. Then, too, his team had won the series in 1910, and another victory would prove that the laurels were earned, not captured through luck. For McGraw there was the supremacy of his league, a year ago snatched away by these same terrible Quakers, to be restored.

The best pitcher on each team was selected for the task of working in this first game, which meant so much. For Philadelphia, the big Chippewa Indian, Charles Albert Bender, whose pitching feats were in a great way responsible for the winning of three American league

pennants and one world's championship; for New York, Christopher Mathewson, admittedly McGraw's one hope for the series, the hero of the 1905 victory and a veteran of ten years' sterling work in gruelling pennant races.

When that day's low descending sun had seen the crowd wending its way out of the Polo grounds, New York was hysterical, roaring, stark mad. "Matty,"



Courtesy Baseball Magazine

CHRISTOPHER MATHEWSON

New York's star slab artist.

popular idol, had sent his doughty opponents down to defeat, 2 to 1, in a terrific struggle, and the baseball wise knew that the real test was yet to come, for the Indian Bender had pitched as well as the great Christy, had proved that the New York batters could not worry him, and had lost the game only through an unfortunate error.

On Monday the scene shifted to Philadelphia. The home manager sent Edward

Plank into the box, while McGraw pinned his hopes on Rube Marquard, the young left-hander, who had mowed down his National league opponents with ridiculous ease all through the season. In this game one J. Franklin Baker, who hibernates in the heretofore unheard-of town of Trappe, Maryland, stepped into undying fame. With the score tied and Marquard going splendidly, the New York fortunes indeed seemed bright. In the

Yorkers who were packed about the bulletin boards in their beloved Gotham. While the battle was nip and tuck, their hysteric enthusiasm bubbled and seethed. It is related, how truthfully we venture not to state, that early in the afternoon of that day, an Englishman, who in the morning had landed from one of the liners, was strolling down Broadway. He came to Herald Square just when the mob was cheering the New York score.



*Courtesy Baseball Magazine*

THIS PICTURE SHOWS A TRICKY PLAY WHICH HAS MADE THE "OTHER FELLOW" WORK. A BASERUNNER DASHED IN FROM THIRD ON A LONG OUTFIELD FLY AND ALTHOUGH THE BALL WAS FAR AWAY THE CATCHER STOOPED AS IF TO RECEIVE THE THROW. SEEING THIS THE RUNNER MADE A DESPERATE SLIDE TO SAFETY. THE CATCHER HAS JUST RISEN SMILING TO SEE AN OPPOSING PLAYER WASTE HIS STRENGTH UNNECESSARILY

sixth inning two were out and his teammate, Edward Collins, on second base, when said John Franklin came to the plate. He swung his trusty bat flush against one of Mr. Marquard's most fancy shoots. The ball shot high and fast and carried far over the right field wall, while Collins and Baker trotted around the bases and over the home plate with the two runs that settled the game and paled the bright star of Giant hope.

That was a troublous day for New

"I say," he asked, "what's the row?"

"The Giants just scored."

"My word! Who are these bally Giants?"

Just then a vindictive hand descended on his derby and crushed it over his eyes. He was seized and flung into the street where a waiting copper grasped him and ran him in, despite his protestt. Next morning, in court, he had a difficult time explaining himself. The judge, who the day before had reports from Philadelphia handed him between cases, finally saw the light and released him.



When Baker's home run switched the current of victory, gloom, black and heavy, descended on Father Knickerbocker's children.

But hope was not entirely quenched, for New Yorkers assured themselves that Mathewson would lift their drooping banners and again put their darlings in the lead. Had it not been for the same Baker's terrible club, these hopes might have seen fruition. For eight long, bitter innings Matty sent down the sons of William Penn runless, while New York had managed to garner a single tally off the puzzling delivery of Jack Coombs of Philadelphia. In the ninth inning one man was out and cheers of New York joy were already making high heaven ring, when Baker hove in view. Sorely had Mathewson criticized Marquard for letting this youth get his fatal homer the day previous.

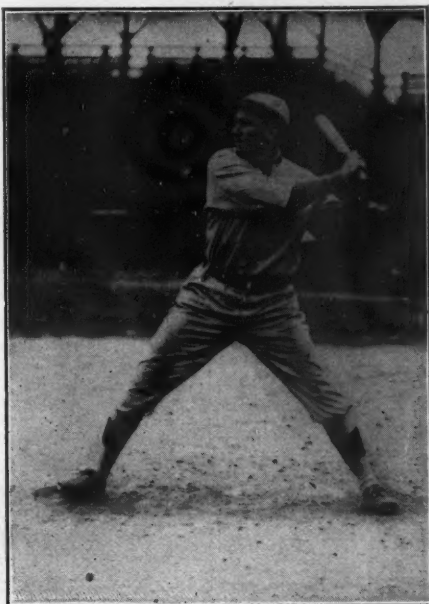
"He will never hit Matty," joyful fans told themselves.

Picture then the dismay when the lanky youngster again swung that fatal stick; again drove the ball over the fence; again rallied the tottering Quakers and again won himself an almost anthropomorphic regard in the popular heart of Philadelphia. Two more innings the game spun out, but the Athletics would not be denied, and in the eleventh scored two runs, cut down the Giants' threatening rally and vanquished them, three to two.

The Athletic youth's mighty hit, encompassing as it did the downfall of the great Matty, must be conceded the turning point of the series. It was the Gettysburg. The impossible had happened. Mathewson had been beaten in a world's series game. The faint, flickering spark of cheer was quenched. Well might we paraphrase the author of the immortal "Casey at the Bat," and sing: Oh, somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere the sky is clear,  
And somewhere hearts are happy and somewhere people cheer,  
And somewhere joy is rampant and somewhere victors shout,  
But there is no joy in Gotham, mighty Christy has lost out.

For a week then rain flooded the earth, and the impatient ballplayers cooled their

heels in Philadelphia hotels. The delay only served to increase the interest in the great games. One distinct advantage it gave New York—it allowed the over-worked arm of Mathewson to rest. It permitted the depressing effect of two successive defeats to wear off the hearts of the Giants, and game as ever, they lined up for the fourth battle of the series at Philadelphia on the twenty-fourth of October. This day the Mack men would



*Courtesy Baseball Magazine*

LAWRENCE DOYLE  
Captain of the New York Giants

not be restrained. The charm of Christy Mathewson had been dispelled. The Giants scored twice in the opening inning, but Bender steadied and thereafter held them safe. Meantime the Athletics had solved the curves of Mathewson. They hit him to all corners of the field, and in the seventh inning, after four runs had been made off him, he left the box, a crashed idol, crestfallen and defeated.

But in New York on Wednesday, with Philadelphia leading by three runs, Coombs strained himself, overreaching on a pitch, and the Giants scored once in the seventh,

tied the game up in the ninth and batted Plank, who had relieved Coombs, for the one run necessary to victory in the tenth.

The day following saw the end of the series. The Philadelphians descended on the New York pitchers and literally hit them as they pleased. The New Yorkers, pitted against a faster team, by their gameness alone had drawn out the battle. The strain was terrible and this last day



*Courtesy Baseball Magazine*  
BENDER, THE ATHLETICS' GREAT PITCHER

they broke under it and went to pieces. Unable to hit Bender, they lost heart and after the dust of battle had lifted off Shibe Park, the Athletics had won the game, thirteen to two, and with it the world's championship of 1911.

Three things stand out pre-eminent on the victor's side: the great hitting of Frank Baker, the splendid pitching of the Indian Bender, and the crafty, clever planning of Manager McGillicuddy.

Never before in the history of baseball

has any one player made two such telling hits, in successive games, as Baker's couple of mighty victory-bringing wallops. A homer is at all times a matter of luck, but to get two, in successive days, at critical moments, is wellnigh past belief. But the hitting of Baker right through his three years in the big leagues has always been hard and consistent. True, his homers were lucky, but the fact that he hit safely was not. He was merely acting according to the dictates of habit.

'Tis said an Indian never forgets, and the work of Bender in this series goes far to prove the statement. Since 1905, he has continually been tortured by the sting of defeat. It is safe to say that he was as happy as any member of the New York team when the Giants won their pennant, for he knew that it was his one chance for revenge. How amply he secured it we have already told.

Connie Mack, as the baseball fan knows him, has always been famed for his head work. He is noted for his ability to develop players, to keep them spurred on to do their best, to size up trying situations and make the most of them, and to keep his team plugging despite defeat. All these requisites of manager-ship he displayed fully in his triumphant strategical program of the series. There seemed but one possible weakness in the Athletics' infield. At first base was John McInnis, a mere schoolboy, against whom the crafty and fighting McGraw planned to make his attack. He figured that, coaching at first, he could kill the youngster's nerve and thus break up the defense of his opponents. Mack, however, realizing the trying situation, placed the veteran Harry Davis on the base. It was a totally unlooked-for move, caught the Giants napping, and found them unable to carry out their plans along this line. Davis evidenced the soundness of Mack's sense in more ways than one. His batting and fielding were features of the games.

Again, in the last game of the series, Mack out-thought his rival, and by sending in Bender once more caught New York unawares. In doing this Mack was taking a gambler's chance. Had Bender failed to win, the series would have been tied up and Mack left with

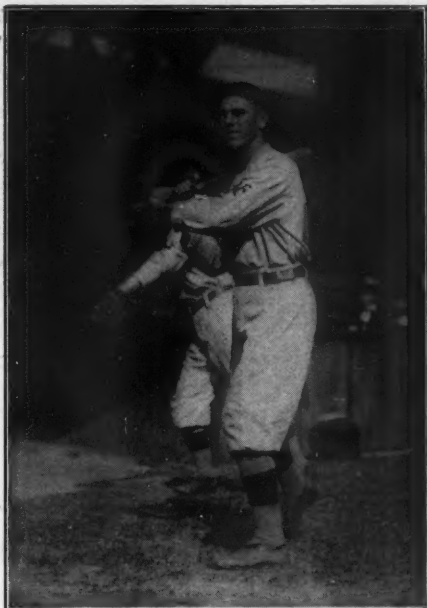
but his younger and less experienced twirlers to depend upon. True, Plank might have been used, but on Wednesday the Giants had shown an evident fondness for his delivery, and working him would have been dangerous. But Bender went in and won and vindicated his manager.

For New York, the bright, particular features were the playing of Captain Larry Doyle, at second base; that of Herzog at third; the all-round work of the Indian Meyers behind the bat, and the interchanging of pitchers by McGraw, in his desperate efforts to stem the tide of defeat.

Apart from the actual playing, the most interesting side of such a sporting event is the financial, showing as it does the real interest that exists, for it has been well said that when you touch a man's pocket-book, you pink him in his tenderest spot. The total paid attendance at the six games was 179,851, far and away the largest in the history of inter-league games. The total gross receipts amounted to the imposing figure of \$342,364.50. The National Commission, which handles and conducts the series and receives ten per cent of the gross for their services, appropriated \$34,236.45 of this sum. The Philadelphia and New York clubs each received \$90,108.72. The players divided \$127,910.61, which was disbursed as follows: the twenty-one members of the Athletic team each were paid \$3,178.40. The twenty-one Giants each received \$2,436.39, the players sharing in the receipts of the first four games. Each of the four umpires received \$100 per game, or \$600 for the series, in addition to having hotel and railroad bills met by the Commission.

The gross receipts, however, do not actually show the exact amount of hard-earned cash handed over by the American public for the privilege of witnessing these contests. Many thousands of tickets fell into the hands of speculators, and were brought into the possession of the clamor-

ing fans only by the turning over of exorbitant prices. It may be said on good authority that three dollar tickets for the first game in New York brought as high prices as fifteen and twenty-five dollars. Just how the tickets fell into the hands of the "specs" is a mystery which is as yet unexplained. The National Commission determined the prices of the tickets, but allowed the matter of their disposal to rest



*Courtesy Baseball Magazine*

SNODGRASS, THE GIANT SPIKER

Who succeeded in spiking Baker twice during World Series

in the hands of the clubs. Charges have flown thick and fast. Ban Johnson, president of the American League, claims that officials of the New York club are directly responsible for the outrage. John Brush, owner of the National team, asserts that Johnson's claim has no foundation in fact. A date has been set for such an investigation, but nothing will come of it. Nothing ever does come out on baseball scandals.

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No weight, nor mass nor beauty of execution can outweigh one fragment of thought.  
—*Ruskin.*



### OFF TO THE ISLES.

The moonlight silver summer seas,  
Like silhouettes the ships go by;  
The sails are trimmed to catch the breeze,  
The swell is slow—and like a sigh.

Our friends are sailing back again,  
And o'er the waters sing farewell!  
The breeze is fresh'ning toward the main  
And at the Cape, moans low the bell.

Oh! Moonlit waters silvery white  
When first we sailed to see the isles  
The very night, reflected light  
And all the sea waved back their smiles.

*Charles C. Boland*





**R**EPARATION for the holiday season is manifested by the different phonograph companies in their lists for the month. There are many listings of old songs—real heart songs—and of ballads, old and new. Even the humorous numbers seem to have the holiday spirit, and the grand opera selections furnish inspiring material for a holiday program.

A series of records by Miss Ellen Terry is an important announcement on the Victor list for November. This great actress is most famous in Shakespearean roles, and the selections recorded by the Victor Company are from the works in which she made her greatest successes. The Terry records are ten and twelve-inch, with imperishable discs, and technically perfect. The selections are: Ten-inch, 64191, "Much Ado About Nothing" ("I Have Brought Claudio"—Act II, Scene I), Shakespeare; 64193, "A Winter's Tale" (Act II, Scene I—Mamillius, Hermione and Ladies), Shakespeare; 64194, "Merchant of Venice" (Mercy Speech—Act IV), Shakespeare; twelve-inch, 74239, "Hamlet" (Ophelia's Mad Scene—Part II), Shakespeare; 74240, "Romeo and Juliet" (Potion Scene—Act IV, Scene III), Shakespeare.

The engagement of Paderewski, the world-famous pianist, to make records exclusively for the Victor Company, will be interesting to all lovers of music. The Victor Company states that its contract with the inimitable pianist will be in force for a long term of years, and gives as the introductory records two favorites at Paderewski concerts. One is Chopin's

"Valse Brillante" (Op. 34, No. 1); the other his own "Minuet in G" (Op. 14, No. 1), which is

always demanded by his numerous and appreciative audiences.

The approaching holiday season brings about a demand for the old songs that have evoked heart sentiment for generations past. Mr. John McCormack, the grand opera tenor, has never sung more beautifully than on No. 74242, "She is Far from the Land." "Loch Lomond," the well-beloved Scotch ballad, is sung by Mr. Evan Williams, who is regarded by many as one of America's leading singers of folk-songs.

Especially appropriate is No. 74250, "In Native Worth," from Haydn's "The Creation," sung by Mr. George Hamlin. Still another Haydn air is recorded, "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," sung by Miss Lucy Isabelle Marsh. Record No. 16966, "Holy Ghost, with Light Divine," and "Holy, Holy, Holy" come as an appropriate holiday offering.

The Victor Light Opera Company has arranged a most attractive record of "Gems from Carmen." The opening chorus "Habanera," the Jose-Micaela duet, the sextette from the Smuggler Scene, the "Toreador Song" and the Finale are included in the potpourri. Another favorite opera selection, the "Spinning Wheel Quartet" from "Martha," is recorded on No. 70052 by the Victor Opera Quartet.

Many popular songs are listed, among them George M. Cohan's "Hey There! May There!" sung by that inimitable comedian himself.

Timely holiday offerings appear on the Columbia list. Mr. Frank Croxton, the

well-known bass, is singing "Crucifix" with Mr. Reed Miller, tenor. The record is double-disc, "If With All Your Hearts" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," sung by Mr. Charles W. Harrison, on the opposite face. Messrs. Miller and Croxton join in Hildach's "Passage Birds' Farewell" on No. A1060. The old Thuringian folksong "How Can I Leave Thee?" is rendered by the Columbia mixed quartette on the other side of the record. An exceptionally beautiful harp record is No. A 1055, double-disc. The Columbia Company itself hails this record as "beyond any question the greatest harp record ever issued." The selections recorded are "Annie Laurie" with variations and Rubinstein's celebrated "Melody in F."

Mr. Frank Coombs' voice seems peculiarly adapted to the singing of old songs. "The Chiming Bells of Long Ago" and "Hard Times Come Again No More," both accompanied, are beautifully rendered by him on No. A 1052.

Two of the favorite numbers from David Bispham's repertory, Homer's "Banjo Song" and the old Welsh air "All Through the Night," are sung on No. A5320.

The special offering for the month is the accession of Mme. Lydia Lipkowska, the Russian coloratura soprano, to the Columbia ranks. This young singer, whose debut was made at the Imperial Opera House of St. Petersburg five years ago, has met with success both in Paris and in America. Four double-disc records are offered, and the selections may also be obtained separately.

Characteristic Princeton songs are recorded on No. A1053. The "Princeton Cannon Song" and "Princeton Steps Song" are rendered by the University's celebrated "Nassau Quartet."

A number of the late successes, both vocal and instrumental, are listed. One of the Prince's Band records cannot be passed without mention—No. A5322, with waltzes from "The Count of Luxemburg" and Finck's "In the Shadows," the intermezzo that is included in the musical program of nearly every theatrical production now running.

It seems appropriate to find a record from the inimitable "Uncle Josh," Cal Stewart, in the holiday season. Many will search their record cabinets for past recitals of "Uncle Josh" that have to do with Thanksgiving and Christmas. No. 830, on the November Edison list, is an irresistible laughing song entitled "I Laughed at the Wrong Time."

Some of the late songs are particularly well recorded. "Billy" is sung by Miss Anna Chandler; "I Want a Girl" by Walter van Brunt and chorus; "Alexander's Ragtime Band" by Mr. Billy Murray and "The Old Town is Looking Mighty Good Tonight," by Walter Van Brunt and chorus.

The splendid array of sentimental songs should be popular in this season of sentiment. "The Harbor of Love" is effectively sung by Mr. Irving Gillette. Then there are some of the old ballads: Stewart's touching "Only to See Her Face Again," rendered by Mr. Will Oakland and chorus; "Dream Faces," by Elizabeth Spencer and chorus; and "The Bloom is in the Rye," Sir Henry Rowley Bishop's charming melody, rendered by Messrs. Anthony and Harrison.

A lively musical number is "The Washington Waddle," called "a new movement in rag songs," and well rendered by the Premier Quartet. Mr. Daab contributes a clever xylophone record, No. 829, "L'Elegante Polka."

A paraphrase of the "Twenty-Third Psalm" has been made into a record as a tenor and baritone duet. The anthem in this form has been a favorite in the repertory of Messrs. Reed Miller and Frank Croxton, who sing it admirably.

The latest number of the Sousa's Band suite, "The Dwellers in the Western World," is presented on the November list. It is called "The Black Man"—the others, it will be remembered, were "The Red Man" and "The White Man"—and completes an important series, representative of John Philip Sousa's art. The second record in the series of Pinafore airs includes "My Gallant Crew," "Sorry Her Lot," "Over the Bright Blue Sea," and "Now Give Three Cheers."

*The*  
**Gathering of the Clans**  
*by*  
**George Willoughby**



**W**HEN the Chosen People began their famous pilgrimage from Egypt, it was to see the "Promised Land." The chronicle of the struggles of those years has been the cycle of experience repeated in degree by the pioneers in opening up new "promised lands," as the population of the earth increasing required more cultivated land to feed the people. The one great problem to which all others revert in the last analysis is to wrest from the soil the sustenance of the race.

New Yorkers saw the "promised lands" of a continent at the Land and Irrigation Exposition held at Madison Square Garden in November, 1911. There was a notable "Gathering of the Clans" with a cry of "Back to the Land" that struck a responsive chord. It was the greatest land exposition ever held in the metropolis of the nation. In all its brilliant history, ranging from horse show, circus and walking matches to grand opera, Madison Square Garden has never held within its massive walls an event so astounding in its revelations of soil resources and so

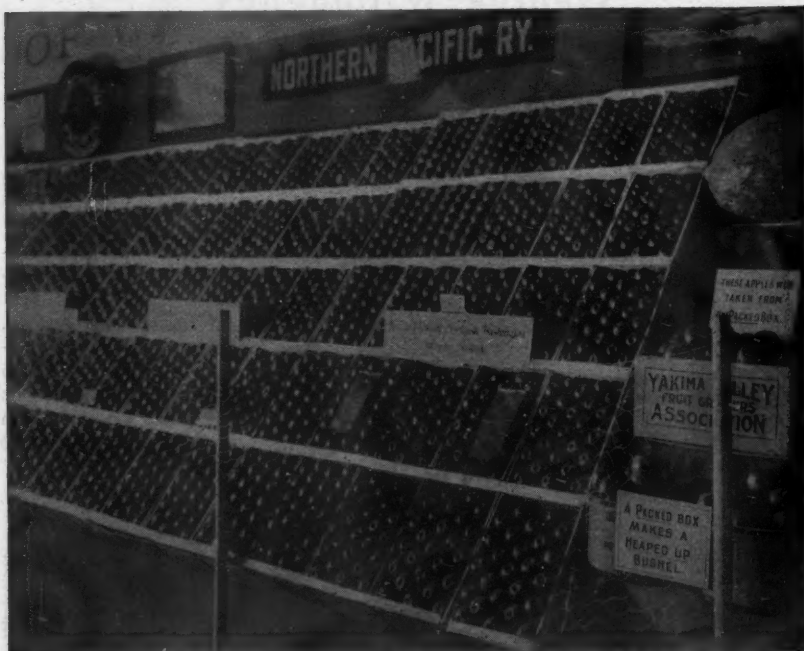


THE PRIZE CUPS AWARDED AT THE NEW YORK LAND AND IRRIGATION EXPOSITION

gratifying to our innate love of Nature's handiwork.

They crowded into the great hall in the evening with the ticket takers echoing the "step lively" of the subway. The people were packed in the broad aisles like Wenatchee apples in a box, and looked—and thought—and wondered. They gathered up the printed circulars and booklets in armfuls—remember this is New York—with eager faces that were a study. Here

picture of field triumph. The visitor's attention was riveted on the one subject of soil production. Chicago and St. Louis held expositions commemorating great historical events and emphasizing the triumph of industrial arts. The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo blazed a pathway for South American trade and the triumph of electricity; Jamestown fostered traditional sentiment in honor of the early settlements; Seattle celebrated



THE APPLE DISPLAY OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

were thousands, perhaps born on a farm, that saw in the wonderful exhibits a call "back to the land" and again stimulated that dream of a farm home somewhere to spend the sunset of life amid the glories of Nature—almost forgotten in the dizzy rush of city life.

The New York Land Show was a climax of experiences. It revealed the wonderful constructive work of the American railroads in empire-building on both sides of the boundary line. Here was the concrete triumph expressed in the fruits of field, forest and orchard. This was a focussed

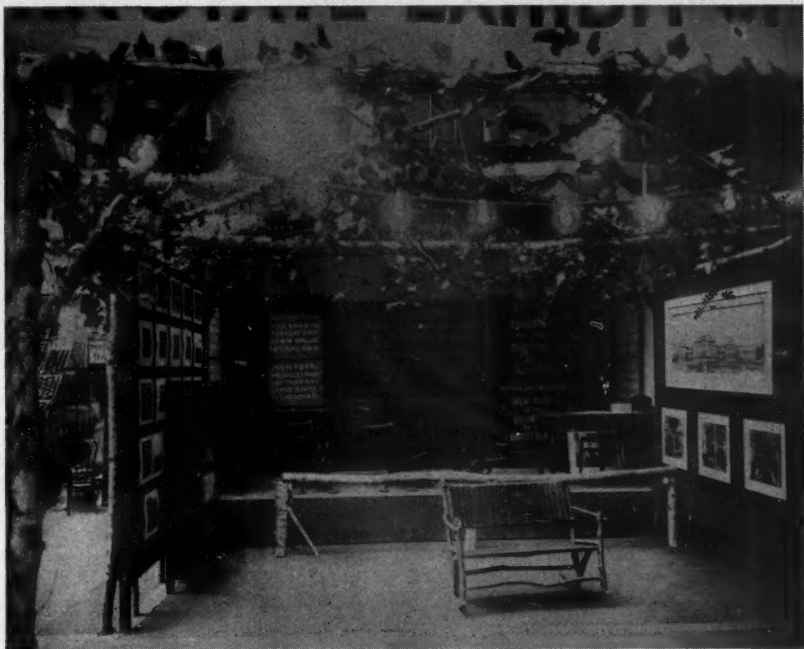
the acquisition of our great Seward Peninsula, glistening with glacier and gold, minerals and frost; San Francisco is soon to chronicle the realization of the great dream of the centuries in the opening of the Panama Canal. All of this is glorious and fitting, but the basis of these celebrated achievements goes back, fundamentally, to land development. Without the plowshare pushing on toward new fields, these occasions would never have been observed. The land fever of the people is becoming more intensified as the new areas are settled. In such a great



"back to the land" demonstration there is an indication of a swinging of the pendulum, where the industrial development more and more reverts to farming, and mechanics to labor-saving in soil production.

In the jostling crowds James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad, was found, his dark eyes sparkling with gratification as he looked over the exhibits not only of his own road, but of those competing for the prize awards. Here

on which buffalo bones once lay bleached agricultural districts have blossomed. Almost every known fruit and grain grown was here shown in the myriad of bottles. It was an education in itself. There were boxes of luscious rosy-cheeked apples from the North Yakima section, where orchards sell at \$4,000 an acre, in the very spot declared by the early engineers as the most God-forsaken and barren spot on earth. Water did it. Science and intelligent



SCHOOLROOM PART OF THE NEW YORK STATE EXHIBIT AT THE LAND AND IRRIGATION EXPOSITION

at a glance one could see the triumph of husbandry. Years of patient toil and unrelenting scientific research were revealed in the great cyclorama of farm exhibits. Mr. Hill has been the ardent champion of agricultural development, and his greatest monument will be that strip of land over which he blazed a trail across the continent where now are clustered productive farms and prosperous people.

Visions of Jay Cooke were emblazoned in the brilliant exhibit of the Northern Pacific Railroad, where from the plains

cultivation have worked miracles, and the wizards of discovery and invention have found the farms as well as the factories a fruitful field for research.

A catalogue was useless. Every minute had its impression of wonderment. There was a castle made of Vermont maple sugar; the marvelous display of what New England is doing after having provided for her people among the rugged hills for three centuries. The old plantations of Virginia and North Carolina were represented with a fine and as numerous a



THE FAMOUS MORMON CHOIR FROM SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, THAT SANG DURING THE LAND AND IRRIGATION EXPOSITION IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

variety of crops as can be grown in any other country on earth. Reclamation would have rejoiced the heart of the "Father of his Country," for no greater lover of field and crop ever lived than George Washington, and to find the country once more recognizing the pre-eminence of husbandry makes still more secure and enduring the nation he struggled to found.

There was the old country school bell ringing, and in the New York exhibit was a real schoolroom with a blackboard and true scholars working away at the great problems associated with farm development. There were busts of President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt in butter and a great cheese resembling a gigantic millstone. The Empire State has reason to be proud of its exhibition, and the work of the New York State Commission was an important factor. The New York Central expressed in an exhibit the systematic attention which that road is giving to the matter of soil conservation and the rehabilitation of abandoned farms.

Pomegranates from the southern part of the state, where a veritable tropic climate exists, emphasized the exhibit from Utah. There were also raisins and almonds; in fact, the products of every clime seem to prosper in the land of the beehive. The Salt Lake Route, which diagonally penetrates the great state, opening up a vast area of country, had a most impressive exhibit. The display of silver cups won for their exhibits at other Irrigation and Dry Farm Congresses all told the story of the industry in Utah. Two great cacti surmounted the door posts, the same cacti that thrive in the desert sands and which the plant-wizard Luther Burbank is transforming into food for stock. The exhibit was provided through the enterprise of private individuals, as there was not time to have the state legislature take action. The interest and enthusiasm manifested public welfare along the newer Western countries as an inspiring example of true democracy.

There stood the noble red man in

blankets and feathers and paint, touching elbows with New York's Four Hundred, bringing together the aborigine and the effete civilization in one small space. The Wild West spirit of the small boy was remembered in the plans of the managers in gathering together this wonder story of the West and the triumph of agriculture.

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The message of the Land Exposition was carried in a most effective manner when the Utah choir from the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City raised their voices and filled the spacious area of Madison Square Garden. The story of the promised land was fittingly proclaimed in song as well as in the literature and the exhibits. New York has never been visited by a musical organization that was more enthusiastically received and appreciated by those who heard them. Wherever they sang, whether it was in the Hippodrome, or at the banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, the singers took their listeners back for the moment to the tabernacle in

Salt Lake City, where millions of tourists, as many as 300,000 per year, have been entertained at organ recitals and various other concerts. The benefit concerts held at Salt Lake City have been patronized by travelers perhaps more generously than those of any other city in the country. The concert for the Johnstown sufferers netted over \$7,500 in a single night. The choir has been making an extensive tour of the country, singing in the largest cities of the East and has been met with the highest appreciation of audiences. On the classic tower of Madison Square Garden was emblazoned the name of Utah, and the message of the choir singers formed one great attraction for the multitudes who attended. When the silver service was presented to the Battleship "Utah" they sang a special hymn composed by their leader, Mr. Evan Stephens. But the climax was when the choir attended the performance of "Chantecler" as the invited guests of Miss Maude Adams, on the last day of their stay at the Land



THE EXHIBIT OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM, PRESENTING FINE SPECIMENS FROM THE SOUTHLAND

Show. It was a superb performance, and there was an awakening of memories of the old days of dear old Salt Lake as the play progressed. Miss Adams was given an ovation by the Home Folks, and as the final curtain descended they led the audience singing "Auld Lang Syne," in which the orchestra joined. Immediately after the performance, Miss Adams received the choir, and there was a hearty greeting for more than one of her girl chums as they

They were entertained by President A. E. Stilwell of the Land Exposition Company at the Waldorf, and also sang in the splendid auditorium at the Hotel Astor.

The prize "Ode to Irrigation," written by Mrs. Gilbert McClurg, which has been sung at every Irrigation Congress since 1904, was given by the great Mormon choir. The composer of its music, Mr. John J. McClellan, organist of the choir, helped in its rendition, and while this is



THE NEW ENGLAND EXHIBIT AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

passed by; for it is characteristic of Miss Adams to retain the old friendships as the years pass.

Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, opened his palatial home in New York for the entertainment of the Utah choir for two days. Organist McClellan played on Senator Clark's organ, which is perhaps the finest in any private home in the world, and gave one of his remarkable organ recitals. The complete choir consists of more than five hundred voices, and two hundred were in the New York chorus.

the first time the famous ode has been sung in the East, it is produced annually in Utah at a cost approximating ten thousand dollars. The invasion of Western odes and music on a subject so unfamiliar to the average Easterner was a bold musical stroke, but the evident appreciation of its subtle charm of beauty and rhythm caught quick favor.

\* \* \*

Let us not forget that nuts are a very important product of the soil. The king of nut trees, the famous pecan, was repre-





AROOSTOOK HAS MANY FIELDS LIKE THIS ONE

sented in the Land Show, where a delicious sample—a fine, large, paper-shell pecan nut, was handed out to visitors one at a time as they were told of the wonderful possibilities of pecan raising. It is only in recent years that there has been the proper appreciation of the real value of a pecan grove. The pecan nut is the highest priced nut in the market, and bearing trees are matured after something like five years. It was a sixteen-year-old boy of Brooklyn who won the five-acre pecan grove, worth \$1,260, given away by the Florida Pecan Endowment Company.

How appropriate it was to look upon the famous automobile truck that had made the trip from ocean to ocean. The pioneer freighter, the modern prairie schooner, is something that calls to mind the trekking of the Mormons across the plains to find their new homes in the oasis bordering on the inland salt sea. Here were the very wheels that had swept across the prairie of the Middle West, forded streams, pushed over the rocky roads, pulled themselves through the muddy bottoms, swept along the rich farming zone of the western slope, climbing



A TYPICAL AROOSTOOK FARMHOUSE

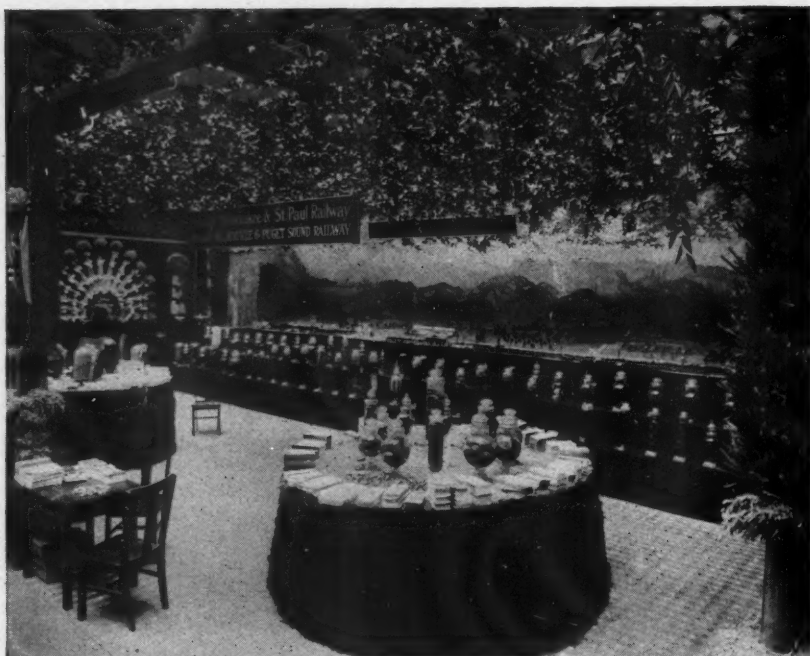


EXHIBIT OF CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE &amp; ST. PAUL RAILWAY AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

mountains with ease and less than in a month traversed the country. This journey of the motor truck marks a new era in land development, for land located fifty miles from railroads and river ports can now be developed, because supplies can be transported to remote regions which were almost impossible with the expensive horse team truckage. The welding and the triumphs of industrial achievement adapted and outlined for the advancement of agriculture were never more clearly emphasized. The world advances as space is annihilated. The swift-moving motor and the sweeping aeroplane are but evidences of man's craving to annihilate space, which is bringing closer together in every decade the world itself. The Darkest Africa of Livingstone and Stanley, the farthest north of Peary, the explorers of the Behring Sea, the sweep of the Andes in South America and the penetration of the Siberian deserts do not seem remote to the average American, who can pack up his household goods in one or two days,

find a railroad rate to the point he wants to go and locate upon virgin land and have the plough turning the sod and his home established within a fortnight, although the journey may be thousands of miles. This annihilation of space in the transplanting of homes, in finding the occupation or the climate or even the crop that interests the individual most, is a simple matter. One delights in raising chickens, another hogs, others cattle; some delight in alfalfa, others oranges; so that there is no mood or temperament that cannot in some place in this great country find a vocation for their enthusiastic interest; and when the question is asked "Does farming pay?" it all depends on how you like it. Thus the trip of the Saurer Motor Truck was a demonstration more important than simply proving the prowess of its mechanism. It was actuated by the bold and venturesome spirit of the pioneer who pushed on and did things that others had not accomplished, and the range of service of the motor truck not



THE EXHIBIT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

only on the farm, but in the development of new areas of land not yet touched by railroads is an important phase of national development. On this truck one man does the work of two, four or more men in driving horses. There are no horses to consume great quantities of oats and hay while not working on Sundays, holidays and stormy days. The expense rests as well as the farmer, when he locks up his garage without worrying over horses "eating their heads off" in the barn. The Saurer pioneer freighter, carrying its 7,000 pounds load 4,760 miles across fourteen states, has accomplished a feat very important in its relation to the land problem. No area has been inaccessible to the chugging engines of the Saurer. Ice, snow, mud and sand, boulder, stream, water-courses, freezing, thawing, and hot, arid plains of the West—nothing could resist the onward march of the Saurer motor truck. For it solved in a demonstration in less than a month the new problem of transportation that vitally concerns land development.

The New York Central lines expressed in an exhibit the enthusiasm of President W. C. Brown in the development of Empire State agriculture. Intensified farming was emphasized, and what has been done in the older countries of Europe to make the soil produce adequate returns is the subject of a well-defined movement in New York. The greatest railroad in America realizes that its function is not only to carry the tide of people to and from the East to the Middle West, but to develop on its adjacent lands farms to produce local traffic and to feed the increasing millions. More than twelve million people were added to the census records of the country in the last decade. Thus twelve million more people must be fed. The glory of the farms of Genesee and Mohawk Valleys, the picturesque memories of the Erie Canal, the glories of the Hudson, the Catskills and the Adirondacks, the majesty of Niagara—all these are nothing compared with the one great object of making the soil of New York State do its

share in feeding the race. By showing just what can be done on the farms from which the lusty youths who long ago have moved on to the West, Horace Greeley's slogan, "Go West, young man," is being refuted. The ebb of the tide is at hand. Fifty thousand young men who have graduated at agricultural colleges in the East, the Middle West and the West are now looking for locations in which to test and prove their knowledge. The exchange of population is the great problem of the



A TYPICAL CANAL FOR RECLAIMING RICH AGRICULTURAL LANDS IN THE SOUTH

country, the transportation of people from one section to another. The Western boy is coming East to throw down the gauntlet, by taking what has been termed "worn-out soil" on abandoned farms and making it "blossom as the rose." Indeed the exhibit of the products of New York State has proven that it has right and title to those attractions which won the admiration of the husbandry of Holland in the early days of the Republic.

One of the most interesting sights of the State to New Yorkers was a display of

cotton raised by Mr. Finlay of Orange County, twelve miles south of Newburg. It is said that just before the war, when cotton was a dollar a pound, it was not an uncommon thing to find farmers raising it with care and diligence for their homespun.

A photograph of Lady Cornell, the highest rated hen in the world, with a record of 257 eggs in one year, was viewed with interest by the poultry lover.

Fruit from an apple tree one hundred years old laying beside that of a four-year-old tree shows that notwithstanding the disparity in age they came out about even in the production of the luscious red apple.

There was Peter Henderson's seed man, known to generations with his wheelbarrow, filled with delicious specimens of snowball cauliflower. The seed for this vegetable is the highest price of any vegetable in the catalogue, costing four dollars per ounce. Amid an impressive embankment of prize vegetables that fortified the booth was a two hundred pound squash—the record of its kind for the year 1911—and enough to furnish pies for a multitude. The display of greatest significance, however, was a stalk and ear of wild corn, the same as found in the tombs of the Pharaohs and in the North Sea Islands. It stood about four feet in height and while the ear was enclosed in husks as ordinary corn, each individual kernel was enclosed in an individual husk, with a bit of corn silk protruding. The kernel resembled the corn of our own prairies, except that it was more round than flat, and very hard. As the parent of all corn, the foundation of the great maize business of the world, it was a novel exhibit and attracted much interest.

The old school geography always pictured a big load of logs being hauled by ox-team when describing Maine, with sometimes an ice-cutting scene. It is logical, therefore, for people in other states to regard Maine as a "forest primeval," especially as it is also advertised as a sportsman's paradise with all the big game a-plenty.

But lumbering is only one phase of Maine's resources, and the splendid ex-



hibit of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad's potatoes won great interest from people of all quarters who visited the New York Land Show to gain facts and figures.

The Aroostook County's population has grown from sixty thousand to seventy-five thousand in the decade since 1900, and the valuation has increased in the same time from eighteen millions to thirty-seven millions; and all this is chiefly due to the prosperity of the Aroostook potato industry. Everybody knows the Aroostook potatoes at least by reputation, and they command top prices in all markets on account of their delicious flavor and long-keeping qualities. When used as seed by Southern early potato growers the crops mature from ten days to two weeks earlier than acclimated varieties which means extra advantages for the growers.

The Aroostook County, Maine, contains 4,000,000 acres, and while the expansion of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad has continued to open up new territory there are many opportunities for getting good land near the shipping points.

One of the coming crops in the Aroostook country is wheat, as it is especially suitable to rotate with potatoes and clover. Large roller-process flouring mills are being erected, and the Aroostook flour is of excellent quality. The yield of wheat is above the average, being about thirty-five bushels per acre, and the broad level country admits of all the modern machinery as used on the great Western wheat ranches.

Aroostook is a natural grass country, and timothy, clover, red top and other varieties thrive without the admixture of many weeds so pestiferous in some sections.

Farm buildings in Aroostook, which is known as the "Garden Spot of New England," are large and bear the evidence of comfort and prosperity. The Western spirit prevails, and one who expects to find the people inert or behind the times in any respect will find instead that the farmers enjoy many of the luxuries of urban life.

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Of course, Texas was there. Can you conceive of the greatest state of the Union not being represented at a land show? Delegates were there with the true spirit of

the Alamo and with all the enthusiasm of Texans. The San Benito plantation had an exhibit, and just to watch the people stand and talk and inquire and become interested in the possibilities of land purchase recalled the same degree of interest awak-



THE ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR POTATO CUP TROPHY THAT WAS GIVEN BY PRESIDENT ARTHUR B. STILLWELL AND WON BY THE EXHIBIT ENTERED BY THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

ened in the early days of the automobile show.

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In the great exhibit of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound

were two massive "butcher-block" tables, being cross sections of two immense fir trees. One of the great round blocks of wood measured seven feet in diameter, the other nine feet, and upon them were placed interesting pamphlets, buttons and souvenirs for free distribution to the visitors. At the back of the exhibit was

almost inaccessible. Lying at the foot of the Cascade Mountains the miniature railroad track and station are made more realistic by the tiny trains that travel across the picture. The artist, Mr. G. Renze, has after visiting the spot succeeded through a combination of light and shadow in catching the clear Western atmosphere of the mountain country. The Mount Rainier National Park, sometimes called the "roof garden of the New World," is one of the scenic attractions along the company's lines to the Pacific coast, and many beautiful illuminated views of the park told the story of its majestic grandeur.

The \$1,000 silver cup prize given by Mr. A. J. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, for the finest white oats grown in the United States during the present year, was won by Mr. A. J. Hartman of Bozeman, Montana, in the Gallatin Valley. The prize oats weighed forty-six pounds per bushel as against the standard weight of thirty-two pounds, while the average yield was 110 bushels to the acre.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad is thoroughly awake to the cry of "back to the soil," recognizing in it an all-important national movement. While the Dominion of Canada considers it a matter for public support, the burden of expense in this country lies with the railroads, even when these railroads have no land to sell.

Through well-defined and far-sighted plans they are striving solely for the greater development of the country, knowing full well that reciprocity awaits their efforts in the future freight and passenger service to the new settlers.

Although the first passenger train was operated over the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound in May of last year, towns



ARTHUR E. STILWELL

President of the American Land and Irrigation Exposition, held in the Madison Square Garden, New York, November 3-12, 1911; also president of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway

a painted panorama showing the great Kittitas Valley, in the State of Washington, which has become one of the great fruit-growing valleys of the West, producing apples, pears, grapes, plums, hay and grain in abundance. This picture was a striking illustration of the marvelous development which follows the building of a railroad through regions which had formerly been

have sprung up along the line as if by magic, and crops to the extent of nine thousand carloads were grown and shipped.

Millions of acres of good lands opened for homesteaders have been filed upon, and men who had not the opportunity to own their own farm any other way are now very happily settled and highly prosperous in this great new section of the West.

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The exhibit of the Great Northern Railroad was a wonderful display of grain and fruits. The \$1,000 prize offer by J. J. Hill for the best one hundred pounds of wheat raised in the United States was won by James Todd of Geyser, Montana; the best barley and oats also came from the state of Montana. It was interesting to learn at the exhibit that Chateau County, Montana, having an area of 15,000 square miles, was the real magnetic point of new settlers in 1911. The government land office reported 3,500 new homesteaders within the year, who located within the fertile county, and the grazing lands for stock have given way to the march of agriculture.

An enticing exhibit of luscious apples from the Wenatchee Valley and Okanogan Valley told an ample story of fruit raising.

The artistic display contained a painting of the great West by Charlie Russell, the famous cowboy artist. The majestic scenery of the Glacier National Park, which was established by the Sixty-first Congress and opened to the public last year, was shown in beautiful paintings decorating the walls. The new National Park, which bids fair to rival the Yellowstone in its rare beauty and wildness, is slightly larger than the state of Rhode Island and contains two hundred and fifty beautiful lakes and sixty living, creeping glaciers, from which it gets its name. Under the direction of Mr. L. W. Hill,

president of the Great Northern, Swiss chalets are being built throughout the park for the convenience of travelers and tourists. The past year over \$40,000 has been expended in the wonderful display of paintings on the new Glacier National Park, and the coming year will see \$50,000 more expended in advertising to bring the tourist to the new wonderland. In its slogan, "See America first," the Great



GILBERT MCCLURG

Vice-President and General Manager of the American Land and Irrigation Exposition and well known from coast to coast

Northern Railroad has created a growing sentiment among American people to see their own country.

The Blackfeet braves in war paint and feathers were a strange and interesting feature of the exhibit, and the greeting and handshakes they gave the little children as they passed will ever be remembered by the young New Yorkers. The Blackfeet nation is the highest type of Indians, with many peculiar customs. One of the unwritten laws of the tribe

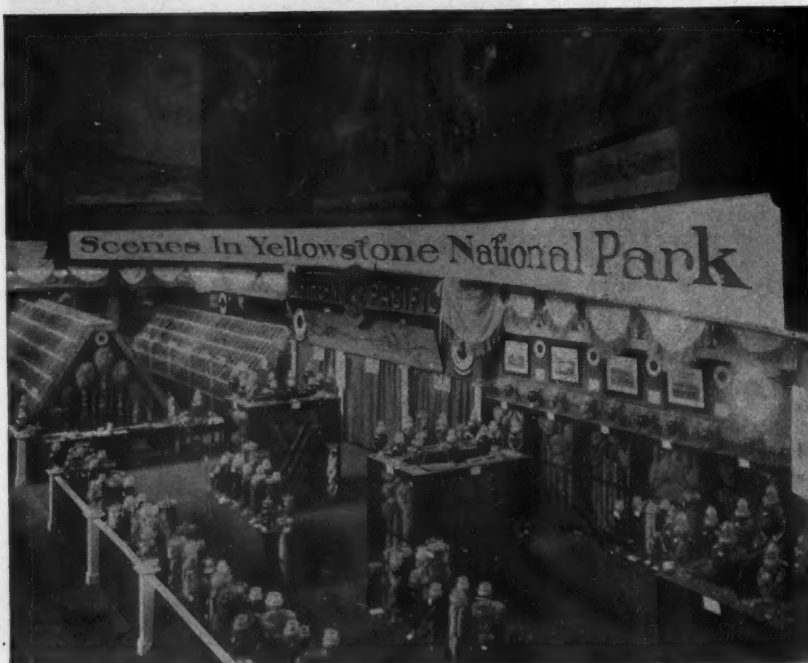
is that a married man must never meet his mother-in-law. If he does the penalty is a handsome gift. At the land show in Madison Square Gardens these Indians contrasted the old with the new.

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With the usual modesty of Eastern colonization people, the Norfolk Southern Railroad occupied but a few feet of space on the main floor, but combined within its area perhaps one of the most notable

peas, soy-beans, Irish and sweet potatoes, to say nothing of almost every namable cereal and fruit, make the income of the Coast Country farmer an assured thing if he goes into diversified farming.

Far above the partitions of the Norfolk Southern exhibit, which by the way, was immediately beneath the choral seats of the Utah singers, arose giant cornstalks, bearing two and three full-fledged ears, far up out of reach. It is reported that



THE EXHIBIT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

exhibitions of cereals, fruits and vegetables. The eyes of the American people have hardly yet been drawn to the fertile coast lands of Virginia, North Carolina and encircling states. Among the great advantages of the territory contiguous to the Norfolk Southern Railroad are the all-round farming opportunities. Hardly any crop grown within the temperate zone is here impossible, while the opportunities for stock-farming, especially hog-raising at low cost, should awaken a wonderful interest in this section. Peanuts, cow-

curious visitors often stopped to inquire about these ears, so far above the reach of anyone, and a laconic reply was sometimes made that they were raising their ears to hear the singers from Utah.

With further reference to this tall corn the frequent statement was made that every farmer had an elevator with which to gather his crop. Some of the cornstalks stood seventeen feet high, each bearing several ears, and the clinging cowpeas emphasized how several crops can be raised on the same ground at the same time.



Cotton, as grown in the fields, made up another important feature of the exhibit; great stalks eight feet and over in height and with wide-spreading branches white with open bolls. Cotton in these days is an ever-increasing factor of farming income in the South, the export of cotton increasing and the demand of our own American mills multiplying in almost arithmetical ratio. It must be understood that the boll weevil has never invaded the northeast section of the cotton belt, North Carolina and Virginia never having suffered from its ravages.

Both cotton and corn were shown under field conditions, at home in their setting

produce to twenty million people, representing Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

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Like a veritable caravan the Northern Pacific has invaded the East with its astonishing big show. Three heavily loaded, closely packed cars for the Land and Irrigation Exposition were brought across the continent, and in each car there was a full complement of essentials, providing against any loss or mishap by delay in transit. Thus the Northern Pacific's exhibit might be termed a threefold one, not depending upon any one prize selection, but having three winners.



CORN GROWING ON A "DRY FARM" IN MONTANA (DR. W. X. SUDDUTH IN CENTER OF PICTURE)

of soil, pure black vegetable mold, the native coastal plain soils being on display as representative of the wonderful fertility of these Carolina Coast Country lands. This soil exhibit was the marvel of the visiting farmers, particularly of those living on more sterile land.

Sweet potatoes, large as sugar bowls, covered the ground, while in a cabinet were the product of scuppernong grape wineries.

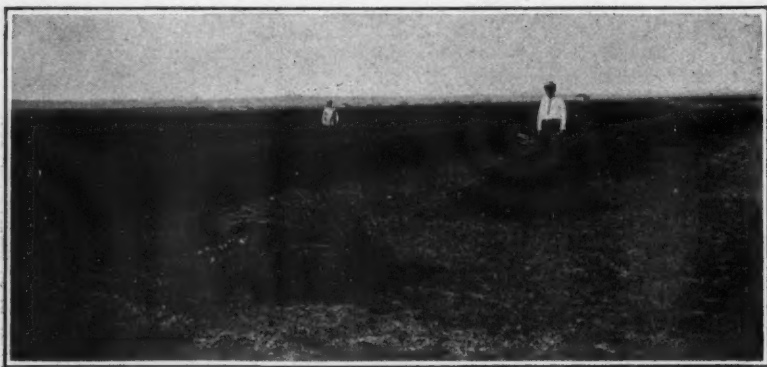
The argument which most appealed to visitors when considering Norfolk Southern territory was the fact that Eastern North Carolina is but twelve hours from New York and connected therewith by both rail and water transportation. From Norfolk, Virginia, the terminal of the Norfolk Southern Railroad, twenty-five cents will take a barrel of

High above the main floor, across the whole end of the Madison Square Garden opposite the entrance, was a scenic painting of the Yellowstone National Park, especially prepared by New York's famous Lee Lash Studio. On the left of the Yellowstone scene was an individual painting of the Old Faithful Geyser, with its column of scalding steam and water over two hundred feet in height.

The Northern Pacific exhibit was complete in almost every conceivable variety of fruit and grain, but seemingly the fruits were surpassing anything ever before exhibited in variety and in the care of preparation. Like vases and pilons immense crystal glass jars containing grapes, pears, apples, vegetables and even the many varieties of salmon

found in the Columbia and Puget Sound waters were invitingly placed and received ovations of praise and expressions of wonderment. To the left, rising from the floor-like walls on either side of the aisle arose tier on tier of apples shipped from the famous Hood River, North Yakima and other Washington and Oregon countries. Though picked weeks previously and shipped three thousand miles, these apples won the majority of prizes and awards for size, quality, uniformity and condition in which they arrived. Even the breaking of a stem or the bruising of the blow would detract in the points of judgment, yet in a possible scoring of

years buoyantly, and having a genial, hearty welcome to all who came to meet him, the doctor never seemed to tire in explaining how he has been differentiating and selecting desirable species of alfalfa. Once, when the doctor was a younger man, he held chairs in several of our colleges and has also filled the chair of therapeutics and nervous diseases in the Post-Graduate Medical College of Chicago and lectured in Universities of California, Iowa, Minnesota and others. It was ever his custom to invest every available spare dollar in Montana lands, and after the days of cattle-ranging he fitted himself to the later conditions of making successful colonies



FIRST CUTTING OF MONTANA ALFALFA—TWO SUBSEQUENT CUTTINGS EACH YEAR

two hundred, several of the boxes received 199 points and seemingly should have received the full two hundred score.

\* \* \*

This conclave of exhibits was not confined to products alone. There were celebrities and notables gathered at this great competition who have been makers of prosperity. It has been sometimes declared that a man who has once tasted the freedom of the roving life of a cowman will never lose his nomadic spirit and settle down on cultivated acres. Dr. W. X. Sudduth, who has been identified to a greater or less degree with the winning of the West since the early 70's, and who perhaps today is the greatest living authority on alfalfa, was one of the aggressive moving spirits of the exposition. Tall, broad-shouldered, carrying his fifty-eight

both on irrigated lands and the so-called arid tracts. One of the Doctor's latest achievements has been the successful colonization of 30,000 acres surrounding Broadview, Montana.

The process of selection in growing alfalfa is worthy of explanation. On an eighty-acre tract, in which the fifteen or more differentiated varieties of alfalfa have been sown, the doctor carefully studies the characteristics of each individual plant. When he finds one which suits his purpose he slips it by breaking off about three inches of its branches and planting these in sequestered soil. It is desirable to propagate plants that stand straight upright rather than those that spread lazily over the ground. It is also desirable to breed to compactness, for plants which have a fullness of leafy

foliage rather than to abnormal height; for the chief value of alfalfa is the protein in the leaves rather than the cellulose in the stems. It is also noteworthy that unirrigated land develops a better type of alfalfa than irrigated, because on irrigated soil the plant *naturally* grows to foliage rather than to seed, while on dry soil it follows the law of nature to perpetuate itself by heavily seeding; so by selecting dry-soil plants with the maximum foliage and the minimum of stem-fibre the desired end is attained as well as abundant seed.

Dr. Sudduth has a world of thought and far-reaching business plans beneath his

in and around Billings, Montana, for promoting and developing foods that are free from all debilitating features and rich in nourishment. Not only are the lands free from undesirable animal and vegetable decomposing matter, but bear unleached the strong natural salts and minerals in the volcanic ash composing the soil. There is not any considerable amount of silica or sandy soil, which is an undesirable factor to be reckoned with in other sections, because of the grit blown and washed upon the leaves and stems of plants.

It is unquestionably true that stock feeders in alfalfa sections now lose fully



DR. W. X. SUDDUTH (AT LEFT) AND PROF. B. C. BUFFUM (IN CENTRE) DISTINGUISHED FOR PROPAGATING ALFALFA AND IMPROVED WINTER EMMER

hat. At his exhibit he demonstrated, to the astonishment of New Yorkers, that alfalfa is not only a forage for stock, but a food for mankind. He is confident it is the coming breakfast food, and he has carefully worked out plans for making it the all-round nourishment of people as well as stock. In many delicious styles the Doctor served his alfalfa products. There was alfalfa breakfast food, alfalfa tea biscuit, alfalfa confectionery, soda water, ice cream, and one hundred other tasty preparations, to say nothing of alfalfa tea, which he confidently expects to carry, by selection and blending, to a very high type of beverage.

No better place in America, perhaps, can be found than the volcanic ash lands

twenty-five per cent by the waste occurring in the present modes of feeding. Where stack-feeding is common, a great deal of the forage is trampled and wasted under foot, and perhaps fully as much is wasted where the fodder is scattered over the ground. Dr. Sudduth has most interesting plans laid out for removing by mechanical flail-like beaters the leaves' tenderest stems for his alfalfa flour, tea extracts and other forms for human food. The coarser leaves, stems and stalks containing largely cellulose will then be steeped to extract the tea for feeding swine, and rendering the cellulose more digestible for pigs, hogs and other stock. Not only will millions of dollars be annually conserved by Dr. Sudduth's plan for

feeding, but a much greater efficacy will be attained in maturing the animals for market.

\* \* \*

It was a revelation to some of the leading bakers and food experts in New York City to taste Dr. Sudduth's alfalfa bread, which he had baked for fresh distributions almost every day of the land exposition. Because it is so rich in pro-

and grinding separately has been demonstrated to effect a most important action in digestion, as the macerated cellulose expanding carries the food elements uniformly over the digestive surface of the stomach, thus eliminating the possibility of hardening in a lump. Dog biscuits, puppy cakes and even parrot crackers are in the Doctor's category of products, for, as everyone knows, dogs are more or less



ALFALFA EXHIBIT AND PRIZE CUPS OF DR. W. X. SUDDUTH, BROADVIEW, MONTANA

tein and has almost no starchy matter it is not only a most desirable food for everyone, but especially for people of diabetic tendencies and constipated habit. There is a golden mean to be obtained in stock-feeding, especially hogs. If the food contains too much caseous matter, it will harden and become difficult to digest; while, on the other hand, if too much cellulose matter or woody fiber is fed to hogs, it obstructs the stomach and too often proves fatal. Dr. Sudduth's mode of separating the leaves from the stems

herbivorous and often may be found eating grass. In fact, Dr. Sudduth says a friend relates a story of having a very desirable alfalfa specimen chewed up and eaten by one of his bird dogs, although the specimen was carefully placed seemingly out of reach.

A feature of alfalfa is worth noting, that is, that mice are never found in alfalfa stacks, and they will not chew it nor cut bags containing alfalfa products. So a very great saving is easily effected in feeding alfalfa instead of other grains



and grasses in which mice annually cause millions of dollars of loss. In Arabia there is a saying that a land which does not have dates for mankind and alfalfa for horses is not a good place for man and beast. In Northern Africa, there is a section, it is said, where alfalfa has been milled into flour for a great length of time, owing to the fact that grains do not thrive there. Alfalfa flour has long been used for bread-making by these people. At Dr. Sudduth's demonstration booths he served not only alfalfa bread, but tea biscuit and griddle cakes, the biscuit very much like any other biscuit, but unleavened, and he explained how any biscuit left over

Canafal will all have special virtues and selling points. The coarser portions of the alfalfa, instead of being baled, as is usually the case, the Doctor has found can be compressed into bricks, using molasses as a binder; each brick contains the exact complement for a horse or cow feed and the name he has coined, "Brick-at-a-Feed," tells the whole story. As a soda-water beverage, "The New Mown Hay Flavor" was the most popular drink served at Madison Square Garden. Everyone sipped the delicate perfume-like flavor, declaring it the most exquisite of anything yet. Likewise the crowds were ever patronizing the Doctor's sherbet on



CUTTING COAST COUNTRY CABBAGE

A profitable crop for truck farmers on the line of the Norfolk Southern Railroad

after a meal could easily be dried in the oven and by grinding made into a most delicious and nourishing breakfast food. That which he served with cream was so delicious that many gave assurance of their patronage for it as soon as he puts his materials on the market. It is planned to organize a National Alfalfa Products Company for raising alfalfa and milling, manufacturing and selling alfalfa products. There will also be subsidiary companies for feeding stock and taking care of any surplus which the market does not absorb at once. Such trade-marks as Bovafal, or food for cows, Porcafal, or food for hogs, Equafal for horses, Poulafal for poultry, with varying graduations called Malasafal, Laxafal, Comofal and

which was shaken a dash of alfalfa flavor.

Dr. Sudduth is proud of the sympathy, support and able co-operation he receives from his daughter, Miss Mabel L. Sudduth, who a few years ago was compelled to leave unfinished her college plans on account of ill health, and she settled upon a quarter section of land adjoining her father's property. It is upon her farm that the Doctor's experiment station has been established; as he puts it, "She is the only boy I have," and she is competent to carry on his business should any accident or untoward event happen to him. Miss Sudduth has taken prizes for two years at the dry farming contests in her own state and in Wyoming, and was the first woman delegate chosen to represent

her state at the dry farming congress, being sent by the Governor of Montana to the International Dry Farming Congress at Colorado Springs this year. Miss Suduth's cozy home, built of logs and covered with clemetia, in the midst of her fruitful acres, was designed entirely by herself and has a charm worthy of anyone's study.



NEW LAND CORN, JULY 1

Stalks of which were displayed at the Land Show by the Norfolk Southern Railroad; land unploughed and corn uncultivated

Over the Doctor's booth at the exposition was a very significant adage. It read "Pigs, in Montana, make hogs of themselves eating alfalfa." The Doctor asserts that one could easily raise pigs and top them off on alfalfa for the highest market prices at a cost not exceeding three and one-half to four cents per pound. Alfalfa has a seasoning flavor for pork which makes smoked ham and bacon a delight for epicures. Even turkeys fed on alfalfa

acquire a rare, gamey taste, and alfalfa turkey dressing is a seasoning which will soon become a very popular one. The Doctor took forty-five sweepstake prizes out of a possible ninety-one at the Billings International Dry Farming Exposition, and his trophies in cups and other styles form a most convincing array in his collection. He also took the James J. Hill cup for the best general exhibit open to all along the line of the Great Northern road.

The Doctor exhibits with great pride a ribbon which reads:

"American Land and Irrigation Exposition, Madison Square Garden, New York City, November 3-12, 1911.

"Arthur E. Stilwell, President; Matt C. Smith, Treasurer; Gilbert McClurg, Gen'l Manager. Grand Sweepstakes Prize, \$1,000 Silver Trophy donated by Paul Ledyard Van Cleve, for award to the person who has demonstrated the best and widest uses of alfalfa as food for man and beast."

The cup, one of the handsomest ever designed, has engraved upon it the above paragraph and besides shows the handsome country home of Mr. Van Cleve at Melville, Montana. The Doctor says that it would take several thousands of dollars to get the cup from him. The cup is on exhibit in the window of Caswell-Massey Drug Store, Thirty-first Street and Broadway, New York City, where it will remain for the present.

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Everyone has heard of Luther Burbank and his wonderful achievements among fruits, especially the citrus family, which he has accomplished during the last thirty years. But the field of advanced study is not confined to fruits. Perhaps one of the broadest and indeed the most important of all such work is to be found in the realm of cereals and other staple farm crops, for comparatively little change and improvement had been effected by scientific development until a few years ago, Professor B. C. Buffum, now located at Worland, Wyoming, with a consuming love for the subject and an unselfish devotion to his ambition, determined to make his life work the improvement of agricultural products.

Professor Buffum has been at Worland for four years now, previously to which,

after graduating from the Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins, he was successively professor in the Agricultural College of Wyoming, then at his alma mater, and again returning to Laramie. Finally he selected Worland, Wyoming, as a location with ideal climatic and soil conditions for the study and development of wheat and similar grains. Before deciding upon his present life work he visited Luther Burbank at his California home

opportunities; and as wheat is pre-eminently the food of civilized man, Professor Buffum chose it for his first attention and study; and he chose the high mountain plateau of Wyoming because there corn is as yet but little grown and stock feeders have to buy millions of dollars' worth of grain annually to carry their stock through the winter months, as well as to fatten them for the market. Thus if wheat can be successfully devel-



EXHIBIT BY MISS MABEL L. SUDDUTH OF BROADVIEW, MONTANA, THAT WON THE WOMAN'S HOMESTEAD SWEEPSTAKES AT THE FIRST DRY FARMING EXPOSITION AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING, FEBRUARY, 1909

and was greatly encouraged when the latter corroborated his own ideas as to the wide field for research and accomplishment in agricultural lines. There had never been much if any study given to crops themselves. Our agricultural colleges had been analyzing soils and soil influences; but to hybridize and to differentiate the different plant species had not been undertaken. Mr. Burbank said that conditions in the South and in the Western mountain regions offered special

opened to yield larger crops on what is known as arid or unirrigated land, a wonderful boom to the prosperity of our country can be achieved.

Professor Buffum's ideas were altogether philanthropic and professional at the start, but he has made such a record in a few years that a company has been organized and incorporated to support the work with about one hundred stockholders; this company is making the Professor's work of economic and com-

mercial value. Starting with the well-known law that mankind is controlled by foods as well as by environment and climatic conditions, and that wheat is unquestionably the food for civilized man, Professor Buffum cast about for some hardy, wild type of the wheat family with which to experiment. Several years before Dr. Aaronsohn of the Swedish station in Palestine had found growing wild on the dry soils of Mount Hermon some wild, black emmer. It had grown



IMPROVED WINTER EMMER

Compare the increased size and difference in appearance in heads at left with the common type shown at right; bred by B. C. Buffum of Worland, Wyoming

there, perhaps, since time immemorial. So, securing some cultivated emmer through Professor M. A. Carlton of the United States Agricultural Department, who, in turn, obtained his from Vilmorin of Paris, Professor Buffum began his experiments. By crossing and mating the black emmer with a beardless wheat, he at once succeeded in producing many beardless hybrids as well as bearded varieties. To his astonishment he also secured "mules," or infertile hybrids, and several monstrosities reverting to antecedent types, as well as evolving some entirely new ones. The illustration on page 551 is one of the

most interesting ever taken in scientific investigation of grains.

It has been generally accepted that wheat was a God-given gift to man, for prior to Professor Buffum's investigation no antecedent or connecting link had ever been discovered, showing wheat relationship to primordial types. Also there had never been known a beardless emmer until Professor Buffum succeeded in propagating his beardless hybrid by crossing with wheat. It is said that emmer is the richest food grain in the world. It is rich in sugar, rich in minerals, and has a high quality of gluten. Notwithstanding this and the fact that emmer was the common food of ancient Romans, the growing of it has suffered neglect, probably owing to the fact that the seed is covered with a hard hull similar to the oat, which required extra work to remove it for bread-making. As has already been stated, mankind has shown a susceptibility to the influence of foods. The most savage pirates ever known were the Japanese pirates who lived on rice almost exclusively, and no modern warriors have ever shown more pugnacity than the Japanese in their recent war with Russia. Now the improved winter emmer which Professor Buffum has grown is surpassing even the best wheat as a food for civilized man. It surpasses in carbohydrates and protein. The ratio of protein to carbohydrates is one to six, which is very close to a perfectly balanced food. In wheat the ratio is about one of protein to 6.3 of carbohydrates, while in corn the ratio is one of protein to 7.8 carbohydrates, the most valuable factor being protein.

In altitudes and high latitudes where rainfall is limited, protein increases in proportion to other parts. It is noteworthy that protein has always been scarce in the world at large, but is abundant in arid regions. While there is less humus or vegetable matter found in the soil in western high altitudes than in eastern rainbelt countries, yet fifteen per cent of the humus in arid soils is nitrogen, as against five per cent nitrogen in the humus found in the East. This is probably due largely to the fact that the lands have not been leached by rainfall.

As has been said, the work done by



scientists has been chiefly on soil and soil culture, notwithstanding that the work of civilizing and refining the plants is of much greater promise and importance. In other words, making the plant into a more perfect living machine for the conversion of the mineral products of the soil into organic matter to be assimilated readily as a food by mankind. It is important, furthermore, to adapt these plant organizations to the particular soils and climates where they are to be grown. "On this account," says Professor Buffum, "I feel that the plant-breeding work is the most important subject at the present."

in several sections of the United States, but it succeeded only in the southwestern states, considered from a commercial standpoint. Professor Buffum's experience with this black emmer on the plateaus of Wyoming was at first only problematical, but from the few plants which survived the first winter he secured a "mutation" which has increased in hardiness and yield. Professor Buffum selected emmer for his study first because of its being a drought-resisting plant. The seed which Dr. Aaronsohn found on the side of Mount Hermon grew in one of the most desert portions of the world. In the second place



NEW IMPROVED WINTER EMMER YIELDING NINETY BUSHELS PER ACRE  
First crop on new irrigated land; grown by Prof. B. C. Buffum at Worland, Wyoming

Assistant Secretary Hayes of the Department of Agriculture has produced a type of wheat that yields one bushel per acre more than that ordinarily grown. Even this slight increase from say twenty to twenty-one bushels is an achievement of tremendous value and importance to mankind. Holden, Funk and others have bred corn in the West that doubles the yield over large areas in Illinois and Iowa; but Professor Buffum has increased production by the propagation of his black winter emmer more than one hundred per cent, and that, too, in arid regions, for he has produced it at the rate of *ninety bushels per acre*. As above referred to, the black emmer which Professor Carlton secured from Vilmorin of Paris was tried

emmer is of the wheat tribe, making it of the highest value to animals and man. In the third place emmer is a type of grain which retains the hull or encasement, and this is an important consideration when using it as a stock feed. In the fourth place emmer was far enough separated from the wheat species to make it a desirable thing to cross-fertilize in securing hybrids.

The subsequent work has proved the good judgment of the Professor in selecting emmer, for it is already a valuable stock food and is destined to become again a valuable human food, just as in the days of Rome. Thus history will repeat itself. Pliny says that Spelt (emmer) was the corn par excellence of the Romans. There is

still a great possibility in promoting the wheat family and securing new varieties and advanced forms which will be improvements in both quality and yield. "With my wheat-emmer hybrids," said the professor, "I believe I have types which will solve almost every wheat-growing problem today. Now suppose



IMPROVED WINTER EMMER

Grown on plant breeding farms, at Worland, Wyoming, by B. C. Buffum. Harvested bundle at left, two stools only at right; composite breeds in right hand. Grain so prolific that it increased to a total of 710 bushels from the first dozen plants in three seasons' time

you want to solve a disease problem. Disease resistance can be secured by breeding plants. I have many types of grains which if taken to countries where rust is a disease might be of great value. These types of mine would undoubtedly develop rust resistance to a very great extent. In having broken up the wheat-emmer hybrids I have material to solve

almost any problem of yield, adaptability to the soil, composition and disease resistance. One man cannot do it all, but if help could be secured from other sections and sources the greatest good could come out of it.

"Variation is the foundation of plant-breeding. The first thing the scientist must do is to induce variation. This is accomplished in two ways: first, by changing environment, and second by changing the blood. There is a saying among cattle breeders that 'the corn crib is the best mother,' so it is among plant breeders, the food supply is the important thing to be considered. But one must fix some heredity that will induce the plants to use the food supply available. Root development and capacity to pull from the soil the food that is contained in the soil is the problem. Rye is a strong feeder, and it takes food from very poor soil. Take alfalfa as another example, the common type has a tap-root running straight down; but Grimm's alfalfa has spreading roots, much better adapted for high latitudes, where long, cold winters must be encountered. Grimm's alfalfa was produced in northern Minnesota. If the central tap root is killed or broken the lateral creeping roots will still feed the plant."

In *Farmer's Bulletin* No. 466, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, Professor M. A. Carlton has this to say: "The most interesting trial of winter emmer . . . is that on a farm at Worland, Wyoming, by Professor B. C. Buffum, who was formerly director of the State Agricultural Experiment Station at Laramie, Wyoming. . . . In the summer of 1907 Professor Buffum obtained about two quarts of black winter emmer from the office of Grain Investigation of this Department. . . . In the spring of 1908 it was found that only seventy-two plants had survived, the rest having been winter-killed. Among the survivors were a few which seemed to be of a different type, with large, coarse-growing straw and very large composite heads, which were different in appearance and darker in color than ordinary ones. These particular plants were used by Professor Buffum as a basis for an improved strain of winter emmer. He reports that in the three

seasons since 1908 none of it has winter-killed, so far as observed, and that it has come true to the type selected. . . . From the dozen selected plants of the 1908 crop were produced thirty-four bushels in 1909, and 710 bushels in 1910, while the present crop (1911), at this date unthreshed, is estimated at about 20,000 bushels."

Emmer will ripen earlier than oats,

beneficent and philanthropical of public works, and if someone who is situated so as to offer him co-operation and assistance would only work with him, his field of usefulness would be almost unbounded.

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For the first time Mr. Luther Burbank authorized an exhibit of his products in the East. His time being wholly occupied with the infinite variety of his work,



PRIMITIVE AND IMPROVED TYPES OF THE WHEAT FAMILY

Heads 1 and 2 improved winter emmer; head 3 Buffum's No. 17 winter emmer; head 4 hybrid, first generation; other heads at left are "mules" (infertile hybrids) and monstrosities and those at right are advanced forms and reversions produced from head 4 in the second generation

yields better, and is both drought and rust resistant. It is the richest food grain in the world and will withstand extremes of climate better than any other cereal. Farmers all over the United States and Canada will eagerly hail Professor Buffum's "Improved Winter Emmer No. 17," as he calls it, as the most valuable staple that has been propagated in this generation. No one can listen to the Professor's earnest discussion and description of his chosen life work without feeling that here is a man who has undertaken one of the most

he has never given attention to the matter of making a display before the public; in fact, he rather dislikes publicity, being of a retiring nature, and only desires to be left alone with his work. In behalf of California, the California Development Board induced him to make this exhibit with the view of showing what can be done on a small farm in the Golden State.

The California Development Board is a public organization which represents the whole state and has affiliated with it three hundred Chambers of Commerce.

The exhibit, which was in charge of Mr. Francis Hope, consisted of two hundred glass jars of processed fruit and specimens, that is, fruit which has been so treated with chemical solutions that it appears in its natural condition and will keep many years. The peach appears on the limb just as it grows, with all its delicate blush and bloom; the flowers and roses retain their color. Among the many notable varieties were the giant crimson rhubarb, the spineless cactus, new plums and roses, giant amaryllis, a cross between the cranberry and raspberry, the fadeless flower and others.

The exhibit attracted great attention, many coming especially to see it. It was



THE BEMIS TRANSPLANTER BY WHICH DR. SUDDUTH SETS FIFTY THOUSAND ALFALFA SLIPS IN A DAY

noted that the people looked for huge and abnormal things, especially the newspaper reporters, while the real but more prosaic work of Mr. Burbank was overlooked. A potato is a homely thing to look at, yet this humble tuber is perhaps the greatest achievement of real value that Mr. Burbank has produced, for it has added twelve millions to the wealth of the nation and to the pockets of the western farmers. The man who can produce a new variety of potato that will grow one tuber more to the hill would belt the world with silver dollars.

Mr. Burbank seeks for nothing abnormal or spectacular, and insists that his work be judged by its results and from a scientific plane. His aim is not to produce freaks, yet he does not hesitate to combine

the strawberry, blackberry or raspberry with members of the same family and through hybridization produce a higher form of plant life. He especially tries for results that will be for the benefit of mankind. However, he has now ceased breeding new plants and does no hybridization, his work now being entirely confined to selection. In other words, he is gathering up the results of his life work.

The name "wizard" is a misnomer, there being nothing magical or mysterious about his work. It is simply following nature with untiring patience, waiting sometimes twenty years for a small result. He insists that anyone can do it, but few have the patience.

Mr. Burbank's genius lies in the power of instantaneous selection, knowing the particular flower that will be of most value to his work. He rises at four o'clock and puts in a whole day of tireless and unceasing labor. In the course of a year he tests and tries out millions of fruits and flowers and knows them all and watches over them with all the interest of a mother over her children. He has forty thousand varieties of plums alone.

He has succeeded in producing a plant which blossoms every day in the year, some of the blossoms being eight inches in diameter. From the Australian star flower he has obtained a flower which never fades.

He calls them his creations in the sense that something appears where nothing like it existed before. His *Primus berry* was the first fixed species of plant life produced by the hand of man.

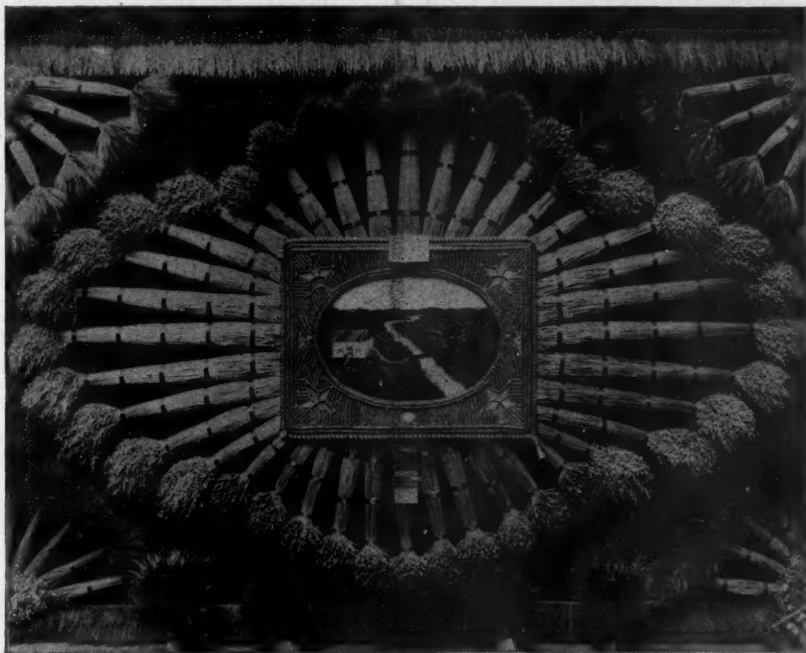
Through the process of elimination he has produced of giant size, wonderful shape, profusion of blossom and great variation in color varieties of *godelia*, evening primrose, *heuchera*, *amaryllis* (some a foot across the flower), *mimulus*, *brodiaea*, hybrid roses, lilies, larkspur, *tigridias*, *gladiolas* and *canna*.

Mr. Burbank has devoted much time and effort in perfecting California fruits. His cherries are of wonderful size and flavor and have sold in the market at \$3.10 per pound in New York. If he were to receive a small fraction of a cent royalty on each bushel of his potatoes sold, his income would be over a million. His



work among forest trees is extensive. He is specially interested in the spineless cactus, with which he hopes to reclaim the desert. It grows ninety tons of fodder to the acre, and cattle like it. This being questioned in the Land Show, Mr. Hope took some down to the cows in the electric dairy and though they were pampered New Yorkers, they ate it with great relish.

used extensively in Australia for sheep. He produced a walnut, the shell of which he got so thin that the birds could peck through and eat the kernel so he had to retrace his steps and make it harder. He produced pitless prunes, white blackberries, phenomenal berries, the peach-cot and plum-cot, half apricot and half plum, a delicious fruit for even the most epicurean taste.



Am. Photo Service Co.

#### THE FAMOUS PAINTING WITHOUT PAINT

By the hayseed artist, J. P. Nash of Alberta, Canada. The minutest details were worked out with delicate grasses and seed

Burbank does not claim to have created the spineless cactus, his prospectus saying there is nothing more wonderful in a spineless cactus than in a spineless watermelon. All cacti were once spineless; the thorns were thrown out by the law of adaptation in the struggle for existence to protect themselves from extermination by the deer and cattle that would relish its juicy water-full nourishment in the parched land. Mr. Burbank has gone back to first principles and claims to have the only commercially valuable variety. It is

He lives in the country known as the North of Bay Counties, just north of San Francisco. Everything is grown there without irrigation, but naturally and spontaneously, there being sufficient rainfall. He has lived thirty-three years at Santa Rosa, having a little patch of only three acres. At the nearby town of Sebastopol he has twelve acres, where his larger trees grow.

How can he produce so much on so small a space? The trees are planted close together and many varieties grafted on

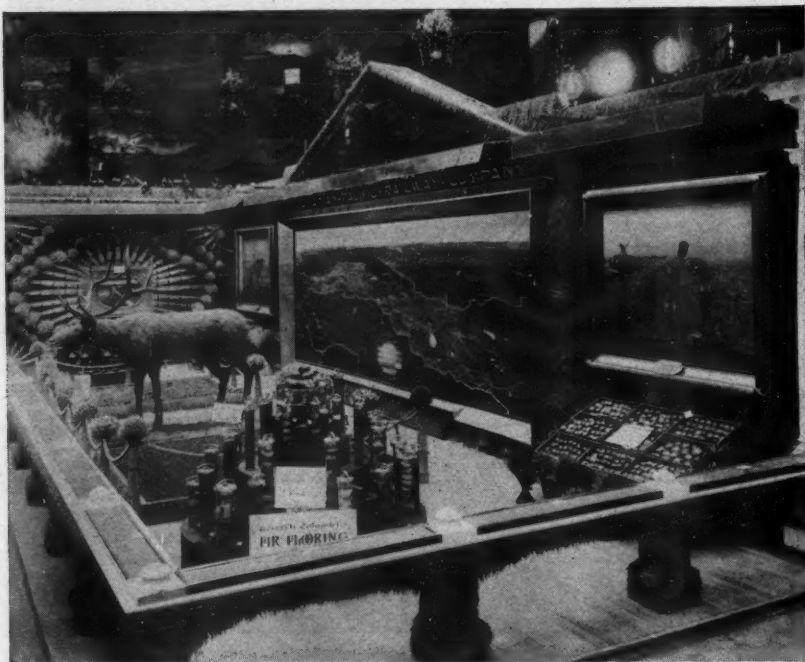
one tree. One cherry tree has over one hundred varieties of cherries on it; one apple tree has two hundred and fifty different kinds of apples, all sizes, shapes and colors. He plants a seed or pit; when it comes up he cuts it off and grafts it on a branch of some nearby tree, where it will bear immediate fruit. He is the greatest of grafters.

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The great Canadian Pacific Railway

which the whole display was planned and so grandly carried out, there was much to study and admire.

One of the most painstaking features was the "paintless painting" by Mr. J. P. Nash, the "Hayseed Artist." In this picture the walls of the log house were made of light straw and the roof-boards of a darker shade of the same material. The distant forest effect was worked up with very fine asparagus. The cabbage



Am. Photo Service Co.

EXHIBIT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

exhibit was twofold, one half of it representing the Irrigation and Colonization Department, and the other half presenting the interests of the Tourist and Passenger Department.

Mounted in the center of the colonization exhibit was a stately elk whose covering instead of hair was artfully made of the native grasses found in Western Canada. To the casual observer the artistic interest contained in this wonderful exhibit was not evident, but to one perceiving the artistic conception upon

patch at the rear of the house was cleverly executed, and even the button on the front of a man's shirt, a very tiny black seed, was only one of a myriad details that must be seen to be appreciated.

The central painting on the rear wall of the Exhibit showed the three-million-acre irrigation system lying to the southeast of Calgary, Alberta, by far the largest single irrigation project on the Continent. The first division of this wonderful system is already colonized, and the second is being rapidly developed.

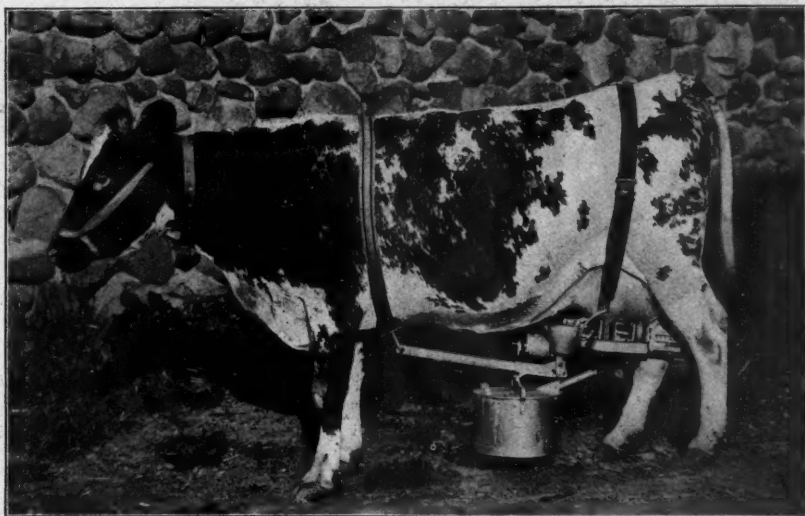
To the left and right of the large painting were two smaller ones, representing respectively the "Pioneer in Western Canada," and the "Pioneer's Harvest Four Years after Settlement."

A buffalo head surmounted the wall, and this, like the elk, was covered with native grasses and so naturally as to almost deceive an old buffalo hunter.

In front of the Canadian Pacific Railway Exhibit on three sides was a low, hollow railing suggestive of an irrigating canal, but really containing a fine display of the

The one thousand dollars in gold offered by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, for the best hard, red wheat grown in the two Americas, was won by a farmer in Western Canada.

Mr. J. S. Dennis, manager of the Canadian Pacific's Land and Irrigation Department, should be heartily congratulated on the splendid showing made, and the great success attending his exhibit at the New York Land and Irrigation Exposition.



THE ELECTRICALLY-DRIVEN MILKING MACHINE  
Simple in construction and satisfactory in the service it renders dairymen

cereals grown in the great inland empire of the Northwest. Beneath the rail was a fringe of delicately brown-tinted grasses, giving a most pleasing finish to the railing. Nor were the irrigation projects forgotten, for on either side of the sentinel elk were real plots of real Canadian black, fertile soil, with growing wheat in one and grass in the other. It was always interesting for the crowds that thronged around the booths to watch the tiny rivulets coursing through the main canals and laterals.

As wheat is the great staple product of Western Canada, visitors were presented with vials of wheat to take home as souvenirs.

Shades of ye ancient milkmaids! The farmer's daughter has long ago rebelled against milking the cows, and even the hired man is beginning to sidestep any job that calls for milking a half dozen or more cows night and morning. But the dilemma is already met, for the American Milking Machine was on exhibition and in operation at the Land and Irrigation Exposition and was constantly surrounded by an interested circle of observers.

Though having little of the poetic sentiment claimed for the singing milkmaids, the milking machines are nevertheless in the class of other improvements

for hygiene and labor saving. The mechanism is worked usually by an electric motor, although there are other devices, including hand-power machinery. The milking principle is much the same as the pressure of the hand, the machine first closing upon the upper portion of the cow's teat and gradually increasing the pressure downward.

The American Milking Machine is a

man can attend to five machines and have four milking at the same time.

\* \* \*

The exhibit of the New York Real Estate Security Company showed a great illuminated picture of the company's skyscraper at 42 Broadway, conspicuous amid its surroundings of apples and squashes of adjacent exhibits. Does not a few square feet of ground in the heart of New



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA

This exhibit showed an irrigated farm, auto wagon, spraying machines, etc.; hempen festoons graced the entrance

Swedish invention and is both simple in construction and easy to keep clean. Its use in a dairy of a dozen cows or more will very soon save the price of the machine in wages, besides being more sanitary than hand milking.

The objection that cows won't "give down" their milk to a milking machine is not true, for it has been found that the amount of milk thus secured is just about the same as for hand milking. The machine is very quickly adjusted to the cow by means of belts and one

York City, after all, grow the greatest thing on earth—the skyscraper—the beanstalks of modern business, where, instead of one "Jack," as many as thirty-five thousand people are passing up and down daily in the course of their usual work? Perhaps the idea is a little far fetched, but surely the section of New York City known as Manhattan Island has been fertile in the production of a veritable jungle of tall buildings.

In realty riches New York grows over night more than \$3,000,000. In 1909 the



total assessed valuation of New York real estate was \$6,807,179,704; for 1912 the figures will show \$7,858,840,000—a matter of \$1,051,660,296 increase, which for every day in a year is three and one-eighth millions, or more than \$300,000 increase every hour from bedtime to sun up—\$50,000 per minute. This mammoth figure exceeds the total valuation of all states of the nation west of the Mississippi River by \$2,000,000,000.

if made in conjunction with a company whose affairs are rightly administered by reputable men with a knowledge of the trend of business and of population, of real estate, its value and its productiveness.

It is impossible for persons of small or moderate means to participate directly in the values accruing from New York City real estate, not alone because of the annoyances and trouble involved in the placing and renewing of even the smallest



EXHIBIT OF THE NEW YORK REAL ESTATE SECURITY CO.

New York real estate never depreciates in value. Since January, 1910, twenty standard railroad and industrial stocks depreciated \$875,000,000, while during the same period the assessed value of real estate in Manhattan alone increased \$347,263,640.

The making of New York City itself is going on at a pace that must, within a very few years, make it not only the greatest in population, but by far the greatest in industry of all the cities of the world. Investment in its real estate, therefore, should not fail to bring adequate profits

mortgage, but of the large amount of capital required to purchase good, income-producing property.

These objections have been overcome by the New York Real Estate Security Company, which was incorporated under the laws of the state of New York in December, 1908, for the purpose of lending money on bond and mortgage and the conservative investment in real estate. Through its combined capital, the Company has invested in improved and income-bearing property in the best and most active sections of New York

City, and has provided an efficient organization to take care economically of the details incidental to its ownership and further investment. Against this property and through the earnings of its mortgage loan investments it is able to issue fifteen year six per cent gold mortgage bonds, which give an opportunity to the small as well as the large investor.

\* \* \*

Just to look upon that scene in the last hours of the evening when the band had

and colonization companies in other parts of the country.

The wonders of the Yellowstone Park were recalled in the exhibit of Wylie's Camping Tour, and every day there was a new candidate furnished with a free tour to Yellowstone Park. It was unanimously agreed that Wylie's plan was the right plan.

There on the wall was a vivid picture of the barley fields in Alaska with the light gleaming upon the little farm cottage in



IN NORTH CAROLINA COAST COUNTRY  
July 10—Corn and cotton grown on black sandy loam soil

played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the cornet player grew red in the face as he tried to hold the high "E" on the final note and to look upon the floor strewn with papers and here and there apple cores, suggested that the spectators had enjoyed themselves.

With the rolling voice of the town crier of New England announcements were made that free farms were to be given away, and sure enough there were the people filling out their coupons with names and addresses for the farm given away by President Elliott of the Northern Pacific Railroad, near Terry, and by other railroads

far-off Alaska. Truly the wonders of agriculture will never cease. Here were the gold nuggets with the sad-faced policeman on guard close by. Although the people looked upon these curiously, they were not half as attractive as the simple products of the soil.

Here were the great marble slabs from deposits in Alaska, produced by the Vermont Marble Company, who have quarries located on the Seward Peninsula.

The following prizes and trophies were presented at the close of the American Land and Irrigation Exposition, New York:

One thousand dollars in gold, for the

best wheat grown in the two Americas, donated by President Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the Canadian Pacific Railway, won by Seager Wheeler, Rosthern, Saskatchewan.

One thousand dollar wheat cup, for the best wheat grown in the United States, donated by Hon. James J. Hill, Chairman of the Great Northern Railway, won by James Todd, Geyser, Montana.

One thousand dollar corn cup, for the best thirty ears of corn grown in the United States, donated by the International Harvester Company of America, (contested) probably won by William H. Dorin, Virginia.

Five hundred dollars in gold, for the best twenty-five boxes of apples and variety or varieties, grown anywhere in the world, donated by President Howard Elliott of the Northern Pacific Railway, won by Mrs. Ella D. Rowland of Toppenish, Washington; second place to Robert Johnson of North Yakima, Washington.

One thousand dollar oats cup, for the best oats raised in the United States, donated by President A. J. Earling of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, won by A. F. Patton and W. J. Hartman of Bozeman, Montana; second place given to T. Menard of Bozeman.

Fifteen hundred dollar barley cup, for the best barley grown in the United States, donated by Colonel Gustav Pabst of Milwaukee, won by R. Eisinger of Manhattan, Montana; honorable mention given to A. D. Vansickle of Warren, Minnesota.

One thousand dollar sugar beet cup, for the best sugar beets grown in the United States, donated by Mr. Horace Havemeyer, Jr., of New York.

One thousand dollar cotton cup, for the best short staple cotton grown in the United States, donated by Colonel Robert M. Thompson of New York, won by American Nile Company, El Centro, California.

One thousand dollar hop cup, for the best hops grown in the United States, donated by Colonel Adolphus Busch of Saint Louis, won by DeWitt M. Mitchell of Schuyler Lake, New York, with honorable mention of the exhibit of E. Clemens Horst, of San Francisco, California.

One thousand dollar alfalfa cup, for the best demonstration of the widest uses of alfalfa as a food for man and beast, donated by Hon. Paul Ledyard Van Cleave of Montana, won by Dr. W. X. Sudduth of Billings, Montana; honorable mention to the M. C. Peters Mill Company of Omaha, Nebraska.

One thousand dollar potato cup, for the best exhibit of late, commercial or marketable potatoes, donated by President Arthur Edward Stilwell, won by the exhibit entered by the Commissioner of Agriculture of British Columbia, in charge of Mr. Asahel Smith of Victoria, British Columbia.

Two hundred dollar apple cup, for the best twenty-five boxes of apples grown in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming or Utah, donated by Hon. Adrian G. Hanauer of Washington, awarded to Mrs. Rowland of Toppenish, Washington.

Mr. Arthur Edward Stilwell as president and Gibert McClurg as vice-president and general manager of the first American Land and Irrigation Exposition held in New York City have made a great turn in the wheel of advancement in education of people generally to the untold wealth of the soil. The good that will come out of this great exposition will be felt in every state in the Union. Never before have so many men, qualified above all others to give an opinion, united in such wholesome praise. Coming from representatives of every section of the country this appreciation has perhaps, more than anything else, assured a similar exhibition as an annual event in New York City.





HOW fascinating it is just to watch things grow, whether it be a frail little plant in the window, or a sturdy young shrub in the garden. This same fascination applies to things commercial. I wish I could express to our readers the pleasure that comes to the publisher as the different "Books the People Built" appear, and the hearty words of appreciation that pour in upon us. So many have asked for a complete list of the books that they are given below in the order of their creation:

HEART THROBS .....	1906
HAPPY HABIT .....	1908
HEART SONGS .....	1909
LITTLE HELPS .....	1909
HISTORY MAKING .....	1910
HEART THROBS No. II .....	1911

Each one has its own enthusiastic champions. While some will insist that HEART THROBS No. I is the "queen of them all," yet there are ardent champions of HEART SONGS, which "sings again the songs of other days." Many a young housewife has enthusiastically declared LITTLE HELPS "the most indispensable" of the library, and HAPPY HABIT—they are letters full of sunshine. Then HISTORY MAKING is one of those up-to-date, representative books written by federal officials that fulfills the requests made by readers of the NATIONAL. Every phase of the American family life seems to have been unconsciously touched upon.

The enthusiasm that awaited the ap-

pearance of HEART THROBS No. II was of the most gratifying that ever fell to the lot of a publisher. Although the books were out on time, as promised, for Thanksgiving delivery, there were some who wondered why they couldn't be ready sooner, "when the contribution contest closed October 10." But before the printing and binding of the book could be thought of, there was the work of compilation. The committee did its work faithfully. There were copyrights to look out for, verifications to be made, and thousands of letters from contributors to be read with care. That is why HEART THROBS, HEART SONGS, HAPPY HABIT, LITTLE HELPS and HISTORY MAKING have a distinct place in the publishing world.

It is time now to make up your list of Christmas books. For many years past there have been disappointments from people who ordered their books just a little too late. It has always meant working day and night at the NATIONAL office to fill the orders through the month of December. Many requests are made for autographed copies, and the publisher especially asks that such orders come early in the month.

\* \* \*

IT is not only the cloth-dressed "Books the People Built" that are attracting attention. It was a moment of rejoicing when I looked upon the counters of the various five and ten cent stores in New York and watched the energetic women shoppers picking up "Old-Fashioned Hints



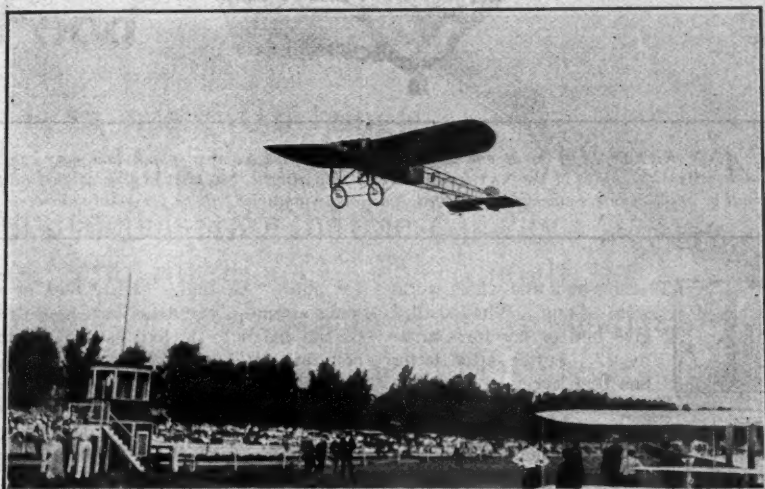
## LET'S TALK IT OVER

for Home-makers" while in the music department "Dear Olde Songs" were going, as the salesman said, "like Saturday specials." But most interesting of all was the more quiet, matronly group who wanted to see the Alphabet Book. "I wonder," mused one little mother who kept watching the clock, "if it would do for my little boy." The salesgirl asked his age. "He's only three," answered the fond mother, glancing through the pages thoughtfully, "but he could look at the pictures until he can read."

These four books, OLD-FASHIONED

with enthusiasm by the crowds below. The regulation P. S. "Some gusty up here; the field below looks fine," seemed to sum up his thoughts.

Concerning his experience Ovington says: "I started in my Bleriot monoplane propelled by the new rotary fifty horse power Indian motor, with my Waterman fountain pen clasped between my teeth. To the right of me as I sat in my monoplane was fixed a sheet of paper which had been signed by several newspaper men previous to my ascent in order to prove it was blank when I started. When I



EARL L. OVINGTON AT THE AVIATION MEET AT MINEOLA, LONG ISLAND

HINTS FOR HOME-MAKERS, DEAR OLDE SONGS, OLDE TIME PROSE AND POETRY, THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE ALPHABET, are sold for ten cents at the ten-cent stores, or may be obtained direct, if preferred.

\* \* \*

WHILE in mid-heaven on his recent flight at the Nassau field tournament, Mr. Earl Ovington released one hand from the steering wheel to pull his Waterman Ideal from between his teeth and write a letter. Aside from the vibrations of the fifty horse power engine which gave his writing a peculiar "jiggle," the letter was legible and was received

had reached an altitude of about five hundred feet I took the pen in my right hand and steered the aeroplane with my left. Of course to keep the aeroplane horizontal I must see the horizon line, so in order to write the letter I was obliged to look at the paper for a moment and then pay attention to the horizontal stability of my machine.

"The shakiness of the writing is due to the vibration of the motor, which, by the way, is remarkably small, when its power and weight are considered. Where the writing is distorted the aeroplane took a side or forward dip owing to a wind gust, and I assure you I lost no time in righting the machine."



**A**NN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.

**I**T seems as if the whole world were asking, "What shall I give him or her for Christmas?" Letter after letter has been received with the beginning, "Can you suggest a suitable gift for—" and then there follows a description which not always gives the age and taste of father, mother, the little cousin at boarding school or the young man who seems to be just a trifle "too good a friend" to be presented with a necktie or a box of handkerchiefs. Between the lines the strong heart sentiment of the American girl combated with a fear of not being entirely "correct" in her remembrance for the "only" man.

Some were so worried that I could foresee, as the days wore on, a sleepless night or two and a final desperate tour on Christmas eve, resulting in—a necktie, of course. What a terrible burden our girls do make of choosing gifts! Now did you ever watch the young man—over whom there are sleepless nights and tears—do the same errand? An old floorwalker in one of the large department stores explained the process. "You can tell him

for miles," he said. "He comes in and looks around a minute. Then he is drawn to the magnet—he locates the manicure counter. 'It's for a young lady,' he tells the saleswoman, 'pick me out something nice.' In five minutes he sets forth with the all-important package under his arm."

"But he can't buy a manicure set every year," I ventured.

"Oh, yes," he said, "the same ones come back the next season."

"Probably," said I with sarcasm, "it's for a different girl. Who could think scissors and files would wear out in a year?"

"Well," he replied, smiling, "they may not think about it at all."

I believe he was right. And I believe that young ladies who have received the same sort of gift for three and four successive Christmases are just as happy as though the carefree young men friends joined the feminine chorus: "Oh, what shall I get?"

**A**PROPOS of Christmas shopping and its inconveniences, the following advice as to the care of the feet will I am sure be helpful to many of our women.

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to see Uneeda Biscuit made.

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give just the right crispness;  
then packed into the mois-  
ture-proof packages that  
keep them fresh,  
crisp and clean  
till eaten.

*Never Sold  
in Bulk*



# 5¢

*In the moisture-proof  
package*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



## THE HOME

The suggestions were kindly sent in by Dr. Mollie A. Meyers of New York City, a "foot doctor" who has long specialized in chiropody. First Dr. Meyers would have us look to our shoes. She seems not to be sympathetic with the woman who "encases her feet in small narrow shoes which cause—" but we won't enumerate—it doesn't befit the holiday season to make threats. Here is a valuable hint: "Upon rising each morning dip the feet in cold water, massaging about five minutes with a good friction soap. That will stimulate them for the day, particularly if your business compels you to stand. Change your socks every day, sprinkling a little powder in them. If possible have two pairs of shoes and wear them alternately; you will find this a comfort as well as an economy. Before purchasing a shoe be assured it *fits your foot*. Your foot properly shod enables you to take long walks in the open air, which improves blood circulation, brings a healthy flush into the cheeks, tones up the system generally and results in a sweet, smiling expression."

PERHAPS it is human perverseness, but I am for agreeing with many of our city subscribers that the women in country districts are best able to celebrate Christmas. Away from the continual rush of city life, they can with their own hands prepare dainty gifts for those who are near and dear—gifts that come closer to the heart than the most elaborate purchase. They escape the throngs of Christmas shoppers; they avoid the wear and tear of long gift-hunting expeditions. The spirit of Christmas is for them seldom upset by exasperating encounters in crowded stores. Yet the weariest city woman who rails when someone jostles her elbow or steps on her toes cannot but feel, beneath all this superficial rudeness, the tremendous power and universality of the great holiday.

Ann Randolph

## LITTLE HELPS

### HOW TO MEND GLOVES

By Mrs. C. M. McAllister

With scissors shape the hole into an even form, round if possible, cutting away the very thin kid at the edge; insert the glove mender and buttonhole around the edges of the hole, being sure to have the exact shade of silk; set the stitches far enough in to be quite firm and about two threads apart; when you have encircled the hole, keep on the second time, buttonholing into the stitches you set the first time around; continue until the hole is completely closed.

### LOST CHILDREN

By Edith C. Lane

Little ones often wander off, and become so terrified that they can tell neither their name nor address. To prevent this, stitch under a collar, or the hem of their outer garment, a tag of linen on which their full name and address is plainly written in indelible ink. Thus: "John Carter, No. 3 Oak Street, phone No. 4032, Brooklyn, New York." The tags are not hard to make, cost next to nothing, and save the mother and child hours of suspense and misery.

### EGGSHELL CLEANER

By Abby Barry

When using eggs save the shells for they are excellent for cleaning bottles; crush them and put into the bottle with clear, cold water, shake thoroughly, remove and rinse with cold water.

### Chilblains

There is no surer relief for chilblains than that of bathing the feet in water in which potato skins have been boiled. This is an old remedy used by the Indians in old times.

### TO PRESERVE RUBBER GLOVES

By Mrs. George B. Scrogin

After thoroughly washing, turn off as usual and fill with water; pin together and hang up till needed.

### To Soft Boil Eggs

When boiling water for coffee or tea mornings, I leave enough to cover eggs, put them in with spoon while water is boiling hot; cover closely and set kettle in a cool place on range; they will be ready to serve by the time fruit or cereal has been eaten.



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## THE HOME

### RUSTED HOOKS AND EYES

*By Elizabeth R. Fredericks*

When hooks and eyes have rusted any part of a dress, cover the part, squeeze lemon juice over it and rub thoroughly; rinse with cold water at once.

### A Delicious Fragrance

A delicious fragrance may be given to a room by putting block ammonia into a rose jar, turning cologne water over it and occasionally removing the cover for an hour or two.

### Scorched Paper Smoke

Keep a piece of newspaper scorching on the stove while frying doughnuts; the paper smoke will drive away the unpleasant burned-lard odor from the house.

### Too Salty Soup

I was horrified to discover my soup too salty. A guest solved the difficulty by cooking it a few minutes longer after having added a few slices of raw potato, which absorbed the surplus salt.

### New Stockings

If you wash the feet of new hose before they are worn, you will find their lasting qualities enhanced. A saleswoman in the hosiery department of a large store told me this, and I have since followed the suggestion with profit.

### To Cut a Bottle

A bottle may be cut off by wrapping a cord saturated in coal oil around it several times, then setting fire to the cord and just when it has finished burning, plunging the bottle into cold water and tapping on one end to break. Oddly shaped or prettily colored bottles make good vases. The top of a large bottle having a small neck makes a good funnel. Large round bottles make good jelly glasses.

### FOR THE GARDENER

*By Mrs. Dora Scheris*

Keep in the house a roll of white passepartout picture binding. Use the empty wide-mouthed bottles and their corks as receptacles to hold garden seeds, pasting a strip of the paper on each bottle to mark contents. Envelopes and papers of seeds attract mice, while the contents of glass bottles can be seen at a glance, thus are handier than tin cans.

### A Good Paste

A good paste is always in demand for a variety of uses in the household. The following recipe is highly satisfactory: To two cups of winter wheat flour add one teaspoonful of sassafras oil; mix with the hands until perfectly smooth; then add two cups of boiling water, stirring all the time until it boils.

Then put in a glass jar and keep covered when not in use. This makes about one quart of paste which will keep indefinitely.

### Sleazy Cloth Buttonholes

To make buttonholes on goods that is the least bit "sleazy," wet an edge of a piece of raw glue and rub it along the line of the hole to be worked. When the mark has dried the cloth can be cut and worked without the least difficulty. The goods simply cannot ravel or fray.

### To Wash an Ecu Net Waist

An excellent way to wash and preserve the color of an ecu net waist (at the same time) is by using bran water. Put a quart of bran into a pan and cover with boiling water; after straining the solution through cheese cloth, wash the waist in this water. There is just enough starch in this to make the material of the desired stiffness, so nothing additional in that line is needed.

### How to Dry a Sweater

When drying a sweater or other wool garments that are liable to stretch out of shape, place smoothly over a coat hanger before hanging on the line, and the shoulders will be kept in their natural lines.

### Sponge Cake

A woman of great culinary experience makes most excellent sponge cakes, yet she never touches the batter with a spoon. The eggs are beaten in a bowl, then the sugar is added gradually, beating all the time with the egg beater. When this is light and creamy, the other ingredients are added and cut in with a knife. The batter will not be smooth when put in the oven, but the cakes are very light and delicate.

### QUASSIA CHIPS FOR INSECTS

*By Edith R. Johnson*

To keep out flies and mosquitoes, take a saucer of cold water, put in a pinch of quassia chips and set on the window-sill; renew about twice a week. This is a sure preventative, clean, non-poisonous and economical.

### Ants and Red Ants

For ants use pulverized sugar and plaster of Paris mixed; it will keep them away.

A teaspoonful of paregoric in a gill of water will clear a pantry of red ants.

### A NEW WAY TO MEND GRAIN-SACKS

*By Mrs. William Stewart*

To thoroughly and quickly mend grain sacks, make a paste of flour and water a little stiffer than for gravy thickening, dip your patch of muslin into this and smooth over the hole on the inside of the sack; let dry and your grain-sack is mended. This will not come off.